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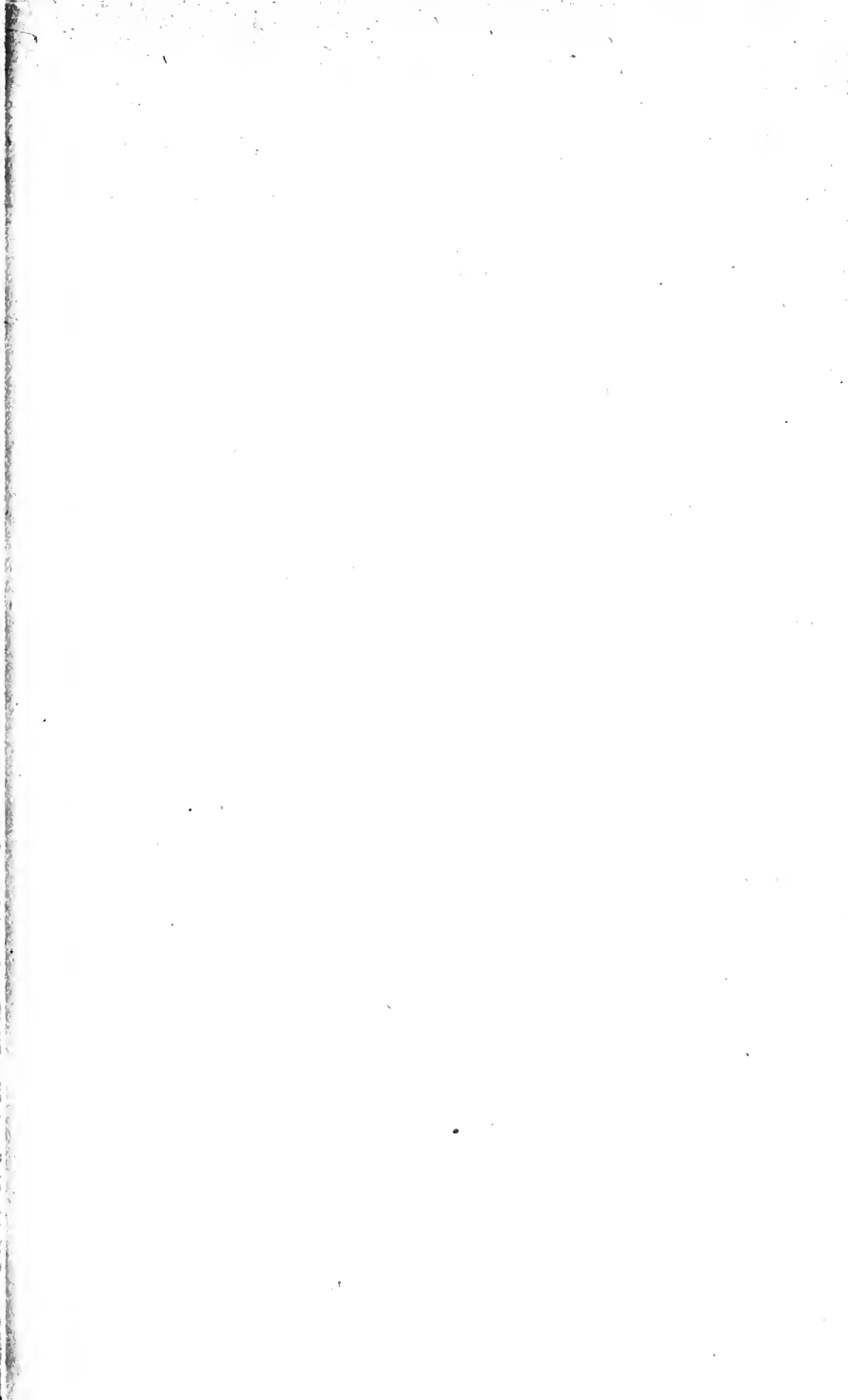
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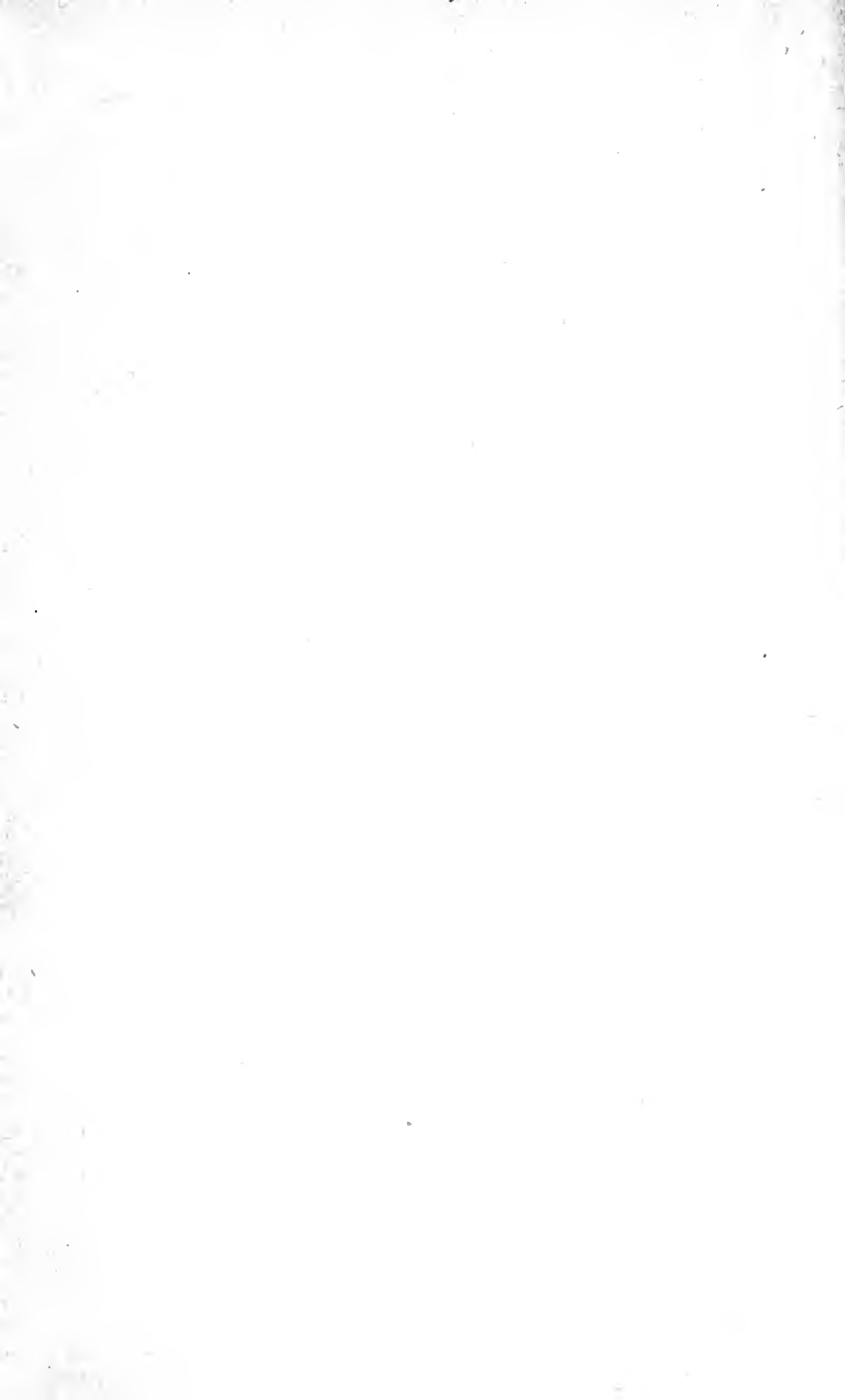
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ART. I.—THE MISSION OF THE ZAMBESI.

1. *Mission of the Zambesi.* By the Rev. A. WELD, S.J. London: 1879.
2. *Die Katholische Kirche und die Kaffern.* By the Right Rev. JAMES DAVID RICARDS, Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern Vicariate of Cape Colony. Augsburg: 1879.
3. *How I Crossed Africa.* By Major SERPA PINTO. London: 1881.
4. *Seven Years in South Africa.* By Dr. EMIL HOLUB. London: 1881.
5. *Matabele Land and the Victoria Falls.* By FRANK OATES, F.R.G.S. London: 1881.
6. *Les Missions Catholiques.* Lyons.

WHILE the French and Italian missionaries are heading the crusade against infidelity in Central and Equatorial Africa, the Jesuit Fathers, ever found in the foremost ranks of the chivalry of charity, have undertaken the evangelization of the vast district lying between Lake Bangweolo and the northern boundary of the new Dutch State of the Transvaal. This mission has a peculiar claim on the sympathies of the people of this country, for it is directed by the English Province of the Society, its base of operations is the British territory in South Africa, and one of its first martyrs was an Englishman, Father Law, who died in November, 1880, of the fatigues and hardships his missionary zeal led him to undertake.

The geography of Africa is on a scale so stupendous as to bewilder the imagination, and each of the ecclesiastical districts into which the great heathen continent is mapped out for the

future conquests of the Gospel would embrace the area of several European kingdoms. The country assigned to the Jesuit Mission, extending from the Crocodile River on the Transvaal frontier to the tenth degree of south latitude, and from within a narrow distance of the East Coast, to the twenty-second meridian of east longitude, embraces the enormous area of 900,000 English square miles; and Linyanti, one of its principal future centres, is 1,200 miles, as a bird flies, from its base of supplies at Grahamstown, in the Cape Colony. This region contains the powerful kingdom of the Zambesi, as well as four hundred miles of unexplored country to the north of that river; the lands of the fierce Zulu tribes, the Matabele and the Abagasi; the great Kalahari Desert, the South African Sahara; the semi-civilized kingdom of the Eastern Bamangwatos, with its Christian ruler, Khame, and other scattered tribes innumerable.

The Zambesi district is, however, the objective point of the mission, and to reach it two routes seem to present themselves, either shorter in point of linear distance than the one actually chosen. The most obvious of these is the one from the mouth of the great river itself, following its course upward through Portuguese territory to the interior; the other, that from Zanzibar, in a south-easterly direction, passing by Lake Nyassa, and thence to the Zambesi. But the difficulties of transit on these routes are such as to counterbalance the diminution of distance; the first is rendered impracticable by the rapids barring the navigation of the river, and the absence of all other mode of communication; while the embarrassments of travellers dependent on Zanzibar carriers, in a country where the prevalence of tsetse fly precludes the use of animals of draught or burden, are a sufficient argument against the selection of the second.

The greater length of the southern route from Grahamstown, in the British dominions, is compensated for by preponderating advantages. In the first place, the road, keeping on the ridge of the continent which parts the streams flowing east and west, passes through a healthy country, exempt from the fevers of the coast. Secondly, its freedom from tsetse admits of the use of ox-waggons, thus obviating one of the principal difficulties of African travelling, that of transport. Thirdly, it offers facilities for keeping up communications with the civilized world, by establishing intermediate stations among friendly tribes, which the unsettled state of the country in other directions renders impossible.

Commercial enterprise has opened up the regions of South Central Africa, and the country lying between the Zambesi and the boundaries of British territory is no longer a trackless desert. Sir Bartle Frere, in a paper read before the Royal Geographical



Society, in November, 1880, gave an interesting sketch of the course of trade in these wild countries, where its votaries are all unconsciously preparing a highway for the Gospel. The ox-waggon is the ship of South Africa, and numbers of these vehicles are equipped and chartered for distant expeditions, just as fleets of merchantmen are for long sea-voyages. One firm employs as many as sixty, each drawn by from twelve to sixteen oxen, and with a large staff of men—one or two Europeans, and forty or fifty native huntsmen—attached to it. It thus forms a separate unit, and the chief trader in command of it has absolute discretion as to its movements. He selects his district in the great hunting-grounds of Damara Land, and there ranges at will, giving chase to the elephant, the antelope, and all the varieties of velvet-coated creatures that roam those once unbroken solitudes. The waggon, unlike the ship, is self-subsisting; the oxen graze by the way; the hunters not only live, but clothe themselves by the produce of their rifles, a little flour and Indian meal being their only other store; and thus, as long as the stout timbers of their vessel on wheels hold together, the party is independent of the outer world. They sometimes remain out in this way for two or three years, purchasing from the natives, in addition to the trophies of their own guns, ivory, ostrich feathers, and karosses—rugs made of skins neatly joined together. The full load of the waggon is about four tons, and with this quantity of goods it returns to its starting-point to discharge its cargo and pay off its crew. The capital employed in this trade is very extensive, and one Swedish firm is said to turn over annually £200,000.

The traders to the Zambesi basin generally start in winter (from April to September), returning in summer with their goods. These they generally dispose of to dealers established in the highlands of the Transvaal. The store of one of these merchants is a perfect emporium, where the products of civilization and the spoils of the desert jostle each other on the same shelf; and upright pianos and French millinery are displayed side by side with ivory tusks, ostrich feathers, giraffe or zebra hides, and rhinoceros horns. It is this great development of commercial activity which has rendered the establishment of a mission to the north of British territory a feasible enterprise; for here, as elsewhere, the trader has been the pioneer of the Gospel.

The British possessions in South Africa occupy a position in relation to the savage nations beyond similar to that of the French territories in the north; and Bishop Ricards, the Vicar-Apostolic of the eastern district of the Cape Colony, seems to have the same sense of responsibility as Mgr. Lavigerie in Algeria, in reference to the great continent lying beyond his proper sphere of labour.

He is working ardently for the conversion of the Kafirs, and has planted a Trappist monastery near Dortrecht, in the valley of the Sunday River, to found a model farm for the improvement of the natives in agriculture. He proposes to do the same in the country of the Tamboukie Kafirs, who have been petitioning the Government for instruction in farming. The monks destined for these colonies were sent out from the convent of Marienstern, in Bosnia, and the first is already established on a fertile piece of land, with an area of twelve square miles, purchased for them by the bishop.

Up to this, the spiritual necessities of the white population have claimed all the energies of the clergy, whose numbers are insufficient even for their own flocks. In addition to eleven Government stations, the vicariate of Bishop Ricards has twenty out-stations, visited only occasionally by priests, who have sometimes to ride a distance of 100 miles to attend a death-bed. Under these circumstances, and in view of the vast field of missionary enterprise as yet unopened in South Africa, the Vicar-Apostolic was anxious for the establishment of Jesuit Fathers in his district; and on his visit to Rome, in 1875, he made arrangements for the foundation of St. Aidan's College, in Grahamstown, the starting-point of the present mission. The attention of the Society was thus directed to South Africa; and shortly after, the idea of a missionary enterprise to the distant regions beyond civilization began to take shape and form. It was not, however, till 1877 that matters were ripe for the execution of the project; nor till the very end of that year that it received the sanction of the Propaganda. Father Depelchin was appointed the leader of the expedition, and his companions were ten in number—Fathers Law, Terörde, Blanca, Croonenberghs, and Fuchs, and Brothers Nigg, Paravicini, Hedley, de Vylder, and de Sadeleer. They sailed from England in January, 1879, and their voyage was signalized by an interesting occurrence. The *Durban*, having the Fathers on board, met with an accident to her machinery, which compelled her to make for Ascension, and there, during their ten days' involuntary sojourn, Father Fuchs was able to receive into the Church an English Freemason, who, having been converted by his Catholic wife, had been waiting three years for a priest.

Father Law was already at Grahamstown, devoting himself to the study of the Zulu language, and to practising the concertina and flageolet, in the belief that

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.

All the arts were enlisted in the cause of religion, for a zealous convert was meantime busy at a painting of the Crucifixion, in which, by introducing Zulus among those present, a spiritual and

moral truth was conveyed, by an allowable sacrifice of historical accuracy.

The recent outbreak of the war in Zululand, and the disaster to the English forces of January 22, seemed at this time to menace the safety of the routes to the interior; but it was finally decided not to delay the starting of the mission on this account, and preparations for its departure went on actively through the spring.

The missionary caravan was organized exactly on the model of trading expeditions to the interior. Three "tent-waggon" were purchased, in which the travellers were to live during the succeeding months, the body of the vehicle being loaded with luggage, and the whole covered with a canvas roof. Each of these waggons, requiring from twelve to eighteen oxen for its team, was supposed to accommodate three passengers, and to carry two and a half tons of dead weight in addition. To these was added a "buck-waggon," intended for goods alone, of a heavier and stouter build, and equal to a load of four tons. Fifty-eight oxen were purchased, guides and drivers engaged, a stock of provisions for six months laid in, and goods procured for barter with the natives along the way. The price of the waggons is from £120 to £150, the cattle cost about £10 a head, and the wages of the drivers and attendants required for each conveyance, during a five months' journey, amount to from £40 to £50. The waggon-load of trading goods, equivalent to the expenses of the expedition along the road, represents a capital of some £700, so that the cost of each waggon, fully stocked and equipped for the journey, is generally put down at £1,000. The expenses of travelling may be diminished by successful hunting along the way, as, in addition to the economy of food practised by living on the produce of the rifle, the skins of the animals shot have a considerable commercial value. Mortality among the draught animals, on the other hand, may add heavily to the traveller's bill, and much delay and impede his journey.

The day previous to the starting of the expedition, April 15, was celebrated as a solemn feast by all the Catholic inhabitants of Grahamstown, and the little church was crowded during the High Mass, sung by Father Depelchin, in presence of the Bishop. In the evening the ceremony of blessing the caravan took place. It was performed by the bishop and witnessed by a large crowd of spectators. The following afternoon the travellers set out on their adventurous journey, to tempt the perils of the wilds, with the waggons as their moving homes for many months to come. Fourteen oxen were yoked to each of the tent-waggons, while the heavy buck-wagon required a team of sixteen. Each conveyance was placed under the protection of a saint of the society, and bore

his name, proceeding as follows:—the “Claver,” the “De Britto,” the “Xavier,” and the “Loyola.” The order of march was principally regulated with reference to the necessities of the animals, on whose well-being the expedition was dependent for its success. As they do not feed by night, they require a certain amount of rest during the day, and the hours of march were as follows. At four o’clock P.M. the oxen were inspanned and the caravan got under weigh, travelling till about nine or ten, when it stopped for the night, a fire being lit and supper prepared. The oxen, however, were not generally outspanned at night, but lay down to sleep in rows as they stood. Between two and three A.M. another start was made, and the march continued till sunrise, when a fresh halt was called, all the Fathers said Mass, and breakfast followed. From sunrise till four in the afternoon the caravan remained stationary, the only break during these hours being dinner about two P.M. From ten to fifteen miles a day were thus covered, and the travellers completed the first stage of the journey, four hundred English miles, between April 16 and May 12.

Some description of the first day’s journey, says Father Weld, in his interesting *brochure*, sold for the benefit of the mission, will give an idea of country at the outset. “At half-past-seven,” writes Father Terörde, “the waggons were brought together, and the oxen outspanned, to feed in the best of pastures. On our left was a large farm, serving at the same time for hotel and post-office. On our right was the bed of a stream, with a slender thread of water, on the opposite bank of which rose a hill a thousand feet in height. Within half an hour three altars were erected at the foot of this hill, and in this solitude of Nature three priests offered the Holy Mass. Turtle-doves and other birds composed the choir.” After leaving the neighbourhood of the farm, they again found themselves alone with the beauties of Nature. The scenery was grand, but the solitude extreme. There was not a house, not a hut, not a human being; nothing but birds—countless birds—gave life to the scene. Cactus, mimosa, and the wolf’s milk tree clothed the slopes, and under their shade thousands of the most beautiful flowers and grasses were blooming. The wild geranium was conspicuous for its beauty; but what seems to be a characteristic of South Africa, not a tree, not a twig was without its thorns. During the following night the waggons passed the ridge of hills leading up to the first plateau, in circumstances which the travellers would not easily forget. The significant name of Helleport, given to the pass by the old Dutch settlers, suggests an idea of the difficulty of the passage for heavily laden waggons. It is not surprising then that one waggon became imbedded in the mire, so as to require all resources at hand to extricate it: and, to add to their difficulty, a violent storm of thunder and lightning, which had been long gathering, broke on them while still in the most dangerous portion of the pass. The

reader may conceive the situation—the fury of the storm, the shouts of the Kafirs; the darkness of the night, broken only by the lightning; the torrents of rain; and all this with a waggon imbedded on the brink of a yawning abyss, showed these inexperienced travellers something of the dangers they had undertaken to encounter. “It was too dangerous,” writes one of them, “to remain in the waggons, and scarcely less so to venture on foot.” We rejoiced when the lightning came, as it showed us where we could place our feet with safety.

The great danger of a thunderstorm in South African travel is an explosion, from the lightning igniting the store of powder always carried in one of the waggons, and blowing up the whole caravan.

On the following day the great Fish River was crossed, and the track led up its course for five days, through an almost uninhabited country, to a little place of five houses, called Gaba, being the largest settlement passed during the first fifty miles. They then entered the great gorge which the river has cut for itself through the central range of mountains. The scenery here seems to have been magnificent—

Enormous masses of rock, piled one upon another, rise up to the height of several thousand feet above the road, whilst the slender stream flows in a deep chasm a hundred feet below it. It is such gorges as this, or kloofs, as the Dutch colonists called them, that are supposed to have drained off the waters of the great interior lakes, whose basins form the karoos, or barren plains of which I have spoken.

After passing the little town of Cradock, nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea, a succession of dreary, barren plains was passed, with little water, and no vegetation, save parched and scanty grasses. In this district the farms of the Dutch settlers, established in spots where the presence of a well or stream renders cultivation possible, are veritable oases in the desert. Fruits of every climate grow there in profusion, great herds of sheep and cattle pasture in the neighbourhood, and a more novel sight is furnished by flocks of ostriches, reared in a state of domestication. In one halting-place the Fathers were disturbed while saying Mass by a visit from some of these inquisitive creatures, who came poking their long necks about the altar in a most distracting fashion. The names of the settlements throughout this region, such as Adam’s-fontein, Mar’s-fontein, &c., indicate that only the exceptional existence of water at those places renders them fit for habitation.

This district was left behind when the Orange River was crossed—somewhat of an undertaking—as it is described as being about the width of the Rhine at Cologne, and some three feet deep.

As this is one of the principal fords of the river over which the traffic between the colony and the interior is carried, there are few spots at which the characteristic features of African travel can be seen to more advantage. It frequently happens that a hundred of these huge waggons pass the river here in a single day, laden with wool, hides, and ivory, for the coast, or European goods for the interior. At the time the missionaries reached the ford, there were twenty-five other waggons waiting for their turn to pass. It is difficult to form a true conception of the scene: the assembling of so many of these huge vehicles, each with its team of from fourteen to eighteen oxen; the wild-looking Kafirs, representing all the types of South Africa, with their repulsive features, their broad hats, and strangely-clad forms; the bellowing of five hundred or more oxen, the cries of the drivers, the cracking of the gigantic whips; and all amidst the placid beauty of a fine river, gently flowing between banks clothed with the richest foliage, must have left an impression on the memory not soon to be effaced. But all this will soon pass, for civilization is invading the land. A large iron bridge is now in course of construction, and travellers will shortly be whirled over the river with as little emotion as over the Thames at Richmond.

Fords are one of the principal difficulties of such a journey as this, and that of the Modder, a tributary of the Vaal, was shortly after near cutting off the travellers from their supper. A large waggon which had preceded them, was mired in the middle of the stream, thus completely blocking the passage, as the beasts, despite the stamping and yelling of the Kafirs, had lain sullenly down in the mud. As it was ten o'clock at night, and it had been arranged to have the evening meal at the other side, the impatience of the tired and hungry travellers may be imagined by the reader.

This warned us [writes one of the party] to search for a more practicable ford, which Brother Nigg, mounted on a black Basuto, now proceeded to do. He soon found a passage, and crossed over, bearing in one hand a coffee-pot, in the other a stick of dry wood. He was speedily followed by Brother de Sadeleer, on another Basuto, with a load of bread and bacon. These trial trips consumed an hour. Then our four equipages, like a flying battery, entered the stream at a gallop, crossed without obstacle, and ascended the further bank in full view of our unfortunate friends fast mired in the stream. Our fifty-eight oxen galloped like so many chargers to bring our artillery into line again.

Supper now followed in due course; nor were their hapless fellow travellers forgotten, for an additional span of oxen sent to their assistance, eventually rescued them from their uncomfortable position, though not without first breaking the chains of the waggon.

It may easily be imagined that this gipsy life, despite its

picturesqueness of surroundings, and variety of incidents, is not without its drawbacks. The cold on these high plateaus is often intense, and Father Terörde writes, that he never suffered so much from cold while saying Mass, as during this journey. The jolting of the waggon during many hours of the night renders sleep unrefreshing, and the discomforts of a long march in rain and storm, with perhaps no possibility of lighting a fire at the end of it, may be left to the imagination. If the hunters are unskilful, and the chase unproductive, food is reduced to a minimum, and the travellers record with pleasure how, on one of these dismal occasions, a Protestant farmer, whose daughter was at the convent of Grahamstown, and had there met one of the party, came five miles to meet them, taking them bread, fresh meat and milk. Indeed, the kindness they met with from all classes during their journey must have cheered them through many of its hardships. At Cradock, where they ministered to a little forlorn congregation of thirty Catholics, the room which they fitted up as a chapel for the occasion was lent them by a Protestant, who volunteered to offer it.

At Kimberley, where a town of 25,000 inhabitants has been improvised beside the great diamond mine, the Catholic population, nearly a thousand strong, hailed the arrival of the Fathers with unbounded enthusiasm. Donations of all kinds poured in on them, from Martini cartridges and broad brimmed hats, to stores of provisions for their journey. An impromptu collection, after a sermon by Father Law, produced £30; and on the eve of the departure of the expedition, a deputation of Catholics waited on the missionaries to present them with an address and a purse of £100.

Leaving Kimberley on the 21st of May, the caravan passed through a country where towns and settlements were few and far between, and traces of civilization had almost disappeared. The march was consequently varied only by the ordinary incidents of such a journey. On one occasion, indeed, the expedition was for a moment threatened by a serious danger. At midnight, when the camp was hushed in silence, the terrible cry of "fire," was heard from one of the Kafirs, and the Fathers, springing from their waggons, discovered that a box slung under one of them was already in flames. Happily, it was detached in time to prevent the conflagration from spreading, for the waggon above it contained a barrel of gunpowder—sufficient to have blown its whole contents into the air. A similar catastrophe actually occurred to a Mr. Burgess, while hunting in the Zambesi country—a spark from his pipe having caused an explosion, in which he himself, his waggon, horses, and oxen were destroyed.

On the 19th of June, Zeerust was reached, a little town beauti-

fully situated in the fertile valley of the Marico, whose orange gardens and luxuriant vegetation suggested the landscape of southern Italy. Here the streams were flowing north, towards the Limpopo, or Crocodile River, showing that the water-shed between it and the Orange River had been crossed. The Marico was forded near its junction with the Limpopo, where it was at this—the dry season—only sixty yards across, though during the rains it is nearly four times as wide. The necessity of taking the numerous fords at their lowest, prescribes the dry season as the time for travelling in South Africa; and the sudden rise of a river often causes a delay of many days on a journey. The quantity of water in the rivers varies very much with the seasons; and some, called *Spruits*, have only an intermittent current, their beds being occupied during the dry months by a series of detached pools. On July 17, they had, in passing the Notuane, another difficult ford, requiring double spans to the waggons. Three days later they crossed the tropic, and entered within the limits of their mission. A large cross was rudely cut in the bark of a tree, to mark the spot where the first Mass was said, and Father Law contributed an interesting sketch of the scene to *Les Missions Catholiques*.

They were now close to the territory of the Eastern Bamanuato, the most powerful of the Bechuana tribes. It is particularly interesting, as affording an example of an African community under the dominion of a Christian ruler; for Khame, its king, was an early convert of the Wesleyan missionaries, and has remained since his boyhood steadfast to his faith. He has even borne a certain amount of persecution for it, in refusing to submit to the rite of circumcision, which is customary in his tribe, and which his father, Sekhome, wished to compel him to undergo. He is a rare combination of gentleness and strength of character; for while his rule over his subjects is mild and beneficent, he is stern in his suppression of wrong-doing. The importation of spirits into his dominions is absolutely forbidden under his government, and no evasion of the law is permitted. Dr. Holub, in his interesting work, "Seven Years in South Africa," narrates the adventures of a trader in whose company he travelled, who had smuggled a quantity of brandy into the Bamanuato territory, and who, on his misdeed being discovered by the king, was arrested and fined £100. Two other traders on the same occasion were sentenced to pay £10 each, as a penalty for having been publicly seen in a state of intoxication, Khame, declaring that, if they chose to commit such excesses, they might do so within their own quarters, but he would not have his subjects demoralized by their example.

He encourages habits of industry among his people, visiting



the houses of rich and poor alike, and urging them to work. The result is, that in addition to making considerable progress in agriculture, they practise various simple arts at home, such as dressing the skins of animals, and manufacturing them into rugs and coverlets.

Major Serpa Pinto, who visited Khame's capital in January, 1879, six months before our missionaries reached it, tells us how, some years previously, when the country was threatened with a scarcity of food, the king, like Pharaoh of old, bought up corn wherever it was to be had, and distributed it gratis to his people, expending five thousand pounds in one day alone. Thus, while famine raged around, it was unfelt in the Bamanguato country.

Shoshong, the residence of Khame, occupies a picturesque situation at the mouth of a gorge, with a background of lofty mountains. It is a position of great importance in South African geography, as it is the meeting-point of the three great trade routes from the south, which again diverge from it northwards. It had, some years ago, a population of thirty thousand, which however diminished under the rule of Sekhome, and is now less than half that number. A singular mistake in the position previously assigned to it, has been detected by Major Serpa Pinto; and according to his observations, its place on the map should be shifted westwards sixty miles.

The Jesuit missionaries approached it with beating hearts; for to secure a footing there would have been of great importance to their enterprise. They had, however, little hope of success; for Khame, with all his many virtues, is known to be strongly opposed to the introduction of any other form of Christianity than that of his Wesleyan teachers. We will let them describe their interview with him in their own words:—

In the middle of the court (a great central space, round which the huts were built), a number of the subjects of King Khame were seated on their heels. Khame himself sat on the ground, in the midst of them, like the least of his subjects. He bore no mark of his royal dignity, except an enormous feather fixed in his soft felt hat of English manufacture. His whole dress was that of a townsman of some European country town—leather boots, not polished, brown trousers, a flannel shirt, and a light-coloured coat of English cloth. Khame, who is surnamed the "Gentleman of South Africa," appears to be about thirty-six years old; he is tall, his skin not very black, but almost of an olive tint; his beard and hair thin. He has a noble forehead, mild eyes, and an intelligent look; the lower part of his face is full of expression, and seems full of good-natured kindness, rather than anything else. Beside the king sat the two London missionaries, Messrs. Sykes and Elben. As we did not know the king, it was Mr. Sykes himself who presented us to him. The conversation was carried on through an interpreter. Father Depelchin began by taking out

the letter of recommendation which Sir Bartle Frere had given the missionaries. But he would not read it, or even touch it. Father Depelchin then presented to him a letter from one of his friends at Kimberley; the king took it, but did not open it. He then asked Khame to authorize him and his companions to teach to his people the religion of Christ, as well as the letters, arts and sciences of Europe. The request was coldly received. The king said that he already had teachers. At length Father Depelchin asked him for a place where we could camp. The king replied that he did not know of one. Father Depelchin then ventured to offer the king a present of a splendid Martini-Henry rifle. All the people seemed full of wonder at this beautiful weapon, but Khame looked at it with an air of indifference. He took it in his hand, examined it for a moment, and then gave it back with his thanks; he then added that he would come to the camp to receive it on the following day.

His promised visit was preceded by that of his brother, who is described as his very image.

He seemed deeply moved at the sight of a large picture of Christ on the Cross, which was painted for us by a lady of Grahamstown, and of which we have already spoken. He seemed even more touched at hearing who we were, whence we came, and with what object we were penetrating into Africa. Half-past twelve: the plain in which we are encamped is becoming more and more alive with men, and the crowd is enormous. Here is the King. The "Gentleman of South Africa" approaches us with quiet dignity, followed by all his council. He is a head above all the men of his suite. He enters our tent. We renew, through an interpreter, as before, the requests that we made to him yesterday. He puts a great number of questions on religion to us, and expresses his surprise that there can be two religions in one and the same religion. At last he tells us that he is resolved to take no more teachers for his people besides those he has already, and adds, "That if the two religions, the Catholic and the Protestant, are the same, there clearly is no need of having more than one of them, and if they are different, there would be continual conflicts between them, and they would cause divisions among his subjects."

Khame, despite his refusal, continued courteous and kind, showed great displeasure at hearing that some of the Fathers had been annoyed by the crowd, and to three of their black servants, who had deserted, sent word that they should be immediately expelled from the town. It was with heavy hearts that the missionaries left the territory of this remarkable man to seek a resting-place elsewhere. They directed their course through a barren and inhospitable country, to the lands of the Matabele Zulus, the neighbours and foes of the Bamangwato.

Scarcity of water was the principal anxiety on this part of the route, as it only exists, during the dry season, in scattered pools few and far between. Two of these points are separated by a

forty-eight hours' forced march, known as "the long trek," during which the thirsty cattle have to toil without a drop of water to drink. The route here skirts the plateau of the Great Salt Lakes, one of the most singular features of this portion of the continent. It is an extensive region, over which are thickly scattered shallow depressions, or "salt-pans," varying in size from the largest, which has a diameter of between one and two hundred miles each way, to the tiniest pools and ponds. During the rains they are filled with briny water, and at other times lined with crystallized saline deposits. They are evidently the remains of a great inland sea, which extended hence to the basin of Lake Ngami. The identity in level of the two regions is shown by the fact that the River Zooga, which connects them, has a reversible current, flowing east or west, as the rainfall shifts from one side of the continent to the other. South Africa has a double system of drainage; the flanking ranges which follow the outline of the coast at a long distance from it, sending the streams from their outer slopes, east, south, and west to the sea, but discharging the waters from their inner faces into the great basin of the interior, where they are dispersed and absorbed by the thirsty plains.

The residence of the Zulu king was the next goal of the Mission, and they entered his dominions at Tati, which the working of gold mines in the neighbourhood had some few years ago created a centre of considerable bustle and importance, but which their subsequent abandonment has left to the occupation of a few Boer hunters and Kafir families. Here the Mission divided for a time, as it was considered advisable for the Superior, accompanied by Father Law and Brother de Sadeleer, to proceed with one waggon to the capital, and obtain the King's authorization to settle in his dominions, leaving the rest of the expedition to await the result.

This party, during the absence of their companions, were attacked with severe illness. Father Croonenberghs, the first to suffer, was seized with violent rheumatic fever, and was ill for several weeks. The greatest kindness and sympathy was shown him by the Boers, who assisted in removing him from his waggon, and preparing a bed for him, came daily to sit with him, and brought the choicest morsels of their game to tempt his appetite. Indeed, all the Fathers partook of the hunters' diet, for they write: "Giraffe and antelope, buffalo and wild ostrich are now our ordinary food."

It was at Tati, on the 22nd of August, that one of the party, Brother de Vylder, a former Pontifical Zouave, who had come out as a novice, pronounced his vows. But their stay there was destined to be marked by a more melancholy event, the first

break in the ranks of their little band. Father Charles Fuchs, whose health, always delicate, was worn out by the toils and hardships he had encountered, succumbed to an attack of fever supervening on general debility, on January 28, 1880. So the Fathers may be said to have taken possession of their Mission, thus consecrated by the first sacrifice of the life of one of their number.

The three others, meantime, had reached the capital, Gubulawayo, after eight days' journey through a picturesque country, well watered and wooded. A characteristic feature of the landscape are the Koppies, isolated masses of granite, whose fantastic forms produce a striking effect. They first came in contact with the natives at a village two days' journey from Tati, where they were detained in order to wait for the king's permission to advance further. Father Law's journal thus describes the scene :—

August 28.—The natives swarming round us all the day, crying out, *tusa*, "make a present," or *tengēla*, "buy." They brought milk in abundance, pumpkins, &c. We bought a native axe, amongst other things. One of them, a fine strapping fellow, was most eloquent in begging me to buy a milk-pail. He exhausted every motive to get me to buy it. "Here are mere boys, whose things are bought, and I, a man, and my things are not bought." Asked me my *isibongo* (name of praise), to use it to coax me; said, "Ah, you hate me." At last I told him I was beaten by him, and gave him a handkerchief. He looked at it round and round, and then jumped for joy; and then, with a short *sala kahle* (good-by), put it round his head, and ran as hard as he could for the village, singing and shouting as he went. If what we saw to-day is a specimen of the Matabele, either they have changed much for the better lately, or have been much calumniated. Certainly, they weary you much with their *tusa* and *tengēla*, but there is nothing rude or rough about them, and for my part I was charmed with the poor simple creatures.

On the arrival of a letter from Mr. Fairbairn, an English resident of Gubulawayo, conveying the king's permission for the advance of the Fathers, they started for his residence, passing on the way through a picturesque and fertile country, and surrounded everywhere by groups of friendly but importunate savages. Lo Bengula lost no time in receiving the new comers, and they were introduced with all due solemnity to this powerful monarch, the absolute ruler of a country measuring about three hundred miles in each direction.

How little of royal State was discoverable in his surroundings may be gathered from Father Law's description :—

We crawled through the entrance into the hut with Fairbairn, and there was Lo Bengula lying on the ground, with about eight

or nine of his wives sitting opposite. Fairbairn explained our mission briefly, and read the Governor's letter of introduction. Lo Bengula said there were many teachers already, and they had done nothing, but did not give a final answer, and then went on to chat with Fairbairn, who seems to be on very intimate terms with him. Plenty of *utywala* (Kafir beer) was handed round, and afterwards meat was brought in.

The audience concluded with a performance of two native magicians, who, somewhat in the style of spiritualist mediums, pretended to answer all questions by the help of a mysterious little calabash. Being asked whether Lo Bengula were not a great king, the oracle was naturally courtly enough to answer in the affirmative; but its further revelations were cut short by Mr. Fairbairn's ridicule of the whole exhibition, and the king then suggesting that the creature should be asked if it would not like to withdraw, the hint was immediately acted on by its proprietors. The king returned the visit of the Fathers next day, and was friendly and even familiar in his manners, catching hold of the Superior's beard, and comparing it to the mane of a lion; but he still gave no decisive answer as to the establishment of the Mission, declaring again that there were teachers enough, and that his boys wanted to work, not learn.

Meanwhile, the Matabele Court was a scene of bustle and excitement, in preparation for no less an event than a royal wedding. Lo Bengula was about to plight his troth, or at least a small fraction of it, to nine additional wives at once, of whom the principal was Calinja, daughter of the neighbouring potentate, Umzila. This princess had come with a train of a thousand attendants, under the command of an Induna, or chief, and the interest with which they listened to Father Law's explanation of the object of the Mission, inspired him with the desire which he afterwards carried out, of devoting himself to the evangelization of their country. The royal kraal during the next few days was a scene of savage festivity, to which the natives flocked in from all the country. Kafir beer flowed in profusion, oxen were slaughtered and devoured, and barbaric songs and dances enlivened the camp with their wild animation. The 26th of September was fixed for the marriage ceremony, which was performed by two native sorcerers, in presence of an idol, in a cave in the mountain side, the king and his brides remaining outside this sanctuary.

Lo Bengula's marriage with Calinja was an important event for Matabele State relations, as it not only indicated an alliance with the previously inimical Abagasi, but was intended to give a direct heir to the Crown, for the succession to which the king's other children were not considered

eligible. It also excluded his sister Nina from the influence and partial share in his government she had, as heiress presumptive, hitherto enjoyed, and prepared her subsequent decline in the royal favour. The Fathers continued their daily visits to the savage monarch, and gradually made way in his confidence, principally, it must be confessed, by their skill in various mechanical arts. A great step was gained when the royal waggon, which had fallen into disrepair, was entrusted to them for renovation; and the king's admiration and gratitude knew no bounds when it was returned to him, not alone strengthened, but beautified with heraldic devices; an assegai and battle-axe, surmounted by a crown, appearing as the royal arms of the Matabele kingdom. Father Law treated a boy successfully for snake-bite, and another of those reptiles was shot by the well-directed aim of one of the missionaries, all which proofs of their various accomplishments tended to raise them in the king's estimation. But the crowning triumph was achieved by the performance of the sewing machine, which, worked by one of the Brothers, in presence of the whole Court, excited universal wonder and delight.

"What people these English are!" exclaimed the king in admiration, "They can do anything, and yet they must die like ourselves!"

At last, on the 18th of October, Lo Bengula granted the long-delayed sanction to the missionaries establishing themselves in his country, at least for a time, and shortly after ratified this decision by authorizing them to purchase the house and premises of Mr. Greit, a trader, who was about leaving. Father Depelchin started immediately for Tati to bring up others of the party, and before Christmas they had organized their little community in their new abode. They were, however, for some time so unsettled, that a stable had to be used as a chapel, and here the Mass of the Nativity was celebrated amidst surroundings that recalled those of the great event it commemorated. Thus, the opening of 1880 found the first stage of their undertaking completed, and a footing gained in the promised land of their spiritual inheritance. Their success in further advances must depend on the security of their position here; and to conduce to this end they are now devoting themselves energetically to the study of the language, customs and manners of the people among whom they are placed.

The history of the Matabele empire, now, since the defeat of the southern Zulus by the British, the most powerful native State south of the Zambesi, is characteristic of this part of Africa. Among the Lieutenants of Chaka, the celebrated Zulu chief, was a young soldier, named Moselikatze, whose ambition led him to throw off his allegiance to his leader. He drove off

his booty to the heart of the Transvaal, subduing various native tribes, and inflicting defeats on the troops sent against him by Chaka, and his successor, Dingan. He was finally, in 1836, dislodged and routed by the Boers, before whom he fled to the north, with the remnant of his force, now reduced to forty "ring-heads," or full-grown warriors. His ambition and enterprise, however, survived his defeat, and the peaceful agricultural population to the south of the Zambesi began to suffer from his ravages, after the tsetse fly had driven him back from his projected settlement north of that river. In the middle of the night he swooped on their sleeping villages, set fire to the huts, slaughtered the men, and drove off to his camp, cattle, women, and boys. These latter were trained as soldiers and incorporated in his army; the cattle served as food, and the women as slaves. A determined foe to the tender passion, the moment he saw one of his warriors disposed to treat a woman with more consideration than a mere beast of burden, he nipped in the bud what he considered this effeminate weakness by the immediate slaughter of its unoffending cause.

Thus, gradually extending his power, from a mere freebooter he became the Sovereign of a powerful State with subject populations, and founded a second Zulu Empire in South Africa. The State he consolidated is organized as a military despotism, in which the whole soil of the country, and every living thing that it contains, are absolutely at the disposal of its ruler. The warriors, 20,000 in number, live in barracks under strict discipline, each division of the army being commanded by an "induna," or chief, having sub-chiefs acting as his subordinates. There are few real Zulu soldiers in the ranks, the veterans being principally Bechuanas, stolen as boys by Moselikatze, while the younger warriors are the youth of the present subject races, Makalakas and Mashonas, enlisted in the same compulsory fashion. These captive lads are continually exercised in the use of weapons from their boyhood, and become so vigorous and muscular from this course of training as to be no longer recognizable as members of their former tribes. It is this system of military organization that makes the Zulus so formidable to the other natives of South Africa, that the rumour of a Matabele raid is sufficient to create a panic at any time, either in Khame's Town, Shoshong, or in Lialui, the capital of the Zambesi. The subject population of Matabele Land may be divided into two principal races—the Makalakas to the west, and the Mashonas to the east. Of the latter, only a portion have been completely reduced, and the rest of the tribe supply the Zulu warriors with opportunities for constant raids, and their ranks with fresh recruits. The Makalakas, since their subjugation, have retrograded in every way, have lost what skill in agriculture

they possessed, and present a miserable and degraded appearance. In one art alone they remain unrivalled, for as dexterous thieves they surpass all the other races of South Africa, and have consequently a very bad reputation among travellers. The system of forcible conscription is imposed upon all these subject tribes, and their youth are enrolled among the celibate warriors of the Zulu king.

The Matabele have all the arrogance of a dominant race; and Mr. Oates, whose premature death in their country was one of the many losses inflicted on science by the African climate, says of them, in the posthumously published work at the head of this article:—"The amount of pride you must pocket in sojourning amongst these scantily dressed gentlemen is a thing not to be forgotten. I don't know whether their condescensions or aggressions are the most difficult to bear with patience." If they are thus overbearing in their demeanour to white men, it may be imagined how oppressive is their rule over the inferior races subject to them. The Makalakas they speak of and treat as dogs, and the Bushmen, or Masarwas—nomads scattered through a portion of their territory—they hunt down as game. The Mashonas, who, though a more warlike race than these, are equally at their mercy, because their villages have never combined for mutual defence, are harried and decimated by their perpetual raids. Of these tribes, the Makalakas are considered by the missionaries, despite their present degraded condition, the most fitted for civilisation and Christianity; and in the neighbourhood of Shoshong, where their fields of maize and millet are admirably cultivated, they give proofs of a certain capacity for progress and improvement. These vassal races enjoy perfect liberty of conscience in the practice of all their native superstitions; but, despite the toleration, and even encouragement extended to foreign missionaries, the adoption of Christianity is forbidden under pain of death.

The present ruler of Matabele Land, the son and successor of Moselikatze, has not inherited the systematic ferocity of his father, and may be considered rather above the average level of African monarchs. He evidently has a strong, though untutored, intelligence, and is quite capable of understanding the material advantages likely to accrue to him from the settlement of white men in his dominions. Their presents are most acceptable to him, and their trade he recognizes as lucrative and beneficial. Englishmen he regards with peculiar favour; but Boers are objects of corresponding antipathy, from their indiscriminate slaughter of animals for the sake of their skins alone. The sympathies of British game-preservers will be with him in his indignation at the destruction of elephant cows and calves, whose



ivory is comparatively worthless, as well as in his disapproval of the consumption of ostrich eggs as a culinary dainty. "If you eat the eggs, how are you to have feathers?" he not unreasonably asks, if he sees tell-tale fragments of the shells about an encampment.

But Lo Bengula, notwithstanding his general friendliness to white men, has rather a doubtful reputation in South Africa, and the recent disaster to Captain Paterson and his party is, rightly or wrongly, generally put down to his account. This officer, whose death was the great topic of conversation during Major Serpa Pinto's visit to Shoshong in January, 1879, was entrusted with an official mission from the English Government to various African chiefs, and among others to Lo Bengula. Having completed his negotiations with the latter potentate, he desired to make a trip from his dominions to the Falls of the Zambesi, and invited young Mr. Thomas, son of a missionary resident in the country, to accompany him. The King, however, disapproved strongly of this arrangement, after having previously sanctioned it; and on the eve of the start warned the young man, whom he considered, he said, a son of the tribe, having been brought up amongst them, not to join the English party, as he had a presentiment that some evil would befall them. Mr. Thomas declared he did not believe in presentiments (it would have been wise, it seems, to make an exception in favour of royal ones), set out for the Zambesi with the party, and, like them, never returned. Various rumours were current as to their fate, some averring they had been poisoned, others shot down; but nothing definite was known, nor could any say who brought the news of their death. The general belief is that they were assassinated by orders of Lo Bengula, and, of course, his "presentiment" of their fate is extremely suspicious. But it must be considered, on the other hand, that such a crime would be entirely motiveless, and is, moreover, directly contrary to the ordinary tenour of his policy, as he shows a nervous regard for the health and safety of white men in his dominions, and seems exceedingly apprehensive of any accident befalling them. The tragedy, therefore, of the total disappearance of this party remains shrouded in mystery. Lo Bengula is a man of gigantic stature, and of exceptionally dark colour, even among his swarthy race. He affects none of the refinements of European dress, and his *pièce de résistance* in the way of costume is a waist-cloth. His relations with the missionaries will be best illustrated by some of the incidents of their life at his capital.

Gubulawayo, where he finally permitted them to establish themselves, has advantages of situation not often found among African towns, for it stands on an elevated plateau, over four

thousand feet above the sea, among the Matoppo Mountains, which part the affluents of the Zambesi and Crocodile Rivers. It commands an extensive view over the champaign country beneath, and its inhabitants enjoy that sense of exhilaration and freedom conveyed by a spacious width of uplifted horizon. Its mean temperature is that of Madeira ; its summer heats are tempered by the mountain breezes, and the sharp frosts of its short winter by the warmth of its tropical sun. It is free from fever, and otherwise healthy for Europeans, as its steep slopes do not retain the floods of the rainy season, whose miasmatic evaporation poisons the swampy lowlands. A few white merchants reside there, and the scale of their operations may be judged by the fact that Mr. Greit, who sold his establishment to the Fathers, started for the Colonies with a train of waggons, carrying ten thousand pounds of ivory, and four hundred of ostrich feathers. Three months previously, another load of six thousand pounds of ivory had been despatched from Gubulawayo, and the missionary caravan had met between the Transvaal and Shoshong, waggons carrying in the aggregate twenty thousand pounds of tusks. With the little English community, including the Protestant missionaries, the Jesuit Fathers were soon on the best of terms, and met with nothing but help and encouragement from them. Their new residence, which was dedicated to the Sacred Heart, was purchased for five hundred pounds. It consisted of several buildings and outhouses, and amongst them an iron house used for warehousing goods, which now served admirably as a chapel. A hectare of ground was contained within their enclosure, and it soon presented an animated scene when peopled with live stock. Thirty-eight sheep, and twelve calves, two beautiful milch-cows and their calves, with the draught oxen of the waggons, made a goodly show of ruminant quadrupeds ; and suitable accommodation was also found for thirty hens, purchased with coarse cotton stuff, at the rate of ten centimes each. A cloth of the value of four francs was the price of a sheep, an animal of a species peculiar to the country, larger than the European breeds, and having, instead of a fleece, smooth wool or hair, resembling rather that of a goat. Its most striking feature, however, is its tail, which is an accumulation of fat, sometimes weighing as much as twenty pounds, and serving for culinary purposes, instead of butter, lard, or oil. It is for these appendages that the Boers are popularly supposed to provide the animals with little carts on which to draw them after them, a fact in natural history for which, however, we decline to vouch. Wheat was excessively dear, but maize cheap, and it formed the principal article of the Fathers' diet. They dressed it in various ways : boiling the ears for six or seven hours, when they were eaten

like a vegetable; or throwing the detached grains into boiling grease or butter, when they swell, crack, and are said to form an excellent dessert if eaten lightly powdered with sugar. Native women came every morning with fresh maize for sale, carrying loads of it in wicker baskets on their heads, and followed by boys with water-melons, gourds, and other succulent vegetables.

The natives, who have abundance of cattle, as their country is free from tsetse, use a good deal of meat, and cook it admirably. Cut into junks, and thrown into a great stew-pan, on the lid of which burning embers are placed, it forms a savoury dish that an epicure need not disdain. The use of milk, butter, and cheese, is strictly prohibited to adults, as the milk of the cows is exclusively reserved for the children, who up to twelve years old taste nothing else. As soon as they can walk, they go together twice a day to the kraal of the cows, and there, under the superintendence of Makweke, the induna, or captain of Gubulawayo, make their repasts after the fashion of Romulus and Remus, as portrayed on ancient monuments.

The men are given up to idleness, save when out on some marauding expedition, and spend their days in drinking and smoking, squatted round the *kotlas*, or enclosures of the *indunas*, and *enkose* (the king). The women do all the work of agriculture, building, beer and tobacco making, &c., and are treated as the veriest slaves. Though, like all races of Zulus, the Matabele seem inaccessible to the higher ideas of religion, they are by no means free from superstition, and have the same beliefs in witchcraft and sorcery current throughout Africa. They have, however, a vague idea of a supreme being, called in their language, "the king above," *Enkose pesoul*, but they pay him no worship, and associate him with no rites. They hold in veneration the spirits of their dead kings, and the burial-place of Moselikatze is accounted sacred, and is the scene of celebrations and solemn feasts. Their religious observances principally consist of dances; and the beginning of each year is marked by the festival of the Great Dance, held in honour of the first fruits, which it is not lawful for any one to touch until they have been thus consecrated. The dances of the warriors are very imposing, as they defile before the king, crowned with nodding plumes of black ostrich feathers, clad in skins, and brandishing their assegais, while they sing in chorus the grand national hymn. The refrain of this war-song, "Have you heard the news? The news of the assegai?" chanted in perfect unison by thousands of savage voices, is described as producing a thrilling and even terrific effect.

But the most singular of the Matebele superstitions is one identical with that of the ancient Greeks, attributing oracular utterances of a divinity to a particular spot. The Zulu Delphi

is situated eleven miles from Gubulawayo, where the god Makalaka has his residence, in a cavern approached by a winding entrance. From a perpendicular shaft in the midst of this grotto issue terrible subterranean thunders. The votaries lay their offerings on the edge of the chasm, and declaring the object of their visit, their desire for information as to some future event, or wish to penetrate some hidden secret, await the response in silence. Then, amid the thunders of the abyss, are heard inarticulate sounds, confused murmurs, which are interpreted by the sorcerers to their credulous disciples. This cavern deity has sons and daughters, who are his priests and priestesses, and live near his grotto. Notwithstanding their sacred character and parentage, three of these hierophants were recently put to death for stealing the king's corn.

To this oracle the Princess Nina appealed to establish her innocence, when accused of having conspired with some fetish men to cast a spell on the king's house, that he might not have a male heir. After Lo Bengula's marriage with Umzila's daughter, Calinja, his sister, deposed from her previous position of importance, had withdrawn from Court, and retired into the mountains. Hence she was summoned to answer before a family council of Lo Bengula's brothers, held at his residence, the "White Rocks," to the charge brought against her. She denied the accusation, and offered to submit to the judgment of the oracle of the god Makalaka, to clear her of the suspicion. The missionaries' letters do not recount the result of this supernatural arbitration, so we may conclude that the affair was allowed to drop.

Lo Bengula's subjects, while utterly indifferent to the spiritual teaching of the Fathers, showed themselves as anxious as other savages to avail themselves of their skill in physicking the body. The king himself called in their aid in a severe attack of rheumatism, and they earned the demonstrative gratitude of the induna of a village three days' march from Gubulawayo, by curing him of inveterate ophthalmia. When they refused all payment for this service, declaring it to have been done for love of the *Enkose-pesoul* (the King above), his admiration knew no bounds, and he promised them abundance of flocks and herds, "long-horned oxen, and fat-tailed sheep," if they would settle in his country. A few days later, he brought his daughter, who had been ill for two years, imploring them to cure her; and for her, too, they prescribed with success. One of their earliest charges was a poor leper, who had no shelter, save some cavity in the rocks. A hut was built for him near their enclosure, with the help of Mr. Martin, a charitable merchant, where the Fathers visit him daily, to his unbounded consolation. Each day he

drags himself to the door of the Mission, and lays down his iron porringer to be filled with meat and vegetables from the Fathers' table. This outcast of society is likely to be their first convert in Matabele Land.

Whenever Lo Bengula moved from one of his residences to the other he expected the white residents to follow in his train to do him honour. As soon as the royal party was seen on its way to the kraal, it was the signal for a general start, and a sort of improvised picnic party accompanied his majesty to his country house. The Fathers describe themselves as much amused at having "to run about the Veldt after the king," but understood it was his wish that they should do so.

The difficulties constantly arising in the management of untutored savages are illustrated by the conduct of the missionaries' native servant, *October*. On being refused a claim for double the wages agreed on, he determined to be revenged, and that same evening, while the Fathers were engaged in searching the heavens for the comet, then (February, 1880) expected to be visible, their thoughts were recalled to earth by the appearance of one of their cowherds, with dismay expressed in every lineament of his sable countenance. "*October*," he said, "is gone, carrying off one of our fine cows and her brown calf. He went off when the sun was over the Mountain of Serpents, and was last seen driving the beasts southwards."

Next morning, at break of day, one of the Fathers and Mr. Martin were in the saddle, and off to the "White Rocks," eleven miles from Gubulawayo, to seek redress from Lo Bengula.

After an hour-and-a-half's gallop over mountain and valley, we arrive and fasten our animals to the stockade of the rustic palace of the "King of kings." We pass amid groups of Kafirs squatted round the royal hut, without saluting anyone; for such is the etiquette of these mountains. We then kneel at the orifice of the hut, and call to the king, "Koumalo! Koumalo!"—Lord! Lord!—and the King replies, "Sakou, bona!"—Good morning, come in! We then creep into the interior of the hut, which is as dark as a black oven, and sit on the ground without further ceremony.

After the sudden change from light to darkness, we can see nothing for the first five minutes. Gradually we distinguish surrounding objects.

Lo Bengula was stretched on the ground at his ease, lying on a Scotch plaid, to the right of the entrance; his left elbow rested on a bolster, and his right hand clutched an enormous piece of roast meat, which he was devouring with visible appetite. To the left of the entrance I perceived Queen Qwalila, engaged in eating a slice of beef which she had received from her royal spouse.

We had taken our places in the centre of the hut, near the pole which supports it. I was seated in front of the Queen, Mr. Martin

facing the King. Lo Bengula made a sign to a slave standing apart, who went out, and soon returned, bringing us a dish intended as a welcome. It was a plate of European manufacture, piled with cutlets powdered with salt. We hastened to thank the King with the formula prescribed by etiquette: "Koumalo!" The King replied with a simple inclination of the head, *annuit*, and we attacked the dish. For myself, I first made the sign of the cross; the King looked at me in much astonishment. I told him it was a religious usage, analogous to their purificatory ceremonies. He seemed satisfied with this answer.

After the repast, the King presented us his packet of Transvaal tobacco, and box of Swedish matches. When the perfume of the pipe succeeded the steam of the roast beef, Mr. Martin began, and in the Bechuana language explained to the King the object of our visit.

Lo Bengula promised redress, and the conversation then took a political direction, turning on the difficulties between the English and Russians. The king then went on to complain of the bad faith of the Boers in commercial transactions, after which his visitors were dismissed, with a cordial shake-hands, from the presence of his Zulu majesty.

The thievish propensities of the natives furnished the Fathers with never-failing occasions for the exercise of the virtue of patience. One of them thus narrates an experience of this kind:—

About a fortnight ago Mr. Martin, an excellent Englishman, a native of Jersey, came to invite me to go on a fishing excursion. I could not refuse his request, so we take our lines, and our spade for digging worms, mount our frisky ponies, sure-paced and noisy-hoofed, and are off at a hand gallop, over rock and ravine, through marsh and wood. No landscape in our country can give you any idea of the environs of Gubulawayo; Epirus and Thessaly alone may perhaps bear some resemblance to those masses of rocks, superimposed one on the other, in grotesque fashion, as though by the agency of Titans—

*Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam*

*Scilicet, atque Ossae frondosum involvere Olympum.*

After two hours of a regular steeple-chase, we debouch at the top of a rock, on the valley of the Umzingwane, and begin a somewhat perilous descent. However, our quadrupeds acquit themselves admirably of their task, and we arrive safe and sound at the plain, on the banks of a pretty stream. We cast our lines, and the first take is an immense crab, which I haul out, to my great surprise. Soon a serpent is seen crawling straight towards us on the surface of the water. Like the dragon of Hippolytus, "his croup," &c. But reassure yourself; I present him the end of my line, he takes the hook, I draw him out, and a blow of a riding whip from Mr. Martin stretches him stiff and dead on the slope. Next appears a tiger-striped eel, the sight of which terrifies and puts to flight the blacks of the neighbourhood who had come down to watch our fishing, as they

take it for a viper, *Inioke*. Soon after they draw near the spot where we have left our ponies, instruments, paletots and hats. Mr. Martin hears the neighing of our steeds, and happily reaches in time to rescue them and our property. One of the darkies then begins to speak to us with an insinuating air. Mr. Martin distrusts him, and says to me "Look to our hats." After two hours' fishing we pack up; I seize my horse's mane to climb into the saddle, and lose sight of the nigger for a moment. In this brief instant my head-gear is snatched off, and I see it fly off to a distance, into the thick of the rushes edging the stream. I give a shout, Mr. Martin leaps on his horse and pursues the thief. I try to do the same, but my pony, urged along by the speed of the other, will not allow me to mount. Five minutes after, Mr. Martin shouts from the top of a rock, "Come on—it is too late!" My felt was lost. But what vexed us most was the pretended indignation of the other blacks, who, while uttering imprecations on the thief, would certainly have robbed us also, if our terrible whips of rhinoceros hide, and the heels of our quadrupeds, had not inspired them with respect. This, then, was what a day's fishing in South Africa cost me; a hat.

Picturesque scenery seems to surround the Matabele capital in all directions, and one of the Fathers, despatched to the Mountain of Serpents, *Entab-Enioka*, about nine miles off, to superintend the cutting of wood for building, was much struck with the beauty of this part of the country. Torrents and cascades were seen in all directions, in the midst of luxuriant vegetation; while birds of the most varied song and plumage lent animation to the forest. One of the most curious of these is the bell-ringer crow, a species of bird like a rook, uttering at regular intervals a piercing note, compared to the tinkle of the bell of some sylvan hermitage. To all beauties of Nature the natives seem as insensible as the beasts of the field.

During the winter months, from April to September, no rain ever falls, but during the wet season, lasting from November to March inclusive, a series of brief but violent storms follow each other in rapid succession, sometimes at the rate of six or seven in the day. Black clouds gather from all quarters of the heavens, and deliver perfect salvos of electrical discharges, accompanied by deluges of rain, which fill the ravines in a few moments with rushing torrents. Communication at this season is difficult, and the post at Gubulawayo, generally delivered once a fortnight by native couriers, becomes exceedingly irregular in its arrival.

It was, of course, necessary to defer all further missionary explorations until after the cessation of the rains; but Father Law, from the time he had conversed with the attendants who came from Umzila's dominions in the suite of Lo Bengula's queen, had been seized with a desire to preach the Gospel in their

country, and only waited until travelling was practicable, to put his design into operation. On the 28th of May, 1880, he therefore started from Gubulawayo with Father Wehl and two Brothers, on the journey that was to cost him his life. Taking with them two Matabele attendants assigned to them by Lo Bengula, they made their way slowly but unimpeded through the country of the Mashonas, subject to that monarch. Their difficulties began when they crossed the Sabi river, and found themselves among the portion of the tribe which owe nominal allegiance to Umzila, but seem in reality independent of control. The indunas became more and more menacing in their language as they advanced into the country, while their progress was delayed by the absence of a practicable road for the waggon. At last, August 5, they came to a place where they had to cut a passage through the rock, and while in the midst of this arduous work, surrounded by a crowd of insolent savages, they perceived to their utter consternation that Father Wehl had disappeared. This misfortune still further complicated the embarrassment of their position. For three days the Matabele escort scoured the country in vain, without finding any trace of the missing Father; and all this time the demeanour of the crowd round the waggon became more hostile and threatening. At last a desperate resolution was taken, and the little band, to avoid a worse disaster, resolved to abandon the waggon and make their escape by night. Taking then their arms, some supplies of food, and the altar furniture, the three Europeans and their four faithful attendants—two Matabeles and two other natives—stole off under cover of the darkness, to make their way on foot, by forced marches, to Umzila's kraal. This was on the night of the 10th of August, and before noon on the following day they had placed twenty miles between them and their enemies, and were out of reach of pursuit. They suffered great hardships from fatigue and exposure on their march, but were fortunate in finding game in abundance; one of the Matabeles shot a large rhinoceros, and antelopes and other smaller animals were also killed. At last, on the 20th of August, ten days after leaving the waggon, the party reached Umzila's residence exhausted from the harassing march, and all suffering more or less from the lowering fever of the country, Brother de Sadeleer alone being in a state to attend on the others. They were received immediately in a friendly audience by Umzila, who sent them supplies of provisions; but as his herds have been ravaged by the tsetse, not on so magnificent a scale as the presents of his royal son-in-law, Lo Bengula. He sent a party in charge of Brother de Sadeleer to recover the waggon, which was found in safety, as the Mashonas, finding the white men had escaped from



them, and knowing they had taken refuge with Umzila, dreaded the vengeance of that chief if they pillaged it.

Meantime, what had become of Father Wehl, lost and alone in the midst of a savage country? He had wandered from the track, and lost sight of the waggon, owing to an unexpected change in its line of advance; then, after eighteen hours' hopeless search for it, had abandoned the attempt to regain it, and determined to return to Gubulawayo. Twice he was without food for forty-eight hours, and at other times his daily ration consisted of a handful of flour, bought at some village by the way. The first ten nights he slept in trees, for six more he lay down under the shelter of their branches, but the ten last nights of his solitary wanderings he spent stretched on the bare ground, too exhausted from cold and weariness to seek a lodging less exposed to the attacks of wild beasts. At the end of twenty-six days of this life he was picked up by four natives, who, after holding many councils as to the fate of their prisoner, finally decided to put him to death. The 18th of September was fixed for his execution, and on the previous evening he was provided with an unusually good supper, and told it was his last. On the very day appointed for his death he was rescued by the opportune arrival of Mr. Robert Roxby, an inhabitant of the Transvaal, who, having heard of his captivity, came with four servants to release him. After various plans of operation had been projected and found impracticable, he set out again on foot, and on the fifth day of his march, October 28, reached once more the abandoned waggon, and met the party sent out for its recovery. The setting in of the rainy season interposed fresh obstacles to their advance, and one of the Brothers was taken ill, and had to be carried over the mountains by relays of native bearers, requisitioned from village to village. Thus, it was only on the 13th of January that Father Wehl reached Umzila's kraal, to find that Father Law had died there the 25th of November previous, worn out by the successive attacks of the fever caught on his journey.

It was his last recommendation that the mission to Umzila's country should be abandoned as impracticable, but Father Wehl does not agree in this view. Much of the country he saw seemed to him healthy and fertile, and he thinks that a station might be chosen at a higher level than Umzila's village, but within easy reach of it, while in communication with Sofala, on the sea-coast, as well. The recent deaths of Mr. Phipson Wybrants, and several of his expedition, however, while attempting to penetrate into the interior from the direction of the latter place, seems a bad omen for the practicability of the country as a residence for white men.

The Mission, reinforced by fresh recruits from Europe, is thus in occupation of three stations. Gubulawayo, Tati, near the frontier of Matabele Land, and Umzila's town. Meanwhile, its original objective point, the Zambesi, has not been lost sight of, and advices from the Cape, of February, 1881, announce the return of Father Depelchin from a journey of exploration in that direction.\*

Two recent explorers, Dr. Holub, and Major Serpa Pinto, have given us very detailed information as to this region, where they both made a prolonged sojourn, confirming the accounts of all previous travellers as to its pestilential climate. This, indeed, is a necessary consequence of its physical peculiarities, for the whole Zambesi valley, having an average width of thirty miles, is nothing more than the overflow-bed of the river during its annual inundation, and remains at other times intersected with lagoons and stagnant ponds—the very hotbeds of poisonous germs. These reservoirs supply the ordinary drinking water of the inhabitants, who, driven to the heights by the rising of the waters, return to the low-lying villages on their subsidence. It is not to be wondered at, then, that a prolonged stay in the district is certain inoculation with miasmatic fever, not only for Europeans, but even for natives acclimatized to other parts of Africa.

Nevertheless, the population of the country is concentrated in the lowlands, and the heights to the south of the river seem to be nearly devoid of inhabitants. The entire Zambesi valley as far as Portuguese territory on the east, forms a single powerful kingdom, that of the Marutse-Mabunda, Barotse, or Lui, who rule as a dominant race, over various enslaved or vassal tribes.

The history of the country, up to a certain point, repeats that of Matabele Land, for here, too, a conqueror from the south, Sebituane, at the head of a Basuto army, subdued the native population, and established a foreign empire. But the resemblance stops at this point, for the Makololos, as the invaders were called, decimated by the climate, and enervated by self-indulgence, were eventually exterminated by the original inhabitants, who restored their native dynasty after three generations of Basuto rule. The language of the conquerors still remains, and a dialect of Sesuto is the prevailing one in the Barotse kingdom. The country is at present in an unsettled condition as to government, for two revolutions had swept over it in the interval between Dr. Holub's visit, in 1875, and Major Serpa Pinto's, in August, 1878; and one of the deposed monarchs, since restored, was then

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\* A letter from Father Depelchin, of June 4, 1881, announces the establishment of a station at Pandama-tenga, 50 miles from the Falls of the Zambesi. The Fathers have suffered much from fever, but the Superior hopes to build a sanatorium on some neighbouring high ground, and to counteract the malaria in the valley by the plantation of eucalyptus.

hovering as a pretender on the frontier. These rulers appear to be of a very low type, both as to intelligence and morality, and Major Serpa Pinto narrowly escaped several treacherous attempts, made apparently with the consent or connivance of the then reigning monarch or his counsellors. The general moral standard of the inhabitants seems low in proportion to their relative cultivation in other respects. They are cleanly in their persons, using frequent baths and ablutions; their cookery is sufficiently refined to please a European palate, and they are not without some fundamental notions of medicine. Their riches consist in large herds of cattle, as they scarcely till the ground; their food, of sweet potatoes and milk in various forms. The wild fruits of the country would alone almost suffice to support life, as a variety of trees produce in succession abundance of succulent and nutritious food. The capital of the Barotse has been transferred to a point considerably higher up the river than that occupied by the old town, Sesheke, and apparently still more unhealthy. It is to be hoped that no attempt will be made by the missionaries to occupy any part of the Zambesi valley itself, a step which could only result in the sacrifice of valuable lives, as it may be safely asserted that no European could survive a year's residence within its limits. Their idea, indeed, seems rather to be to seek, in the unexplored country to the north of the river, an eligible site for a station; but, even then, the obstacles to travelling and communicating through the Barotse country would be very great. For the present, save by adopting Portuguese territory as a base of operations—any further northern extension of the Mission seems almost impossible.

The Zambesi region is dear to the imaginations of all connected with the Jesuit order, as the scene of the martyrdom of one of its early members. Father Gonzalez Silveira, a Portuguese Jesuit, born in Almeida, in 1526, when engaged in missionary work on the East Coast of Africa, was seized with the desire to explore and evangelize the great native kingdom of Monomotapa, lying some hundreds of miles inland from the territory of Portugal. After an arduous voyage of many months, made entirely on foot, carrying the altar furniture on his shoulders, wading many of the rivers, and transported across others in native rafts or canoes, he reached the capital of Monomotapa on St. Stephen's Day, 1560. A Portuguese, Antonio Caiado, was settled there in command of the army, said to have numbered 100,000 men, of whom 30,000 were stationed in the neighbourhood of the capital. The king received the Jesuit favourably, and was much struck by his disinterestedness in refusing his presents, amongst which gold is specified. A statue of the Madonna seen in his house was taken for a real woman by the natives, who repeated to the king that the stranger had brought his wife with him. The king on seeing

the statute, requested it should be left to him, to which the Father gladly consented. For five nights in succession the monarch had a dream, in which a similar figure appeared to him, and addressed him in an unknown language; and so great was the impression made on him that he desired to become a Christian, and was baptized with his mother and three hundred of his principal subjects, about thirty days after Father Silveira's arrival.

But the missionary's rapid success alarmed the jealousy of the Mahometan residents, and they plotted his destruction, accusing him to the king of being a Portuguese spy, come to subvert his kingdom. Their machinations were successful; the king ordered his execution, and eight assassins, stealing into his hut at night, threw themselves on him, and after having strangled him with a cord, threw his body into the river. His death, which took place on Passion Sunday, March 18, 1561, was followed by a partial massacre of his converts, but led to reprisals on the part of the Portuguese, their invasion of the kingdom, and the expulsion of the Mahometan settlers. Thenceforward, the kingdom of Monomotapa is heard of no more in history, and the site it occupied can only be conjectured from very contradictory indications in the narrative.

But sixty years later, another Jesuit Father, Alphonse Leo, in travelling through the same country, came upon an island of the Zambesi, where, according to native tradition, the body of a white man washed ashore more than half a century previous, was still miraculously guarded by the wild beasts and birds. This later narrative speaks of the river which flowed through Monomotapa, elsewhere called the Mosengesi, or Motetes, as a tributary of the Zambesi; and this fact affords some clue to the position of this country, which has much puzzled modern geographers. An existing river, the Zingesi, which we may fairly identify with the Mosengesi of the narrative, flows into the Zambesi from the south, not far from the Portuguese district of Tete, and its alternative designation of Motetes is possibly connected with this latter name. Close to this river is another called the Mpata, and Mabate is mentioned as the principal halting-place of Father Silveira on his journey to Monomotapa. Gold, again, is specified among the king's presents to the Jesuit, and a gold field is marked on the map, about a hundred miles distant from the above-mentioned points. The disruption of the kingdom was doubtless consequent on the Portuguese invasion following the missionary's death, when a portion of it was probably incorporated with the territory of the invaders, and the remainder became disintegrated in process of time. We think, then, we are justified in concluding that Monomotapa occupied the country south of the Zambesi, and west of the Portuguese territory, including the

districts now inhabited by the Mashonas, probably with great part of Matabele Land, and Umzila's dominions.

If this be so, the Jesuits have been led back, at the lapse of more than three centuries, to the very spot hallowed by the labours and death of one of their order, and may be said to enter on their mission as the heirs of the Portuguese martyr. Let us hope that the coincidence may be an augury of their success.

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## ART. II.—ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.

1. *English Men of Letters*. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. Macmillan & Co.
2. *Four Centuries of English Letters*. Edited and arranged by W. BAPTISTE SCOONES. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.
3. *English Poets: Selections*. With Critical Introductions by various Writers, and a General Introduction by MATTHEW ARNOLD. Edited by THOMAS HUMPHRY WARD, M.A. In four volumes. Macmillan & Co. 1880.

THE stately tree of English Literature, so far as its age can be fixed, may be said to be of about five hundred years' growth. English poetry in particular, as distinguished from the "Rym dogerel" of the Romancers, which is not poetry, begins in the reign of Edward III. with Chaucer, styled by Occleve, his contemporary, "the finder of our fair language;" by Roger Ascham, "the English Homer;" by Spenser, "the pure wellhead of poetry," and "the well of English undefiled;" and by Dryden, "the father of English poetry." In him we must look for the roots of English literature, in so far as it is national and classical. After Crecy had been fought, after Poitiers had been won, after Langley wrote his "Vision of Piers Plowman," Chaucer far eclipsed that rhymester, as he afterwards eclipsed the "moral Gower" and his "Confessio Amantis." During more than thirty years, ending in 1400, he produced year after year his numerous poems, his "Book of the Duchess," "Troilus and Cressida," and the "Canterbury Tales." They were a new literary revelation flashing on the minds of men, and fully justify us in saying of their author that he is "the master who uses our language with a power, a freedom, a variety, a rhythmic beauty, that, in five centuries, not ten of his successors have been found able to rival."

Though English literature has been on the whole non-Catholic, it will be the object of this paper to remind the reader to what extent it has been modified by Catholic authors. It is, therefore, of the first importance to observe that it sprang up in Catholic

times, under Catholic sovereigns, and put forth its strength and promise, in a way never to be forgotten, in the person of Geoffrey Chaucer. He was, it is true, a secular poet in the main. His favourite themes were those of love, chivalry and romance—themes such as would have suited his contemporaries, Boccaccio and Petrarch—but in treating these he makes constant allusion to customs, beliefs and modes of speech essentially Catholic, and shows himself, moreover, to have been a religious man. Touching prayers and tender words of Christian warning often recur in his pages. The “Orison to the Holy Virgin,” beginning “Mother of God and Virgin undefiled,” is described as *Oratio Gallfridi Chaucer*; and in “La Prière de Notre Dame,” translated by him from the French, we have a long address to the Blessed Virgin, in twenty-three stanzas, each of which begins with one of the letters of the alphabet, arranged in due succession. The actuality of Chaucer’s Tales, in their representing so faithfully Catholic times and manners, contributed greatly to the charm they possessed in the eyes of Spenser, Dryden and Pope. In proportion as the ancient religion revives in England, the poetry of this great and genial singer will be read and prized in spite of the archaic, and now partly obsolete, language in which it is expressed. His works have given rise to a Chaucer-Literature, which was never more copious and flourishing than at present. The Society bearing his name, Mr. Furnivall its Director, Messrs. Skeat, Morris, Tyrwhitt, Bell, the Six-Text Edition of the “Canterbury Tales,” Mr. Fleay, Mr. A. W. Ward and Mrs. Haweis, have done much towards making his poetry popular and his influence more widely felt. We can never forget that his works mark the settlement of the English tongue; that his rhymes and romances are full of pathos and humour, colour and fancy, abounding in detail, “with a sort of gorgeous idleness about their very length;”<sup>\*</sup> and that he reflected men and manners in the mirror of his verse as none but Shakspeare has ever reflected them.

Let us pass over a score or so of years, barren of distinguished writers, and we arrive at the “Paston Letters,” which bridge over the space that divides us from the Caxton press at Westminster and all its marvels. This collection of familiar letters, consisting of many hundreds, supplies, as Hallam said, “a precious link in the chain of the moral history of England.” They aid us in tracing, not only the domestic, but the political and religious life of the kingdom, from 1422 to 1509. Almost all of them contain something which, either in thought or language, reminds us that they were written by Catholics in a Catholic land, and they lead

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\* “History of the English People,” by J. R. Green, vol. i. p. 505.

us forward into the lifetime of an illustrious chancellor, author, and martyr to the Catholic faith, Sir Thomas More. They are becoming far better known, and more frequently consulted, since Mr. James Gairdner has given us so complete and clear an account of them, and the edition of 1875 has been published, containing 400 additional letters and many interesting documents not previously brought to light. With Sir Thomas More, his history and writings, our readers are already familiar. We claim him as a literary star, and an integral portion of English literature in its strictest sense. He represents and expounds the new learning of England. We are proud of his "Life of King Richard the Third," written with purity and clearness of style, and free from classical pedantry; his religious works abundantly bespeak his Catholic piety; and his "Utopia," revealing the heart of the new learning, touches problems of labour, crime, conscience and government, and anticipates many social and political discoveries of modern times. The building of cities, streets and houses, public health, the relations between rich and poor, apparel, the family, nursery and hospital, meals, recreations, travelling, education, philosophy, printing of books, war, marriage and religion, are all discussed in this remarkable work, not indeed without an admixture of very singular opinions here and there, but on the whole with great wisdom and forethought in advance of his age. A splendid edition of Robynson's translation of the original Latin has been published lately at Boston, Lincolnshire, with copious notes and an introduction,\* giving the fullest evidence of the great and lasting influence of More as a Catholic member of the aristocracy of English Men of Letters.

Half a century after the death of Sir Thomas More, we light upon another martyr, who, like the Chancellor, made his mark as an author. The name of Robert Southwell will always be dear to English Catholics as that of one who died for his religion and theirs. They admire the fearless devotion which he displayed in undergoing cruel torture thirteen times, and finally obtaining the crown of martyrdom at Tyburn. His poems became popular in England soon after his heroic end, and "St. Peter's Complaint," first printed in 1595, was again and again re-issued in that year, and the immediately subsequent years. Mr. Hales, a very impartial critic, writing in the "Selections from English Poets," lately edited by Mr. T. H. Ward,† says:—

Apart from their attraction as revealing the secret of his much-enduring spirit, his poems show a true poetic power. They show a

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\* "Utopia." Edited by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin. Boston: Robert Roberts, 1878.

† Vol. i. p. 480.

rich and fertile fancy, with an abundant store of effective expression at its service. He inclines to sententiousness; but his sentences are no mere prose edicts, as is so often the case with writers of that sort; they are bright, and coloured with the light and the hues of a vivid imagination. In imagery, indeed, he is singularly opulent. In this respect "St. Peter's Complaint" reminds one curiously of the almost exactly contemporary poem, Shakespeare's "Lucrece." There is a like inexhaustibleness of illustrative resource. He delights to heap up metaphor on metaphor. . . . "St. Peter's Complaint" reminds one of "Lucrece" also in the minuteness of its narration, and in the unfailing abundance of thought and fancy with which every detail is treated. It is undoubtedly the work of a mind of no ordinary copiousness and force.

With regard to Shakspeare, it has been shewn by M. Rio,\* and in a former number of this Review,† that he was probably a Catholic throughout life. M. Rio, indeed, felt wellnigh certain that it was so, and addressing the great dramatist, said: "To thy last sigh thou wast faithful to the religion of thy forefathers." The *Rambler* also endeavoured to establish the fact of Shakspeare's Catholicism.‡ The Rev. Richard Davies, who died in 1708, maintained that the poet "dyed a Papist," and his manuscript is preserved in Corpus Christi College, Oxford.§ If the evidence that can be produced on the subject is, after all, inconclusive, it is nevertheless certain that the style and spirit of his writings are uniformly respectful towards the virtues and offices of the Catholic Church; that "his whole soul was," as Mr. Knight said, "permeated with the ancient vitalities," and that there is nothing in his history to lead us to suppose that he was guilty of apostasy. "Catholicism," wrote Carlyle, "with and against Feudalism, but not against Nature and her bounty, gave us English a Shakespeare and era of Shakespeare, and so produced a blossom of Catholicism."|| His dramas and poems represent the entire body of English literature in this respect, that they are happily, and to a large extent, qualified by the presence of Catholic doctrines, precepts, habits, customs, associations; and the same may be said of his friend and rival, Ben Jonson, who was a Catholic at least during twelve years, and has left behind him very devout poems as well as the more popular ones, such as "Drink to me only with thine eyes." This admixture of Catholic with Protestant literature was of great advantage to the cause of the ancient faith, preserving it from total corruption and oblivion in the minds of Englishmen. It was a constant witness to truths once vital in the country, and a witness which

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\* "Shakspeare." Par. A. F. Rio. Paris: Donniol, 1864.

† January, 1865.

‡ 1854 and 1858. § *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, April, 1881, p. 236.

|| "French Revolution," vol i. p. 10.



increased in importance as time went on, and the study of literature became more frequent and more highly esteemed.

Sir William Davenant succeeded Ben Jonson as Poet Laureate in 1637, and it is remarkable that he, too, was a Catholic. We find him in that character in the service and favour of the Catholic Queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria, in 1647. Though his works are but little read now, he must have had his influence in his time, and, together with Richard Crashaw, have thrown his weight as a man of letters into the Catholic scale. That this weight and influence on Crashaw's part was not inconsiderable, is evident from the following splendid epigram, which is often incorrectly quoted, on the Miracle of Cana in Galilee :—

Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura, lymphis ?

Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas ?

Numen, convivæ, præsens agnoscite numen,

Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

What sudden purple in the water glows ?

Why has that clear lymph reddened like the rose ?

Lo, Christ is present ; every voice be hush'd :

The modest water saw its God and blush'd !

But a greater figure here stands before us—a figure, indeed, as great as any we shall meet with in the field of English literature. A passion for Dryden now would, indeed, be an acquired taste ; but so also must be a fondness for Chaucer, the early dramatists, or the highly-polished school of Pope. Every period of history has its own taste, especially in poetry, and we ourselves are already learning to look shyly on the poets who were the models of fifty years ago. But Dryden must have been “Glorious John” (as Halero always calls him in the “Pirate”), to those who lived near his time. His range was vast. He could write graceful lyrics, such as are scattered through his plays, or manœuvre with great skill the artillery of political satire. He could pursue lines of argument on Church matters in verse ; and the special pleader for Anglicanism in “Religio Laici” became afterwards the yet abler apologist of the Catholic Church in the “Hind and Panther.” As a tale-teller he followed worthily in the steps of Chaucer, and rendered some of his antiquated stories into the readable English verse of a later century. But Macaulay has endeavoured to mar his fame by throwing doubts on the sincerity of his conversion to the Catholic faith. In doing this, he set aside the judgment of men as eminent as Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott, who had declared their conviction that Dryden was sincere. It is difficult to think that a mind of such grasp as that which gave birth to “Absalom and Achitophel” should have been capable of demeaning itself to such an extent as to change

a religion for the sake of some paltry reward and a prince's favour. Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. A. W. Ward, in their sketches of the poet's life, seem really to be advocating the common-sense view of the matter when they question the validity of Lord Macaulay and Mr. Green's charges against a man in whose character and writings the mark of nobility is by no means wanting. The latter writer is of opinion that the "*Religio Laici*" might almost be called a half-way house in the road along which Dryden was travelling. A reverence for authority was implanted in his nature." Though an Anglican when he wrote that poem, he seems to have been in a transition state when it was composed; and there are points in which it resembles the "*Tracts for the Times*," and other books of the Tractarian school, inasmuch as it contains admissions which, if pursued to their legitimate consequences, must result in submission to the Holy See. Hence, as Mr. A. W. Ward says,\* "*His conversion finds sufficient explanation as a process natural to a mind and disposition constituted like his.*" Mr. Saintsbury argues in a like manner, and generously defends John Dryden from an abominable imputation. The more closely *The Hind and the Panther* is examined, the more internal evidence will it afford of the depth and breadth of the poet's intellectual conviction of the truth of Catholicism. Controversial writings, dogmatic treatises, councils and creeds, even if he had studied them, would hardly of themselves have enabled him to simulate a faith which he inwardly despised. The necessity of an authority which cannot err in matter of faith and morals, is the key note of the poem referred to, and evidently the dominant idea in the author's mind. He found in the Catholic Church that which he felt to be indispensable, and the want of which all the sects in Christendom pieced together could not supply.

Of her he was able to speak thus in his own peculiar and pointed language:—

One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,  
 Entire, one solid shining diamond;  
 Not sparkles shattered into sects like you;  
 One is the Church, and must be to be true:  
 One central principle of unity;  
 As undivided, so from errors free;  
 As one in faith, so one in sanctity.  
 Thus she, and none but she, th' insulting rage  
 Of heretics opposed from age to age;  
 Still, when the giant-brood invades her throne,  
 She stoops from heaven and meets them half-way down,  
 And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.

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\* "*The English Poets*" (Selections), vol. ii. p. 444.

In arguing in defence of the sincerity of this brilliant poet, it ought to be taken into account that he brought up his children in strong attachment to the ancient religion, and that in his correspondence he speaks of it calmly and decidedly as the religion of his conviction and choice. The language he uses in prose on this subject is precisely in accordance with the sentiments he delivers in stately and heroic verse—

If they will consider me, he wrote in November, 1699, as a man who has done my best to improve the language, and especially the poetry, and will be content with my acquiescence under the present government, and forbearing satire on it, that I can promise, because I can perform it; but I can neither take the oaths, nor forsake my religion; because I know not what Church to go to, if I leave the Catholique; they are all so divided amongst themselves in matters of faith necessary to salvation, and yet all assumeing the name of Protestants. May God be pleased to open your eyes, as he has open'd mine! Truth is but one; and they who have once heard of it, can plead no excuse, if they do not embrace it. But these are things too serious for a trifling letter.

There is another literary man who deserves to be mentioned in this place, though, in consequence of the peculiar nature of his chief work, he has not attained the notoriety common to other men of letters. This is Thomas Ward, the author of "England's Reformation, from the time of King Henry VIII. to the end of Oates's Plot."\* The poem, which is well known to Catholics, and is not allowed to drop out of print, is far less known among Protestants. Nor is this surprising, since, written very much in the style of "*Hudibras*," it assails the Reformation with more than Hudibrastic ridicule and invective, depicting in the most ludicrous and lively manner the deeds and words of Protestant heroes and divines. But it is an appreciable factor in that modification of English literature by the Catholic element of which we have been speaking, and Ward must have had his personal as well as literary influence during his life. Born at Danby Castle, in Yorkshire, during the Commonwealth, he was brought to the Catholic faith by the study of Church History and the Holy Scriptures. His father disinherited him in favour of his mother and brethren, but these were afterwards converted to the faith by Thomas's instrumentality. At Rome he had the honour of serving five or six years in the Papal Guards, and in England he wrote various works of a controversial kind, and died in 1708, when Pope was a young man just entering into public life.

Of all the Catholics among us who have made an impression

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\* In four cantos. London: 1747.

on the literature of England, none has done it to so large an extent as Pope. This, however, did not happen in consequence of his faith, but rather in spite of it. The philosophy which he propounded in verse was derived from Bolingbroke rather than from the Schoolmen, yet he avoided coming into collision with mediæval doctrine; and sometimes, as in the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, his language and illustrations are in harmony with ideas and habits in vogue during the Middle Ages. He never attempted to conceal or dissemble his religion, and his friends, Bolingbroke, Harley, Addison, the Prince of Wales, Steele, Swift, Atterbury, Warburton, and Walpole were, in their intercourse with him, accustomed to allude to it as a fact which no one disputed. Sometimes it was the subject of a joke, at others of a reproach; and it never told in the poet's favour. It was an obstacle to the kind offices which they might have rendered him, at a time when authors especially needed such means of advancement. He was a member of a hated community, and tempted, therefore, to assume the indifference which alone could blunt the edge of hostility. To repeat words which we have used in another place—"Meeting a lady, one day, who invited him to her home, he asked whether she were not afraid of the law against harbouring Papists;" he wrote to Racine avowing his sincere Catholicism, and to Bishop Atterbury he wrote: "I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word." Writing to Dean Swift, he said, in 1729, "I am of the religion of Erasmus, a Catholic; so I live, so shall I die." Atterbury suggested that he should change his religion when his father died; but to this he would not listen. When he drew near to the confines of death, he said, "I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me, as it were, by intuition." He received the last sacraments, Mr. Leslie Stephen tells us, "with great fervour and resignation," and, according to Carruthers, the priest who administered them to him, "he came out from the dying man penetrated to the last degree with the state of mind in which he found his penitent, resigned and wrapt up in the love of God and man."

Among English Men of Letters there were not a few who subserved in different degrees and various ways the cause of Catholicism, though they were not themselves enrolled among its true and living members. Of the greatest of these something has already been said, but, besides Shakespeare, many others may be mentioned. Both before and after the time of William of Orange, writers on divinity who attained some distinction kept alive a belief in distinctive doctrines of the Catholic Church, which, but for their writings, would have fallen into more complete oblivion in this country. Among these are Hooker, Andrews, Hall, Laud, Pearson, Bull, Kenn, Beveridge, Dr. Johnson,

Bingham, Horne, Horsley, Heber, and other nonjuring or High Church clergymen. Some of these, it is true, scarcely answer to what is generally understood by men of letters, but there are others to whom it applies strictly and in all its fulness. It was in the school of such writers that the theological views of Pusey, Keble and Newman were formed. Without them and their works the "Tracts for the Times" would never have appeared, the large accession to the ranks of the Church from Anglicanism would not have taken place, the Catholic hierarchy in England would not have been restored, nor would the condition of Catholics here, politically, socially or religiously, be at all like what it has become. It needs only to refer to the *Catena Patrum* in the "Tracts for the Times"\* to confirm what is here asserted. The novels of Sir Walter Scott have, on the whole, contributed towards the revival of Catholic sympathies, in consequence of their carrying back the minds of readers to periods, events, customs and associations peculiarly Catholic. They tended in a multitude of ways to make Catholicism respectable, interesting, and even grand in the eyes of a vast number who had previously regarded it with indifference or scorn; and to this day parish priests are glad to receive presents of Scott's complete works for the use of parochial lending libraries. The taste for æstheticism which they engender is entirely in harmony with the religion of the Middle Ages.

Born of Catholic parents, and educated in early years in their faith, Thomas Moore allowed himself in after-life to be drawn aside into partial, if not entire, conformity to the established religion. Yet, even amid these unworthy concessions, he ever and anon reverted to the creed of his childhood, either in his writings or by his actions. Sometimes he would be seen assisting at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, or even appearing before the world as a defender of the Catholic faith. If his good works in these respects were insufficient to clear his character as an orthodox Christian from reproach, they at all events threw a portion of his influence on the side of the faith which had been cherished in his own country through so many ages of bitter suffering. There is a tendency now in the higher walks of literature to deny his poetry that merit to which it once laid undisputed claim; but there are some of his sacred melodies which must ever hold a high rank as religious poetry, and can never fade from the memory of his admirers. Of all his works, the "Sacred Songs," published in 1816, are the most beautiful and tender, though by no means the best known.

His marriage with a Protestant lady was followed by the bringing up of his children in the religion of their mother; yet, if

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\* Vol. iii. No. 74, 1835-6.

Moore himself was a lax Catholic, he was certainly a very indifferent Protestant. He advised his sister Kate *not* to declare herself a Protestant, but to remain quietly in the religion of her childhood. Lord Lansdowne said to him one day (August 20, 1825): "They (some reviewers) take you for a Catholic;" to which the poet replied that "they had but too much right to do so." In one of his conversations with Lord John, afterwards Earl, Russell, he talked about his forthcoming book, the "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion," and explained to him the nature of it, adding that he had not the least doubt in his own mind of the truth of the case he undertook to prove in it—namely, "that Popery is in all respects the old, original Christianity, and Protestantism a departure from it." Moore expressed the same conviction more fully in his *Diary* under the date of November 2 to 9, 1834. On June 22, 1823, he wrote: "Before driving out, had gone with Edward (Moore) to Warwick (Catholic) chapel, where we heard the latter part of the service, and most solemn and touching it was. It seemed to come with more effect over me, after the restless and feverish life I have been leading; and brought tears instantly from the very depths of my heart." He writes in a similar strain in his *Journal*, December 18, 1825; and his words remind us of the lines in one of his "Sacred Melodies":—

Go, let me weep, there's bliss in tears  
 When he who sheds them inly feels  
 Some lingering stain of early years  
 Effaced by every drop that steals.

It cannot, indeed, be denied that many, if not most, of the writers whose Catholic faith or tendencies have here been described, have left behind them a great deal of impropriety. But for this fact, which it would be in vain to attempt to conceal, some excuse may be offered. They were probably writing at a period when far less delicacy and refinement of language was required in compositions, especially those intended for the stage, than is now thought indispensable: and in some instances, though they were coarse, their coarseness was not immodest. The English nation was no better and no worse than other nations of Europe in this respect. Even in the Italian hymns of Jacopone da Todi, and others in the fourteenth century, we are constantly meeting with crude carnal metaphors such as a decent London publisher would not tolerate in our day. Loud complaints have been made of Dryden especially, and of the dramas he wrote after his conversion; but without denying that there is some ground of complaint, censors have to be reminded

that neither he nor any other old English writer ought to be judged by the standard of propriety recognized at the present time.

At the time when Lingard's "*History of England*" first appeared—in the early part of 1819—English Catholics were, as a body, deficient in learning, little known and generally despised. It was therefore little expected that the priest of a secluded mission at Hornby would write a history of his country, replete with the profoundest knowledge, classical in style, veracious, impartial, yet rectifying numerous errors, and of a nature to change the face of future English history, and give to it a new colour and direction. Still less did it seem likely that this work would become a favourite with the public, both Catholic and Protestant; that it would be praised by the best critics, and imitated by the ablest annalists; that it would be recognized as a standard book, without which no library would be complete; prove largely profitable to the author; and be eventually the occasion of his receiving a pension from the Queen of England. For the first two editions of the work the author had, altogether, £4,133, and the satisfaction of seeing it translated into several European languages. He has greatly influenced subsequent historians, and introduced, to a far higher extent than it had previously been practised, the habit of referring to original documents and archives of State. Miss Strickland owed much to Lingard, and followed in his wake in her history of the "*Queens of England*." He imposed on himself the honourable task of taking nothing on credit, but of going to the original author. He made it a rule also, as he said in a letter to Mr. Kirk, to tell the truth whether it made for or against his own side, and to avoid all appearance of controversy. He felt sure that his only chance of gaining the ear of Protestants at that time was by writing as an indifferent spectator, and experience has shown that his plan was a wise one. It helped materially to give him a permanent place among the English classics, and to procure him, during life, the familiar acquaintance of persons of distinction, such as Brougham, Scarlett and Pollock, who, when leading men at the bar, frequently went over from Lancaster to Hornby, on a Sunday or other holiday, to pass it in Lingard's company.

There have not been wanting English men of letters who, while firmly adhering to Protestantism in the general tone of their writings, have now and then given partial aid to the Catholic cause by compositions of singular beauty, in which Catholic doctrine or practice was either exhibited or defended, or both. Among these we may reckon Wordsworth, of whom so beautiful a sketch has been written by Mr. W. F. H. Myers, in the series edited by Mr. John Morley. Although in his

"Ecclesiastical Sonnets" he puts forward commonly those views of the Reformation which are in favour among Protestants, he sometimes rises above the prejudices of his age, and breathes the language of ancient piety. The virtues that found noble exercise in the Crusades, and were fostered by the monastic system, are not altogether lost on him; and he is Christian and poet enough to feel transported with the love and purity of the spotless maid of Nazareth. The lines that follow have often been quoted, but can we become too familiar with them? Can we set in the frame of memory a higher gem than this sonnet?—

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrosth  
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied;  
 Woman above all women glorified,  
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast;  
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost;  
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn  
 With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,  
 Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,  
 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend  
 As to a visible Power, in which did blend  
 All that was mixed and reconciled in thee  
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

The thought of Wordsworth, by a kind of contrecoup, suggests that of Byron. An anonymous writer in the *Tablet*, about a year ago,\* speaking of his religious opinions, said: "They are of value, not only as affording evidence of the direction in which his noble, though abused intellect was tending, but also because they are an illustration of the power of Catholic truth over minds the most unsuspected of submission to its influence. I have often thought that a catena of authorities in favour of Catholic doctrines might be formed out of the writings of non-Catholics, and even infidels." Another correspondent of the same periodical† speaks of "the respect with which the great poet regarded the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church," and in illustration of this respect he cites several anecdotes. In a letter from Fletcher, Lord Byron's valet, to Dr. Kennedy, published in the Appendix to Galt's life of the poet, we find,—

At another time, I remember it well, being a Friday, I at the moment not remembering it, said to my lord: "Will you have a fine plate of beccaficas?" My lord, half in anger, replied: "Is not this Friday? how could you be so extremely lost to your duty to make such a request of me?" at the same time saying: "A man that

\* "D.," Oct. 9, 1880.

† Joseph M. Star, Sept. 24, 1880.



can so far forget a duty as a Christian, who cannot for one day in seven forbid himself of those luxuries, is no longer worthy to be called a Christian. . . . . In the year 1817, I have seen my lord repeatedly, on meeting or passing any religious ceremonies which the Roman Catholics have in their frequent processions, while at Nivia, near Venice, dismount his horse and fall on his knees, and remain in that posture till the procession had passed; and one of his grooms, who was backward in following the example of his lordship, my lord gave a violent reproof to. The man in his defence said, "I am no Catholic, and by this means thought I ought not to follow any of their ways." My lord answered very sharply upon the subject, saying, "Nor am I a Catholic, but a Christian, which I should not be, were I to make the same objections which you make."

It was quite in accordance with these sentiments that Byron removed his daughter, Allegra, from the care of the Shelleys, and caused her to be educated as "a strict Catholic in a convent of Romagna." "It is my wish," he wrote to Moore, in April, 1821, that she should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various branches of Christianity." On another occasion he wrote to the same friend: "I think people can never have enough of religion if they are to have any. I incline myself very much to the Catholic doctrines." And again, a few days later:—"I am really a great admirer of tangible religion, and am breeding one of my daughters a Catholic, that she may have her hands full. It is by far the most elegant worship, hardly excepting the Greek mythology. What with incense, pictures, statues, altars, shrines, relics, and the real Presence, confession, absolution, there is something to grasp at. . . . I am afraid that this sounds flippant, but I don't mean it to be so. . . . I do assure you that I am a very good Christian." He wrote to Murray also, April 9, 1817: "When I turn thirty I will turn devout; I feel a great vocation that way in Catholic Churches and when I hear the organ."

Mr. Nichol, in his "Life of Byron," in the "English Men of Letters," speaks of the well-known stanzas beginning—

Ave Maria, blessed be the hour,

as one of the most musical, and seemingly heartfelt, hymns in the language.

Amid all the fire and passion of Byron's poetry and correspondence, there are not wanting passages that betray a spirit of prayer and a recognition of the Divine will. "God grant me," he wrote,\* "some judgment to do what may be most fitting in that (making more poetry) and everything else, for I doubt my own exceedingly." "God grant us all better times, or more philo-

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\* Sept. 15, 1817.

sophy!" he wrote again in 1821.\* When Allegra, the daughter he had placed in a convent for education, passed away from earth, he said: *Ella è più felice di noi Dio ha voluto così—Non ne parliamo più!* In the account given of his last moment, by Thomas Moore, we learn that he said: "It is too late; all is over." "I hope not," answered Fletcher; "but the Lord's will be done!" "Yes, not mine," said Byron. A writer in the *Guardian*† quotes the following passage from *Temple Bar*. "A crucifix was found under the death-bed pillow of the hardened cynic, Byron. . . . Byron was always superstitious, and his cynicism was certainly not connected with unbelief. Once, in company with Shelley (at Venice, I think), he horrified his companion by kneeling when a religious procession went by."

The force, humour and even pathos with which Byron advocated the claims of the Catholics to Emancipation in the House of Lords, may be regarded as bearing on this subject. It showed a leaning towards the Catholic cause in youth, at least in so far as that cause was political; and it blends with that more definite tendency to Catholicism as the most ancient and best religious system, which Byron, in the midst of his follies and passions, manifested in later life. It is by such leanings and tendencies that the general hostility of English literary men to the Catholic faith has, ever since the "Reformation," been happily modified in several remarkable instances. The way has thus been left open for future argument, and some common ground has been retained for anti-Protestant disputations.

The literary change effected by the direct and indirect action of the Oxford school of divinity was very great. It flooded the land with literature such as had previously been almost unknown—literature relying for its interest and influence on early ecclesiastical history, sacramental rites and the ages of faith. Fiction and poetry acquired new features, and the "Lyra Apostolica," taking especially the treatment of the ethical side of Christianity, united the efforts of a small band of men, of whom several became famous in the literary world. None of these has exerted a wider influence than the Rev. John Keble, then Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. The "Christian Year" operated, and operates still, chiefly within the limits of the Anglican communion, which is its natural home. Being specially adapted to the Sundays and Festivals of the Christian year as observed in the Established Church in accordance with the Book of Common Prayer, it had little or no tendency to extend the bounds of Anglicanism, and lead its readers onward to the confines of Rome. It did, however,

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\* Jan. 11, 1821.

† "G. C. M." *Guardian*, Sept. 15, 1880.

in one poem, "The Annunciation," evince a sense of the purity and dignity of the Blessed Mother of our Lord, quite unusual at that time among Anglicans, and addressed her with—

Ave Maria! Thou whose name  
All but adoring love may claim.

In another volume of poems, less popular than "The Christian Year," Keble seemed as of set purpose—though it was not really his intention—to smooth away the chief obstacle which stood in their way in advancing towards reconciliation to the Holy See. The place held by Saint Mary in the economy of divine grace, as understood by Catholics, appeared to Anglican High Churchmen in general to be at variance with the simplicity of the Gospel, derogatory to the supreme dignity of Christ, and unsanctioned by the practice of the early Church. The poem, however, just referred to, and an elaborate note appended to it, indicated an opposite view, and might be taken, whether it was intended to be so or not, as a justification of the system of worship established by long usage in the Catholic Church. After describing the miraculous steps of sacramental grace in the course of Church rites, it asked :—

What is this silent might, making our darkness light,  
New wine our waters, heavenly Blood our wine?  
Christ with His mother dear, and all His saints, is here,  
And where they dwell is Heaven, and what they touch, divine.

And to this was added, in a note :—

The change of water into wine was believed by the ancients to typify that change which St. Paul in particular so earnestly dwells on : "Old things are passed away : behold all things are become new." And St. John : "He that sitteth on the throne saith, Behold I make all things new." Accordingly, St. Cyprian applies this first miracle to the admission of the Gentiles into the Church (Ep. 63 ed. Fell). And St. Augustine, to the evangelical interpretation of the Old Testament. (In Joan. Tract. 8). And St. Cyril, of Alexandria (in loc.) to the spirit superseding the letter. This, then, being the "beginning of miracles," a kind of pattern of the rest, showing how Christ's glory was to be reached in the effects of His Sacramental Touch ; whether immediately, as when He touched the leper and healed him : or through the hem of His garment : or by Saints, His living members, according to His Promise, "The works that I do shall ye do also : and greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto my Father." Thus, according to the Scriptures, the Sacramental Touch of the Church is the Touch of Christ : and her system is "deifica disciplina," a rule which, in some sense, makes men Gods, and the human divine ; and all this depends on the verity of the Incarnation ; therefore *His Mother is especially instrumental in it* ; besides being, as nearest to Him, the most glorious instance of it. "*The Mother of Jesus is there, and both*

Jesus and His Disciples are called—He as the Bridegroom and Author of the whole mystery; they as ministers, servants and instruments)—to this mysterious “marriage,” or Communion of Saints.

Though little mention at first was made of this note, its effect was enormous. To the more thoughtful among Keble’s admirers it appeared to underlie, and to be intended to embrace and justify, the position held by the blessed Mother of our Lord in the practical system of the Roman Church. She is “especially instrumental” in the economy of grace, as she was in the miracle of Cana in Galilee—this is the lesson he teaches. He makes no distinction between the present and the past: what she was at Cana of Galilee, that she was at the foot of the Cross, and during the forty days, and in the upper chamber on the day of Pentecost, and that she is now—a great mediatrix with her Son, by virtue of His grace and her own sacred and mysterious maternity! The greatest obstacle which had stood in the way of many among them seemed to be removed, and the language of the Litany of Loretto to adapt itself easily to their lips.

It would be endless to endeavour to trace thoroughly the diffusion of Catholic doctrine in England by Protestant writers and in literary channels since the appearance of Keble’s “*Lyra Innocentium*.” The pages of this Review since its commencement would supply abundant and continuous proof of its reality and extent. There was another leader of the Oxford movement, greater than Keble, who would never have obtained that immense influence which is still in course of evolution, if he had not been, in addition to his other gifts and acquirements, a literary man. And it is well that it was so. It would have been a great misfortune if either the Oxford movement itself, or the Catholic revival in which it resulted, had been inoculated with a contempt of letters. The Church has ever encouraged the study of Eastern, Greek and Roman classic literature because, if for no other reason, each of these has so direct a bearing on the sacred literature with which she is more especially concerned. None but enthusiasts would restrict the mental culture of Christians; and Catholicism favours letters, now even more than it was wont to do in the days of Langland, Chaucer and Sir John Mandeville. In our schools and colleges an acquaintance with English literature is not only encouraged but required, though we are painfully sensible of the large admixture of filth and corruption with which its waters have, during three centuries, passed through the land. Even the series of “*English Men of Letters*,” which stands first among the books at the head of this paper, in spite of its extraordinary merits, is not such as we can thoroughly commend. The treatment of the lives and writings of several English authors has been entrusted to decided Positivists; and though they have

written with considerable self-restraint, their volumes cannot but exert an influence unfavourable to Christianity. The literary ability of the volumes on Bunyan, Burke, Hume, Locke, Gibbon, and Shelley, written respectively by Mr. J. A. Froude, Mr. John Morley, Professor Huxley, Professor Fowler, Mr. J. Cotter Morison, and Mr. J. Addington Symonds, does not prevent our regretting, not so much what they insert in their pages, as what they omit to insert. The monograph on Cowper by Mr. Goldwin Smith is defective in its appreciation of his poetry, and in sympathy with his afflicted and deeply religious interior life. "Sir Walter Scott," by Mr. H. Hutton, contains much independent criticism of Scott's writings, character and actions, and may be read with pleasure, even after Lockhart. Nor is Professor Nichols on Byron by any means superfluous, though we had before that of Mr. Nichols so many biographies of the man whom Matthew Arnold terms "the greatest natural force, the greatest elementary power, which has appeared in our literature since Shakspeare.\*" As to Samuel Johnson, one never tires of reading about him, and certainly Mr. Leslie Stephen will not cause us to do so. Professor Shairp reviews Robert Burns with as much upright moral principle as correct taste and poetic feeling. In "Thackeray" and "Hawthorne" we have novelists appreciated by novelists. Dean Church has brought his great ability to bear on Spenser's life and poetry; and the Rev. Mark Pattison's book on Milton teems with signs of acute and accurate observation. "Chaucer," "Dryden" and "Daniel Defoe" are very remarkable for the condensed view of three distinct periods of English literature which their respective authors, Mr. A. W. Ward, Mr. George Saintsbury, and Mr. William Minto have given. Mr. F. W. H. Myers' biographical sketch of Wordsworth is a masterpiece of criticism, taste and feeling. Southey and his works are made as interesting as they can be made by Mr. Edward Dowden. Pope and his "*mens curva in corpore curvo*," to use Atterbury's expression, are amply discussed by Mr. Leslie Stephen, and perhaps no very unfair picture is drawn. Goldsmith, always delightfully interesting, is not less so than usual in the hands of Mr. William Black. The sketch of Walter Savage Landor, issued in July, 1881, and written by Mr. Sidney Colvin, the Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge, is a sympathetic review of Landor's long career and classical writings. The "marble" beauty of the "Imaginary Conversations" is brought into prominent notice, and much is done to heighten the general estimate of Landor's sedate, polished and Hellenic style. On the other hand, his republican principles are stripped bare, and the fact

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\* "Essays in Criticism," quoted in "Passages from Prose Writings," p. 45.

that, in his eyes, nearly all kings were tyrants to be removed by the dagger or the rope. These are all the sketches of "English Men of Letters" that have hitherto appeared, and they form a brilliant and attractive introduction to the study of English literature, so far as they go. We should have rejoiced if the writers had been more decidedly Christian in their general tone, while at the same time we admit that they often exhibit great impartiality, and are always careful not to give offence.

The "Four Centuries of English Letters" is a most valuable assistant to all who are bent on acquiring a knowledge of the national Literature. It consists of selections from the correspondence of one hundred and fifty writers, from the period of the "Paston Letters" (A.D. 1422 to 1509) to the present day. They are arranged chronologically, according to the date of each author's birth, and each letter is preceded by a critical or explanatory head-note, worded in as condensed a form as possible. Great care has been taken to choose such epistles as are thoroughly representative of the writer and his times. There are in all 351; and it is certain that no other collection of the kind can be found having equal claims on our attention. The book is an unfailing source of amusement and instruction. It might, no doubt, have included a much larger number of epistles, but perhaps not with advantage. It points to the best epistolary writings our language can boast. It might have inserted Nicholas Breakspear's letter to Henry II., when the mendicant of Abbots Langley, in Hertfordshire, had attained to the Papal tiara. It might have given a specimen or two of the letters of Father Fitz Simon, Bishop Doyle and James Hinton. But we are too well pleased with the book to make complaints. The editor, Mr. W. Baptiste Scoones, has shown remarkable discretion, and has in the Preface given satisfactory reasons for his omission, generally speaking, of political letters.

In the four volumes of selections from the English poets we are invited to trace the stream of verse from Chaucer to our own times, without, however, including the poets still alive. The Editor takes a very high standard of poetry, as something which is "to interpret life for us, to console us and to sustain us." But this is expecting more of it than it ever has or can perform. It is true, not of poetry in general, but only of the highest and best. Mr. Ward has spared no pains to make the best selection possible, and has succeeded better than his predecessors. Volumes of elegant extracts from the poets used to be very unsatisfactory before the appearance of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury;" and even since then they have all fallen far short of Mr. Ward's systematic plan. The selection of pieces from each poet has been entrusted to some literary man of distinction, who has written on that

particular poet, or in some way proved his special aptitude for dealing with his works. Each set of extracts is preceded by a short introductory essay. Those on Gower, Lydgate and Occleve are by Mr. Thomas Arnold, whose work on "English Literature" entitles him to be heard. We may not always agree with the original views taken by some of the writers. We may think Mr. Swinburne, for example, extravagant in some of his remarks on Collins, and that he is carried away at times by overwrought and capricious admiration, yet we cannot but feel that the introductory remarks, taken one with another, form a digest of criticism on the English poets in which the wisest and most highly cultured may find much to learn and admire. The volumes bring before us the collected wisdom of the best living critics; and side by side with their critiques we have, in the several extracts, the means of judging for ourselves of the accuracy and worth of their observations.

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### ART. III.—PHILOSOPHY OF THE THEISTIC CONTROVERSY.

**T**HROUGHOUT our present series of articles we have explained that, whereas our affirmative argument for Theism will be such (we hope) as to hold its own against all gainsayers, the opponents, nevertheless, whom we directly assail, are those only of one particular school. We do not directly encounter Hegelians and Pantheists, but only Phenomenists and Agnostics. This statement must of course be understood with obvious qualifications: we cannot, *e.g.*, establish the existence of a Personal God, without replying to whatever objections are raised by the Pantheist. But we shall not directly criticize the spirit and teaching of any Antitheistic school, except only that which proceeds on the lines of Phenomenism, and which opposes Theism in the name of Inductive Philosophy. No other Antitheistic school has large influence in England; nor again (as we shall point out in the sequel) is any other so fundamentally and obtrusively opposed to religion, in regard to the very meaning and due conduct of life. When we began our series in 1871, we dealt with Mr. Stuart Mill, as representing this school; for he was its acknowledged leader and most typical specimen. Since his death, however, not only his philosophical reputation has declined in quite an extraordinary degree;—but (which is partly no doubt the cause of that declension) his posthumous "Essays

on Religion" have exhibited one or two most remarkable instances of hesitation in carrying out his principles to their full and legitimate issue. On the present occasion, therefore, and hereafter, we shall treat him as one only out of many, and refer to those only of his utterances which are common to him with all Phenomenists.

The purpose of our present article (we may say briefly) is to exhibit in their mutual relation these two antagonistic doctrines of Theism and Phenomenistic Antitheism. We hope first to summarize and emphasize what we have said on former occasions, concerning the intellectual inanity, or rather self-contradictoriness, of Antitheistic Phenomenism in the shape which it now assumes. We hope next to consider what are the reasons of that profound antipathy to Theism, which is so conspicuous in the adherents of Phenomenism: for this is of course an absolutely necessary inquiry, if we are to fight against its adherents with any hope of success. We hope, lastly, to exhibit a catalogue of those arguments for Theism which we shall successively enforce in future articles; to indicate their general character; and to exhibit their ground of conclusiveness. We begin, then, with the first of these three themes.

It was a remarkable characteristic of Mr. Stuart Mill, that he invariably treated his opponents, not with courtesy only, but with kindness and generosity. Dr. Bain, also (we must say), is uniformly courteous and respectful in his language. But such habits are far from universal among living members of the school. Thus, Professor Huxley—as quoted in the *Tablet* of Aug. 20, 1881—says of those who believe that God created the universe, that “they have not reached that state of emergence from ignorance, in which the necessity of a discipline to enable them to be judges has, as yet, dawned on the mind.” Here is bounce and swagger with a vengeance: no Christian then possesses even the rudiments of due mental discipline. Without calling into question the Professor’s possession of due mental discipline, we shall nevertheless contend that the philosophical system which he maintains is so feeble and self-contradictory, as to be destitute of all claim on the slightest intellectual respect.

We here speak of Phenomenists (be it observed) as philosophers, not as scientists. We heartily admit that innumerable truths of great importance have been established by inductive science; and that no men have laboured more ably and more successfully in the vineyard of inductive science, than these our opponents. So far we have, of course, no quarrel with them whatever; and would only point out that many others have wrought with equal success in the same field, who have been firm believers in Religious Doctrine. But Professor Huxley and his sympathizers are not



content with holding that the processes of inductive science are reasonable and legitimate: they take an all-important step farther. According to them, the fact that inductive processes are legitimate suffices to establish a certain philosophical tenet, which we call Phenomenism. And they then set forth a further premiss, with which we entirely concur—viz., that, if this tenet be true, man has no means of knowing God's Existence. We entirely admit, then, that Phenomenism is Antitheistic; but we maintain that (as held by them) it is most manifestly false and self-contradictory.

What, then, is Phenomenism? Nothing can be more easily understood by any one who will use his mind, than the distinction between this tenet and its contradictory, Intuitionism. The Phenomenist, as such, professes to build his intellectual fabric exclusively on "experienced facts"; to accept nothing except some experienced fact, as a first premiss in argument, as a truth immediately known. It is by so comporting himself, that he thinks he sympathizes with the true spirit of inductive science; and guards against the evil habit so common among other philosophers, the erecting gratuitously into the rank of objective truths what are merely impressions of the speculator's own mind.\* On the other hand, the Intuitionist alleges that there are various truths, immediately evident and admissible therefore as primary premisses, which are in no sense "experienced facts." These he calls "truths of intuition." Accordingly we have, on former occasions, defined an "intuition" to be "an intellectual avouchment, reliably declaring as immediately certain some truth, other than the mere existence and characteristics of such avouchment." The Intuitionist considers accordingly, that these "truths of intuition" are no less immediately certain—no less trustworthy as primary sources of knowledge—than are experienced facts themselves.

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\* "The notion that truths external to the mind may be known by intuition, independently of observation and experience, is (I am persuaded) for these times the great intellectual support of false doctrines and bad intentions. By the aid of this theory every inveterate belief and every intense feeling, of which the origin is not remembered, is enabled to dispense with the obligation of justifying itself by reason, and is erected into its own all-sufficient justification. There never was such an instrument devised for consecrating all deep-seated prejudices."—STUART MILL's *Autobiography*, pp. 225-226.

"The difference between these two schools of Philosophy—that of Intuition and of Experience and Association—lies at the foundation of all the greatest differences of practical opinion in our age of progress."—*Ib.* p. 273.

Certain persons "addict themselves with intolerant zeal to those forms of philosophy, in which intuition usurps the place of evidence, and internal feeling is made the test of objective truth."—*Essays on Religion*, p. 72.

We said just now that Phenomenism—as held by the contemporary school of Antitheistic Phenomenists—is most manifestly false and self-contradictory. What we meant was, that if Phenomenists were true to their characteristic tenet—if they honestly and consistently held to their principle, that experienced facts are the exclusive basis of real knowledge—they would commit philosophical suicide; they would contradict those affirmations, to which they have committed themselves most confidently and unanimously. This is to be our first ground of attack.

They consider that the strongest and most irresistible proof of the Phenomenistic tenet is to be found in the marvels wrought by inductive science. “Inductive science,” they say, “has achieved its incredible successes, precisely by its stern rejection of all first premisses except experienced facts.” Now, Dr. Bain (“Deductive Logic,” p. 273) points out what is very obvious—viz., that “the guarantee, the ultimate\* major premiss of all induction,” is “nature’s uniformity.” And we are now going to argue, that this first premiss of all induction—the premiss, without which no experienced fact can have the slightest scientific value—that this premiss is itself quite incapable of being proved on the exclusive basis of experienced facts. But, if this our thesis be established, it follows that “the stern rejection of all first premisses except experienced facts” not only is not the characteristic of inductive science, but on the contrary would be the absolute destruction of that science. We proceed at once to develop this argument.

What do Dr. Bain and his sympathizers understand by the phrase “nature’s uniformity”? They mean (1) that no phenomenon ever takes place without a corresponding phenomenal antecedent; and (2) that any given phenomenal antecedent is invariably and unconditionally followed by the same phenomenal consequent. It is their own emphatic statement, that the uniformity of nature—understood in this precise sense—is absolutely essential as a foundation for inductive science. Suppose it were possible, *e.g.*, that I should compose a substance to-day of certain materials, and find it by experience to be combustible; while I might compose another to-morrow of the very same materials, united in the very same way, in the very same proportions, and by experience find the composition *incombustible*. If such a case were possible, argues the Phenomenist, the whole foundation of inductive science would be taken from under my feet.†

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\* Should not this word rather be “primary”?

† We do not ourselves admit that the uniformity of nature is by any means so complete as Phenomenists consider. Their statement, indeed, as it stands, is directly anti-religious; it denies the existence of Free Will and of miracles, and it virtually denies also the efficacy of prayer,

Belief, then, in the uniformity of nature is admitted by Phenomenists themselves to be an absolutely essential condition, for the prosecution of inductive science.

The first question, then, we ask them is, by what right they *assume* this fact of nature's uniformity? How can they prove—unless they admit intuitive premisses—that phenomena throughout the universe do proceed with that undeviating regularity which their science requires? Mr. Stuart Mill, in controversy with ourselves, professed to give such a proof as we challenged; but his argument was so flimsy, that we had difficulty in believing him really to have given his mind to the subject. The last word of the discussion may be seen in our number for January, 1874, pp. 33–38. Dr. Bain, on the contrary, frankly admits that no such argument is forthcoming; and that the fact of nature's uniformity must be taken for granted without any proof whatever. (See his “Deductive Logic,” p. 273). “We can give no reason or evidence,” he says, “for this uniformity.” For our own part, however, we are disposed to admit, that the *present* uniformity of phenomenal sequence may be inferred from experienced facts—not indeed with certainty, but with very considerable probability. Inductive science proceeds on this basis; and in these modern centuries its fecundity has been marvellous indeed. The supposition is certainly improbable in a very high degree, that investigations, proceeding on a thoroughly false basis, can have issued in so vast a multitude of entirely unexpected, yet experimentally verified, conclusions. The incredibly rapid progress, then, of inductive science has ended with a rapidly increasing degree of probability the fundamental principle on which that science rests—viz., the uniformity of phenomenal sequence. We should, indeed, confidently maintain that even such an argument

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whether offered for temporal blessings, or for strength against temptation, or for progress in virtue. We set forth at sufficient length what we here mean, in an article (April, 1867) called, “Science, Prayer, Free Will, and Miracles,” which we have quite recently republished. In that article—while we protest vigorously against any such sweeping proposition concerning the extent of nature's uniformity as Phenomenists love to set forth—we entirely admit, nevertheless, and maintain, that there does exist a certain very extensive uniformity throughout the phenomenal world. We consider indeed that both Free Will and Miracles constitute a very large exception to that uniformity; and we consider also that God is ever premoving and stimulating the natural action of natural forces, in the direction marked out by His Providence. But a very large area of uniformity still remains, and one (we maintain) which amply suffices as a basis of solid induction.

In our present article, our argument does not require that we dwell at greater length on this particular divergence between Phenomenists and ourselves; and we shall accept, therefore, for argument's sake and without further protest, their understanding of the term “nature's uniformity.”

as we have here given possesses no real validity, except by the help of this or that implicit intuition, which men unconsciously and irresistibly assume as genuine. This, however, is a question on which we shall not now insist, because we wish here to content ourselves with the broadest and most palpable considerations. We will willingly admit, therefore, for argument's sake, that the modern progress of inductive science has enabled the Phenomenist, consistently with his own principles, to regard the *present* uniformity of nature as sufficiently established.

But now it is manifest on the surface, that these grounds of probability (whatever their value) apply exclusively to what may be called *the scientific epoch*. Go back three thousand years (not to speak of an indefinitely more recent period), there was no assemblage of facts, discovered by careful processes of induction; nor any persistent exploration of nature. Phenomenists declare that they will accept no conclusion, unless it be rigidly deduced from experienced facts. What facts in the world are there to which they can point as premisses for the conclusion, that uniform phenomenal sequence existed three thousand years ago? If *experienced facts* were all the premisses on which the argument could reasonably proceed, there is hardly so much as a preponderance of probability for the conclusion, that nature's uniformity existed then as it exists now. Assuredly, the notion of there being any approximation to *certainty* on the matter is absolutely childish. Yet Phenomenists—in their whole argumentation concerning creation, evolution, and similar themes—invariably assume, as a matter of course, that the laws of nature proceeded during thousands (not to say millions) of years ago, with the same regularity and uniformity with which they proceed now. Was there ever poorer and more paltry child's play than this? Let it be carefully observed, that we are not here attempting any inquiry whatever, direct or indirect, how far *intuitive* premisses may be producible, which shall suffice for establishing the past uniformity of nature: we are but criticising these repudiators of intuition, these devotees of experienced facts. And it is really too absurd, when one finds them ridiculing with lofty contempt the dogma, *e.g.*, of creation; and resting their criticism on no stronger basis, than their extravagant assumption—extravagant (that is) on *their* principles—concerning the laws of nature in time past. In fact, their argument is exactly like what is uncomplimentarily called a lady's reason: "It is, because it is." "We hold firmly that creation never took place." "Why?" "Because the laws of nature always existed." "On what ground do you hold that these laws always existed?" "Because otherwise it might be necessary to admit the dogma of creation."

And if (on Phenomenistic principles) there is such very slender probability for the statement that nature proceeded uniformly throughout time past,—what shall we say of the statement that nature will proceed uniformly in time *future*? Yet, as Dr. Bain himself observes, “all our interest is concentrated on what is yet to be: the present and past are of no value, except only as a clue to the events that are to come” (“Deductive Logic,” p. 273). The processes of induction lose their whole practical use, unless there be assurance that the laws of nature will be hereafter the same which they now are. But to say (as the Phenomenist must consistently say) that *experienced facts* can afford assurance for this, is simply a contradiction in terms. Experienced facts belong to the past or present. And it is self-contradictory to say that any inference can be drawn from them in regard to the *future*, except by help of some premiss alleged to be intuitive: as, *e.g.*, “the future will resemble the past;” or (as Dr. Bain more accurately words it) “What has uniformly been in the past will be in the future.” “This assumption,” Dr. Bain proceeds (“Deductive Logic,” p. 274), “is an ample justification of the inductive operation: without it we can do nothing; with it we can do everything. Our only error is in proposing to give any reason or justification of it; to treat it otherwise than as *begged* at the very outset.” Is Saul, then, also among the prophets? Is Dr. Bain at last an Intuitionist? For as to this “assumption” of which he speaks—what is it at last but precisely what we have called an alleged “truth of intuition”? Manifestly, if inductive science cannot reasonably be constructed except on the basis of this “assumption,” it cannot reasonably be constructed at all on the exclusive basis of experienced facts.

Here, therefore, we will revert to what we just now said. The stern rejection (we said) of all first premisses except experienced facts, not only is not a characteristic of inductive science, but would be the destruction of that science. Take Dr. Bain’s thesis, that “the future will resemble the past.” It would, of course, be an unspeakable absurdity to say that this is an experienced fact. But neither can any experienced facts be alleged, which in any combination will suffice by themselves logically to *prove* this thesis, or even to make it ever so faintly probable. A science, then, which should be based exclusively on experienced facts, would not throw one glimmering of light on the future. It might show that, *at this moment*, such or such a medicine is a remedy for such or such a disease; such or such a chemical combination issues in such or such a result; such or such an arch bears such or such a weight, &c. &c. But it would throw absolutely no light whatever on the question, whether such statements will be even proximately correct, a day or an hour

beyond this moment. Dr. Bain points out very truly, that such a science would be absolutely valueless. What we are ourselves saying is, that at all events it would be fundamentally different from what is now called "inductive science." That which is now called "inductive science" would be utterly overthrown and subverted, if its votaries rejected all first premisses except experienced facts.

We have argued, that if no first premisses were admissible except experienced facts, two grave consequences would inevitably ensue. Firstly, man could have neither certain nor even probable information, concerning nature's uniformity in times long past; nor, secondly, could he form so much as any reasonable conjecture of the kind, concerning (even the most immediate) future. Here, however, a further question will most reasonably be asked. Let intuitive premisses be admitted no less than phenomenal—in other words, let true (and not false) philosophical principles be assumed—what will *then* be ascertained as sound doctrine, in regard to man's extent of knowledge concerning past and future phenomenal uniformity? We merely indicate this question, to show that we have not forgotten its reasonableness. Plainly it is quite irrelevant to our own argument; and we really do not happen to be acquainted with any writer, who (to our mind) fairly confronts it. Its consideration is one of the various philosophical lacunæ—much more numerous (we think) than might have been expected—which arrest the course of a straightforward student, and dissatisfy him with existent philosophical treatises.

So much, then, on that one foundation of inductive science—of the science which Phenomenists specially claim as their own—the doctrine of phenomenal uniformity. But all this is really as nothing, compared with the further objection to Phenomenism, which we have pressed on many former occasions, and to which we have never received a reply even superficially plausible. Every man, throughout every minute of his waking life, is eliciting one or other of those intuitive acts, which are called acts of *memory*. If he accept these acts as testifying objective truth, he is *ipso facto* an Intuitionist and no Phenomenist. If he do not so accept them, his knowledge is below that of the very brutes; being strictly confined to his consciousness of the present moment.\* Let us explain our meaning in this statement.

The Phenomenist purports to build his whole philosophical

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\* We have here often made an explanation, which it may be better to make again. Those avouchments of memory, to which we refer in the text, are those only which concern a man's *quite recent* experience—the memory of a minute or a few minutes back. A man's memory of what took place a long time ago, is often far from infallible.

structure on "experienced facts"; and he must mean of course facts which he *knows* to have been experienced. We ask him how he can possibly know that there is any given fact in the whole world, which has been experienced by any one whomsoever. Most certainly he does not know more as to what *others* have experienced, than of what he has experienced *himself*. We ask him, then, straightforwardly, how can you possibly know, concerning any given mental phenomenon in the whole world, that you have once experienced it? You reply, that you have the clearest and most articulate memory thereof. Well, we do not doubt at all that you have that present *impression*, which you call a most clear and articulate memory. But how do you know—how can you legitimately even guess—that your present impression corresponds with a past fact? See what a tremendous proposition this is, which you, who call yourself a cautious man of science, unscrupulously take for granted. You have been so wonderfully endowed—such is your prodigious assertion—that in every successive case your clear and articulate present *impression* and *belief* of something as past corresponds with a past mental *fact*. That this should happen even once is surely (on Phenomenistic principles) a very remarkable coincidence; but you assume as a matter of course—without so much as any attempt at proof—that this marvellous fact occurs some thousand times in every hour of your waking life. What is the true *rationale* of your proceeding? There is but one answer which can possibly be given. You are acting like a reasonable man, *i.e.*, like an Intuitionist. You accept your intuitive act of memory as an infallible voucher for your firm conviction, that certain experiences have befallen you in time past, which are entirely external to your present consciousness.

In truth, the distinction is fundamental between my *present* and my *past* experience. "I am conscious of a most clear and articulate *impression*, that a very short time ago I was suffering cold";—this is one judgment. "A very short time ago, I was suffering cold": this is another judgment, absolutely and unmistakably distinct from the former. That I know my present impression, by no manner of means implies that I know my past feeling. Here, for instance, are two judgments:—"It is wrong to eat beef:" "*The Hindoo* thinks that it is wrong to eat beef." These two judgments (it will be admitted) fundamentally and clamorously differ from each other. But they do not differ from each other *more* fundamentally and clamorously than the judgment, "I was then feeling cold," differs from the judgment, "I have the present *impression* that I was then feeling cold." The latter, no doubt, is the dictate of my present experience; but the former cannot be anything else than a truth of intuition.

The consistent Phenomenist, then—the consistent repudiator of intuitions—cannot (as we have often pointed out) possess any knowledge whatever, great or small, except only of his present momentary consciousness.

Had space permitted, we might with advantage have recapitulated a much larger portion of our earlier controversies against Phenomenism; but we must proceed without further delay to point our moral. Mr. Stuart Mill complains that the opposite school alleges certain tenets as self-evident; “erects them into their own absolutely sufficient vouchers and justifications; and uses them for the purpose of consecrating all deep-seated prejudices.” Now, a truth, which is “its own absolutely sufficient voucher and justification,” is precisely what we call a truth of intuition; and we have admitted throughout that, without the assumption of intuitive premisses, Theism cannot be argumentatively established. But (as we have now been arguing) Theism is not the *only* important doctrine so circumstanced. On the contrary, there is absolutely no doctrine, existent or conceivable, which *can* be established without the help of intuitive premisses; nay, if men do not avail themselves of such premisses, their knowledge will be below that of the very brutes. Whatever else therefore may or may not be true, the Phenomenist’s position, at all events, is a suicidal absurdity.

Of course an Antitheist—having become an Intuitionist—may most reasonably raise a further question. He may maintain that, whereas the intuitions alleged by him are genuine, those alleged by his opponents are spurious. In our future articles we shall have to join issue on this indictment, as regards each successive tenet which we shall allege as intuitive. We may as well, however, point out at once, that our opponent will here have an uncommonly difficult part to play. “It is an undoubtedly valid intuition,” he will have to say, “which declares that the uniformity of nature dates back (say) six thousand years. It is an undoubtedly valid intuition, which declares that the said uniformity will continue in the future for quite an indefinite period. It is an undoubtedly valid intuition, which declares in each successive case that my feelings of five minutes ago were what my memory now declares them to have been. But it is no valid intuition, which declares that  $2 + 5$  necessarily equals  $3 + 4$ ; or that to slander my neighbour is necessarily wrong.” Here is surely a startling and paradoxical position, if ever such there were. Still, all this is external to our immediate theme. What we are now urging is this. The proposition maintained by Mr. Mill and his school, that there are *no* genuine intuitions—no truths external to present experience, “which are their own sufficient vouchers and justifications”—this proposition, at all events, is out of court.



It is a proposition clamorously repudiated by the common sense and clear insight of mankind: it expresses a theory, which may now fairly be relegated to the limbo of exploded philosophical absurdities.

It will be asked,—If the characteristic tenet of Phenomenism is so entirely destitute of philosophical foundation, how can it have happened that so many men of such undoubted, and in many cases most conspicuous, ability have prevailed on themselves to accept it? Still more, how is it that they have conceived so great an antipathy to Theism? This question leads us to what we proposed at starting as the second theme to be discussed in our present article. There are, no doubt, very many successful labourers in the field of physical science, who exhibit a violent antipathy to the kind of reasoning adopted for the establishment of Theistic doctrine, and a still more intense antipathy to that doctrine itself. It is our business, then, here to account for this antipathy. We will begin with the former; the antipathy exhibited by Phenomenists to Theistic *reasoning*. And we will preface our remarks by drawing attention to the truly marvellous results which physical science has achieved in these late centuries. Lord Macaulay has vigorously depicted this fact, in a well-known passage, which we may as well quote:—

The new Philosophy has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendour of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled men to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-point to-morrow.—*Essay on Lord Bacon*.

We cannot be surprised that any one who fixes his keen interest and attention on studies which have issued in results like these,—still less one who is himself occupied in relevant physical investigations,—should become, as it were, intoxicated under such an influence. We cannot be surprised at his

assuming, as a matter of course, that it is experimental methods, and no others, which can afford solid foundation of argument for important truth. No doubt (as we have been pointing out above) the whole cogency of a physicist's argument in each successive case rests in last analysis on intuitive premisses; and without the assumption of such premisses, his experiments would be entirely valueless. Still, what his mind incessantly dwells on are not such premisses as these: on the contrary, he entirely forgets them, or would even, on occasion, deny their existence. When, therefore, he hears of propositions the most extensive being predominantly proved by intuitive assumptions—unless he is an unusually large-minded and dispassionate man—he is tempted to regard such a method of reasoning with angry contempt. His life is mainly occupied with such arguments as those, *e.g.*, which establish that diamonds are combustible, or that oil and alkali taken in combination produce a soap. Let us suppose, then, that such an argument is placed before him as that on which we insisted in January, 1880, and which occupies so prominent a place in Theistic advocacy. "Whatever is known to me," we said, "as intrinsically and necessarily wrong, is also known to me intuitively as necessarily forbidden by some Superior Being, who possesses over me rightful jurisdiction." This proposition, if true, is manifestly one of insurpassable importance; and our scientist asks us for its ground. We have, of course, nothing to reply, except that mental phenomena, if studied carefully and with prolonged attention, show the genuineness of this alleged intuition. Such a method of argument is one, with which his own studies bring him into no sort of contact; and, again, it is one, the validity of which is incapable of being tested in this world by any subsequent verification,—such verification, *e.g.*, as attends his researches concerning the combustibleness of a diamond or the composition of oil and alkali. For his own part, then, he could as readily believe, with the astrologers, that by studying the course of the stars one may obtain knowledge of future human events,—as he could believe that by merely studying the human mind one can acquire knowledge of a Superhuman Being. His reasoning is, of course, poor and shallow enough; but it is surely very natural in any scientist who has not been carefully trained in different principles, unless (as we have said) he is unusually large-minded and dispassionate. Consequently (which is our immediate point) the fact that certain most brilliant and successful explorers of external nature deride the intuitional method as unsubstantial and even childish,—constitutes no kind of presumption, that this method may not, nevertheless, be (as we have shown that it is) the only possible foundation of human knowledge.

Lord Macaulay—in the article from which we have just quoted—unintentionally, but effectively, confirms our reasoning. His own sympathies with physical science have quite incapacitated him for appreciating any less superficially tangible course of speculation. In most manifest sympathy with Bacon, he points out that the English philosopher “did not consider Socrates’s philosophy a happy event.” He adds on his own account, that Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and the rest cultivated an “unfruitful wisdom;” “systematically misdirected their powers;” “added nothing to the stock of knowledge;” gathered in no other “garners” than of “smut and stubble.” As to the great Christian thinkers—St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and the rest—he does not even condescend in this connection to hint at their existence. We suppose Lord Macaulay’s warmest admirers cannot read, without a blush of shame, various parts of the paper which we are criticising. Still, our point remains untouched. If so accomplished a writer, and one so versed in human affairs, could—even in some chance moment of excitement or aberration—have expressed such sentiments as these, how much more easily credible it is that the exclusive votaries of physical science may be guilty of the like perverse and shallow injustice, towards a line of thought essentially differing from their own.

Here an ingenious objection may perhaps be started, which shall take the shape of an argument *ad hominem*. We cannot ourselves deny—so some opponent of ours may suggest—that God desires the cultivation of physical science. How, then, can we maintain (he may proceed to ask) that such cultivation tends to the overthrow of religious belief, and to the establishment of secularism on its ruins? In reply, we heartily concede that God desires the cultivation of physical science; but we do not for a moment admit, that the sedulous cultivation of such science has of itself an irreligious tendency. The evil effect which we deplore arises from the fact, that physical science is cultivated by a large number of persons, who have not been previously trained in the general elements of religious philosophy. Cardinal Newman’s noble work on “The Idea of a University” is fruitful in dissertation on this theme. He descants on the grievous calamity which befalls mankind, so far as at any given time or place the various branches of knowledge are exclusively pursued, each on its own special ground; and are thus deprived of the safeguard afforded to each one, by combination with other portions of the scientific cyclopædia. In a wisely conducted Christian university, the danger on which we are commenting would be entirely removed; while there would be at the same time abundant scope for the most diligent investigations in the sphere of physical science. Indeed, true as it is that the pursuit of physical science

urgently needs the corrective afforded by science metaphysical and religious;—it is no less true (we strongly think) that metaphysical and religious science derive great advantage from the contemporaneous presence of physical. But this is a theme on which we have no space here to enlarge.

So much on the antipathy exhibited by Phenomenists towards the reasoning which a Theist draws out for his doctrine. Still more intense (as we have said) is their antipathy to that doctrine itself. This antipathy is founded on their own amazing notions, concerning human life and human conduct; and we will therefore introduce our treatment of it by a short comment on those notions. I know intimately two persons, A and B. I have found A a man of spotless integrity; remarkable for steady self-command; strictly just to all with whom he has dealings; carefully considerate to his dependants; discriminatingly and most abundantly generous to the necessitous; full of public spirit; exemplary in all his domestic relations.\* I have found B, on the contrary, cowardly and self-indulgent; selfish in his family and indifferent to the public good; steering very near the wind on matters of common honesty and straightforwardness; evincing no sense of his own defects, nor making any effort to correct them. If I am a Phenomenist, I am compelled by my principles to recognize no other distinction between A and B, than one entirely similar to the distinction which exists between an efficient and a rickety locomotive. The course of conduct pursued by A cannot, in any intelligible sense, be called by me “higher,” “nobler,” “more excellent,” than that pursued by B. All which I can say is, that A’s life is more *beneficial to mankind* than B’s; just as an efficient locomotive is more beneficial to mankind than a rickety one. Then, secondly, even if A’s conduct could be called higher and nobler than B’s, still I could not award him any *praise* for it; because I hold that he has no Free Will, and that he is as simply, therefore, at the mercy of surrounding circumstances, as is the locomotive with which we are comparing him. Now it will throw light on the utter unnaturalness of Phenomenism if we proceed to point out, that no Phenomenist on earth can possibly confront A and B as concrete persons—can come across them in the actual affairs of life—and so think of them as his principles require. He has, literally, no more physical power of withholding his respect from A, or his disrespect from B, than he has of jumping over a fence twenty feet high. Does he feel *respect*, then, for a serviceable locomotive? Or does he feel *dis-*

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\* We do not speak in the text of A’s love and obedience towards Almighty God—which, of course, we account the highest crown of a virtuous life—because we are arguing with Antitheists.

respect for one which, by permitting itself to be blown up, inflicts fearful injury on human life?

One might have fancied, on first thoughts, that such a crucial fact as this would disabuse him of his unnatural and revolting tenet. But every one knows how marvellous is the power possessed by a theorist, of withholding attention from individual cases which militate against his theory. Let us fix our attention, then, on the theory of Phenomenists, and we shall cease to wonder at their detestation of Theism. They consider (1) that man knows not the existence of any life beyond the grave; (2) that no such quality exists, as that which Intuitionists call "virtuousness," and which we have treated in two preceding articles; (3) that every man is as simply at the mercy of his circumstances, internal and external, as is a football of given composition when kicked about by players in a field. As regards, therefore, the standard of moral value in any given act, no other standard is to them even possible, except only the tendency of that act to promote earthly enjoyment. As regards the reasonable motive of human actions, no other motive (on their view) is consistent with common sense, except that each man try to grasp for himself all the earthly enjoyment he can. As regards education, they must account any attempt to train some given youth by means of *praise or blame* a dishonest "pious fraud;" nor have they any other resource, except to do their utmost that he be taught to find his own pleasure in what most promotes the earthly enjoyment of his fellow-men. The furtherance of earthly enjoyment in each and in all—this is that ethical end, which alone is consistent with their theory; and their whole mind is saturated with the thought of it. Moreover, men's earthly enjoyment is the one purpose to which their favourite processes of inductive science are directed.

In this state of mind they turn their thoughts to Theism. Now—as M. Ollé-Laprune points out in the treatise to which we shall presently draw attention—genuine Theism is vitally connected with certain other doctrines also. Full Theistic belief includes, not only belief in God's Existence, but also in Free Will; in the necessary character of Ethical Truth; and in the Soul's Immortality. The genuine Theist, then, regards this world mainly and predominantly as a place of probation. With him, the real and true interests of life are almost entirely concentrated on that which follows after death; the present brief period of existence having in his eyes little other value, except as regards its bearing on the life to come. On the other hand, he accounts that bearing so close, that no words can exaggerate the intimacy of its connection; and Free Will (as he views the matter) is granted by God to men, in order that (by patient continuance of well-

doing) they may avoid future woe and reap future reward. Now we do not, of course, mean that the great mass of Theists act with steady consistency on this doctrine: of enormous numbers, one does not see how it can be said that they act on it at all. Still, the four Theistic doctrines which we mentioned above, when taken together, *mean* what we have just said, or they mean nothing whatever. It is not merely the Catholic who regards them as having this full significance; though, of course, we are most ready to admit—or rather most earnest to maintain—that nowhere else is genuine Theism so purely exhibited as within the Catholic Church. But, as one instance out of a thousand, take *e.g.*, the Rev. Dr. Martineau; a preacher, who is alas! very widely indeed removed from Catholic Dogma. His truly admirable volumes called “Hours of Thought” inculcate a standard of human action, not one whit below what we have just set forth.

Now, the more extreme and fanatical of the Phenomenistic Antitheists protest with excitement, and with a kind of fury, in the name of “suffering humanity,” against such a view as this. “This life,” they say, “is the only term of existence which we have any reason whatever to expect. And is this brief period of man’s enjoyment to be poisoned and changed into a time of self-torture by the fantastical dream of an imaginary hereafter? \* Humanity forbid! Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. Those who promote such theories, concerning the obligation of present obedience to a Deity and the ever-impending peril of future woe, are simply odious conspirators against the happiness of mankind.”

In truth there are a certain number of violent thinkers, who cleave to the “great cause” of man’s earthly enjoyment with a fanaticism as heated and blind, as any class of religionists ever exhibited towards the specialties of their sect. Of such men it is hardly to be expected, without a kind of miracle, that the most cogent adverse reasoning imaginable shall produce on them its due effect. Still, it is by no means all Antitheists who

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\* We must not be understood to admit for a moment, what Antitheists here imply; to admit for a moment, that religiousness is ordinarily adverse to earthly happiness. No doubt there is many an irreligious man far happier than many a pious man: so great is the power of temperament, and, again, of external circumstances. But we are confident that, in all ordinary cases, the same man, under the same external environment, is happier in proportion as he is more pious. At the same time we admit that there are certain saintly souls, whom God visits on earth with exceptional tribulation, in order that their probation may be nobler and their future crown brighter.

On the other hand, let it be remembered how keen an anguish is inflicted on many minds, by the notion that man has no knowledge of a life beyond the grave.

are so inaccessible to argument : on the contrary, many are fully convinced, indeed, of their own tenets, but without being so simply intolerant and contemptuous towards opponents. Then, there are, perhaps, not a few who—while they are strongly impressed with the force of Antitheistic reasoning and find great difficulty in reconciling religion with their scientific convictions—shrink nevertheless from definitively taking their place in the irreligious camp ; owing to their dread of the tremendous moral and social evils which would result from rejection of God.\* Lastly, there are many, who have ever been Theists and earnestly desire so to remain, who, nevertheless (for the sake of their own future security) wish to understand how the prevalent Anti-theistic arguments can be met. Here, then, is a rough classification of those thinkers, to whom our course of reasoning in future articles will be directly addressed.

Of course at this time of day we do not profess to have unearthed any novel arguments in defence of Theism : such a profession would be absurd enough. But there is a philosophical work of extreme importance, which urgently needs being done. It is urgently needful, that the recognized Theistic arguments be exhibited in such a shape, that their indubitable cogency shall be capable of being made immediately manifest to the particular thinkers whom we have in view. And, again, it is hardly less necessary, that a philosophical method be brought before their attention, which, on one hand, shall commend itself to them as plainly reasonable ; while, on the other hand, it may afford them the greatest attainable protection against their own reckless impetuosity. Such, and no less, is the task which we are venturing to undertake. We cannot hope, indeed, that we shall even approximately “rise to the height of our great argument” : on the contrary, no one feels more keenly than ourselves the incompleteness and manifold imperfection of what we do. But we hope, nevertheless, that we shall be able to submit suggestions of real importance, which more competent artificers may substantially accept and more successfully develop.

And there is another cognate task, which naturally falls within the same scope. It would be a most serious mistake to suppose, that the atheistic current of the day flows only among men of cultivated and scientific minds : though, even were this so, the

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\* So a writer—manifestly himself an unbeliever—in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Sept. 21, 1881. He says, “Faith in the supernatural has a wonderful power of adapting itself to scientifically established facts. Already the hesitations and admissions of those who have pushed scientific conclusions to the fullest, and the speculations of other men of science about the ‘Unseen Universe,’ might convince the most timid that the world has not seen the last of religion.”

calamity would hardly be less in regard to the future prospects of mankind. But, in truth, the uneducated class is already, to no very small extent, more or less imbued with the poison. On this head we will give a short extract or two from a very powerful article, which appeared in the *Month* as far back as September, 1874:—

The spread of infidelity [says the writer] among a large part of the generation now entering, or having entered, upon the full enjoyment and use of life, has reached the line at which even morality becomes a sentiment rather than a law; conscience a phenomenon, rather than the voice of God sitting in judgment; Free Will and responsibility an imagination; the universe a physical system, self-evoked and self regulated; the soul of man a mechanism; the future of man a blank; sin, original and actual, a fiction; the Atonement an impossible superstition. . . .

The advance of infidelity among the lower classes in our towns; the extreme activity with which the poison is spread in books, cheap newspapers, by lectures and the like; and the measures by which this activity should be met on the side of all who are for religion and for God; should be subjects of earnest thought and meditation.

The writer proceeds with more to the same effect, on the growing prevalence of irreligious tenets among the uneducated class. Now, of course, our argument will not bring us into contact with considerations of a practical and quasi-political kind, however deeply important; such, *e.g.*, as the organization of good educational schemes. But we do hope to speak in due course on relevant questions, within what may be called the internal and personal sphere; so far, at least, as they concern the verities of Natural Religion. I come across some uncultured person, whom I find profoundly imbued with the fashionable infidelity. What course of thought and action can I recommend to him, which, on one hand, he will see to be reasonable, and in some sense obligatory; while, on the other hand, it will supply him with valid grounds for accepting Religious Truth? This question has a close relation with the general line of argument which we propose to ourselves; and we must not fail to bear it carefully in mind.

We implied last July, that we do not happen to know any other living writer who can so serviceably assist us in our anxious enterprise as M. Ollé-Laprune.\* He is a thinker, deeply penetrated with Catholic Truth; he has made philosophy, both ancient and modern, his special study; he has carefully, discriminatingly,

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\* "De la Certitude Morale," par Léon Ollé-Laprune. Paris: Eugène Belin. 1880.



and appreciatively examined the various phases of Antitheism ; he never once transgresses the laws of courtesy and self-restraint ; and, above all, he writes consistently in that tone of earnest piety, which alone befits his most sacred theme. We do not, however, profess here either to follow his order of arrangement, or to analyse the general course of his work. Our space will not permit this. We must pursue our own independent line of thought ; and content ourselves with such extracts from M. Lapruné, as shall serve to illustrate it. We should add, however, that our own line of thought has been, in many respects, much influenced by his.

We begin with expressly commemorating one important work which he has done, to which, indeed, we have already referred. We mentioned four cognate doctrines, as jointly constituting the Creed of a genuine Theist. They are (1) the necessary character of Ethical Truth ; (2) Free Will ; (3) the Existence of God ; (4) a Future Life of Reward or Punishment. M. Lapruné (as far as we know) has been the first philosopher distinctly to insist on the fact, that these four doctrines have the closest philosophical union ; that in practice (under the circumstances of the present day) they stand or fall together ; that the proof of each one adds indefinite force to the proof of all the rest. On the other hand, he still more emphatically urges (we are convinced, with great truth) that these four doctrines stand out in characteristic separation—as regards their rational treatment—from any other subject of investigation whatever.\* He calls the complex of these four doctrines by the name, "Moral Doctrine ;" but, for reasons which will appear in due course, we prefer the name "Religious Doctrine." The term "Religious Doctrine," then—for the purpose of our present argument—we use as precisely signifying the complex of the four doctrines above mentioned ; for we are prescindng entirely from Revelation and from the supernatural order. By the term "Theism" we designate that particular and central doctrine of the four—God's Existence. But we shall not preclude ourselves from continuing to use the term "genuine Theism," as expressing the *whole body* of "Religious Doctrine."

Before we enter on any argument, it will greatly conduce to clearness if we explain in one or two details the conclusions which we are in due course to advocate. And, firstly, we shall maintain (with M. Lapruné and the general body of Christian philosophers) that the whole assemblage of "Religious Doctrine" admits of absolutely conclusive scientific establishment. We mean this—An explicit train of argument admits of being exhibited, resting

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\* The exact meaning of this statement will presently appear. It does not ever so distantly imply, that these doctrines are proved with less absolute certainty than others.

on given truths of intuition and on given experienced facts as on its primary premisses. And in regard specially to these "truths of intuition," a course of psychological investigation is producible, which proves with certainty that they are really what they claim to be. Such train of argument, we add, is sufficient entirely to convince any reasonable and intellectually competent person—however adverse his original prepossessions—who shall choose to fix his mind on it; to study it with patient candour and with a sustained struggle of attention. Indeed, if this were not so, the profession of philosophical argument would be unmeaning. How far, indeed, it is probable that existent Antitheists will in fact *exercise* this patient candour and sustained struggle of attention—here is a different inquiry altogether; but one on which we shall in due course have something to add.

We shall not be misunderstood, then, as in any way disparaging the absolute conclusiveness of the philosophical argument, when we proceed to say that, according to God's merciful design, argument was not to have constituted any part of the original ground on which religious belief reposes.\* Our readers must remember, that we are not at this moment professing to *reason*, but merely to exhibit certain conclusions for which in due course we shall *give* our reasons. And what we hold on the present subject is this:—Whenever men are obliged to *depend* on argument for their religious belief, this can only be because (whether or no through their own fault) they have failed to embrace and appropriate those more solid and penetrating proofs of Religious Doctrine, which God has offered in an implicit shape to mankind in general. This truth is so vitally important in its whole bearing on the Theistic controversy, that we must not fail to place before our readers again a most pregnant and beautiful passage of F. Kleutgen's, which we have more than once exhibited in previous numbers. The passage is very long, but we are confident that no reader will find it tedious. We will but premise two brief remarks. Firstly F. Kleutgen is directly speaking of Theism proper; but his view of things will evidently apply no less to the whole of what we have called "Religious Doctrine." Secondly, the author implies throughout that there can be no invincible ignorance of God. On this matter, however, we wish carefully to abstain from all expression of opinion, until we reach that part of our course in which it will be expressly and fully treated.

These, then, are F. Kleutgen's words:—

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\* Reasoning may be "explicit" or "implicit." It is explicit reasoning which we call "argument." This is (we think) the common usage: certainly it is Cardinal Newman's.

In many places Scripture declares, in the most express manner, that even for those to whom God has not manifested Himself by His Prophets, or by His Son, there exists a revelation of God in His works, and even within the mind of men, whereby they can without any difficulty cognize God, their Creator and Maker, as well as His sovereign law. It is not necessary to point out that Scripture does not in this speak of any [supposable] first cause; but of the Living and True God, Who has created heaven and earth, and inscribed His law in the heart of man: and that, consequently, it speaks also of the moral order. Now, it says in the same passages that men who do not thus cognize their God are without excuse; that they are insensate; that they deserve God's wrath and all His chastisements. It necessarily follows, then, that this manifestation of God by His works is such, that man cannot fail by this means to cognize God with certitude, unless he commit a grave fault.

Assuredly this does not mean that it is philosophical researches, continued laboriously through obstacles and doubts, which can alone lead to knowledge of God. Very few men, in fact, are capable of these laborious researches: whereas Scripture speaks of all the heathens in general; and in the Book of Wisdom it is said expressly (xiii. 1), "All men are vanity who do not possess the knowledge of God." The sacred writer even adds that this knowledge, to which he gives the name of "sight" to express its clearness and certitude ["cognoscibiliter poterit Creator horum videri"—v. 5], can be obtained with as much ease (and even more) as knowledge of this world: which certainly does not fail any one capable of the least reflection. ["Si tantum potuerunt scire ut possent æstimare sæculum, quomodo hujus Dominum non facilius invenerunt"—v. 9]. . . . It is easier, therefore, to know God, the Governor of the world, than to know enough of nature to admire its power and its beauty.

It necessarily follows, therefore, that there is a knowledge of God different from philosophical knowledge; a knowledge so easy to acquire and so certain, that ignorance and doubt on that head cannot be explained, except either by culpable carelessness or proud obstinacy. Such is also . . . the common doctrine of the Holy Fathers: they distinguish that knowledge of God which is obtained by philosophical research, from that which springs up spontaneously in every man at the very sight of creation. This latter kind of knowledge is called by them "a witness of Himself," which God gave to the soul at its creation; "an endowment of nature;" "an infused knowledge," inherent in every man without preliminary instruction; a knowledge which springs up in some sense of itself, in proportion as reason is developed; and which cannot fail, except in a man either deprived of the use of reason or else given up to vices which have corrupted his nature. And when the Fathers of the Church declare unanimously on this head that this knowledge is really found and established in all men, the importance of their testimony is better understood, by remembering that they lived in the midst of heathen populations.

God has implanted in our reasonable nature everything which is

necessary, that we may know Him, and know Him with facility. Now, He does not (after creation) withdraw Himself from creatures, but always remains near them; co-operating with them, exciting them to act, supporting and directing each one to its end conformably to its nature. If this is true of all creatures, how could this concurrence be refused to the most noble of all creatures, to those whom God has created for the very purpose of their knowing and loving Him? Man, indeed, does not arrive at his end, except by using the powers which God has given him; but the Author of those gifts lends to man His concurrence, in order that he may make due use of them. Since that moral and religious life for which man was created is founded on a knowledge of the truths whereof we speak, God watches over man, in order that reason, as it is developed, may come to know them with facility and certainty. Observe, the question here is not of supernatural grace, but is [of the natural order]. . . .

What would not be the misery of man [if there were no reasonable certainty without philosophical argument]? It is easy to show those [ordinary] men who are capable of any reflection at all, that their knowledge of the truth is not scientific; that they do not deduce it [reflexively and explicitly] from the first principles of thought; and, consequently, they cannot defend it against the attacks of scepticism. If, then, as soon as we come to know that our knowledge is not scientific, the conviction of its truth were at once shaken,—what, on that supposition, would be the lot of man? . . .

The fact is, indeed, not so: that consciousness which every one can interrogate within himself attests its denial; and at every period the voice of mankind has confirmed that denial. As soon as we arrive at the use of reason, the voice of conscience wakes within us; whether we choose or no, we must cognize the distinction between good and evil. [Again] just as it is absolutely impossible for us to doubt our own existence [in like manner], we are absolutely compelled to regard as real the external world; [to hold] that, further, there exists a Supreme Author of our being and of all other things; and that through Him there is a certain moral order. These also are truths which we cannot refuse to admit. No doubt we can do violence to ourselves in order to produce in ourselves the contrary persuasion, just as we may use efforts to regard the moral conscience itself as an illusion. But these efforts never succeed, or, at least, never succeed perfectly; and we feel ourselves even under an obligation of condemning the very attempt as immoral. The mind of man, in fact, is under the influence of truth: which has dominion over it, and which gives [man] certainty, even against his own wish. Truth manifests itself to our intelligence, and engenders therein the knowledge of its reality, even before we [explicitly] know what that truth is. Still, truth [I say] reigns over man and reveals itself to him (however great may be his resistance) as a sacred and sovereign authority, which commands him and summons him before its tribunal: and [standing] before that tribunal he is obliged to admit the immorality of even attempting to doubt. Just as he is bound to condemn the madness, I will not say of doubting, but of trying to doubt, the

reality of the external world,—so he is obliged to regard as an impiety [all] doubt of God's Existence and Providence. . . .

Nor can it be here objected that conscience (in the proper sense of that word, moral conscience) gives no certainty so long as its existence within us and its pronouncements are purely spontaneous. Of the conscience, more than of anything else, it may be said that it reveals to us its own truth; that it compels us to acknowledge an absolute good and a sovereign rule over our wills and actions (even though we know not its innermost nature), not only as really existing, but as an august and sacred power which is [in authority] over us. Whatever efforts man may make to overthrow and destroy his own intimate persuasion on the truthfulness of conscience, he will never succeed in doing so. Even though he seek by every possible means to persuade himself that nothing obliges him to regard it as truthful, nevertheless he will always feel himself compelled to acknowledge its authority and even to condemn his own resistance to it.

It is true, indeed, that, though conscience often speaks against a man's inclinations [so loudly] as to confound (by its manifestation of its own truthfulness) all pride and all the sophistical dreams by which he might wish to stifle it; still it does not *always* so speak and raise its voice, as to take from man the power of turning from it and refusing to listen. If he enters into himself and chooses to observe what passes within him, he will obtain that reflexive knowledge which, as we have said above, is required for actual certainty; he will know that he cannot prevent himself from acknowledging the truth of what the voice of conscience dictates. But it is in his power, if not always at least often, to abstain from entering into himself and lending his ear to that voice. He has [often] the power of not hearing it, or of giving it so little attention that he withdraws himself from that influence which would make him certain. It is in this manner that, for a certain time at least, notwithstanding the habitual certainty\* which nature gives him, he may remain undecided on the truthfulness of conscience, supposing that he has not yet acknowledged that truthfulness by philosophical reflection, or again that he does not seek to know it. But, even though we were not able to demonstrate by the intimate experience of every man that the doubt whereof we speak is contrary to the principles of morality—we ought nevertheless to be persuaded of that truth by the judgment of all mankind. Among civilized nations, in every time, the necessity of philosophical studies has been admitted, and those have been held in high esteem who devoted themselves thereto and who were regarded as sages. Nevertheless, though the nations (it is true) accepted at the hands of philosophers the solution of many questions, they have never ascribed to these men a decisive judgment on all truth without exception. As to those first truths on which all our convictions rest, humanity bears within itself the consciousness, or intimate persuasion, of knowing them with certainty. Philosophers may make these

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\* By "habitual certainty," as he has explained just before, F. Kleutgen means to express the *proximate power* of actual certainty.

truths the subject of their speculations : but they are not allowed the right of pronouncing a definitive judgment on these truths ; and if their researches lead them to deny or doubt them, those very persons, who would otherwise be the disciples of these philosophers, rise up against them as judges and condemn them. Was there ever a nation which did not regard it as madness to doubt an external world ? A nation which did not hold in horror a man so perverted, as to acknowledge no truth superior to the senses, and reject all distinction between virtue and vice ? Has not Atheism among all nations been accounted a crime ? And, by the very fact of seeing culpability in the denial of these truths, does not the world declare that they cannot possibly be unknown to men of good will ?—*Philosophie Scolastique*, nn. 226–32.

F. Kleutgen, then, holds (1) that uncultured persons have full means of knowing with absolute certainty God's Existence ; and (2) that God, by His Providence, watches over individuals one by one, impressing on their mind in due opportunity those implicit apprehensions and inferences, which reasonably generate such certain knowledge. The same is Cardinal Franzelin's teaching ("De Deo," pp. 93–97). And it is this, add the same two great writers, which the Fathers mean, when they unanimously assert that the knowledge of God is "divinely infused" into the human intellect.\* And, for our part, we follow the late F. Dalgairns, in holding (see one of his *Contemporary Review* articles) that those proofs of God's Existence, which are pressed by Him on man's attention in an implicit shape, are more subtle and profound, more penetrating, satisfying, and invigorating, even than those which philosophical investigation brings to light.

In what follows, our remarks are still primarily, but by no means exclusively, directed to Theism proper. Thinkers of every class will (we suppose) be ready to admit that, in all cases which need to be considered, belief in God's Existence is accompanied by belief in the other three religious doctrines which we have named above. We proceed, then, to ask, of what kind are those proofs of Theism, which are so salutarily impressed by God in an implicit shape on the human intellect ? For our own part, we earnestly follow Cardinal Newman and F. Kleutgen, in assigning by far the principal place to those founded on man's moral nature and moral action. M. Lapruné does the same. Nowhere have we happened to see so admirable an exposition as he has given, of that moral and educational training, which implants a far deeper

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\* Cardinal Franzelin says, that the knowledge of God is "common to all who have not quenched the light of reason" (p. 93); to all except those in whom "human nature is depraved" (p. 100). We do not, however, ourselves see how it *necessarily* follows—because some given person possesses the proximate power of cognizing God with certainty—that he sins gravely by not *exercising* that power.

and more permanent conviction of Religious Doctrine, than does any other possible method. We will give a quotation or two out of many which we should like to exhibit; only—in accordance with a previous remark—where M. Lapruné uses the word “moral,” we substitute “religious;” and the italics are ours, not his:—

The transmission of [religious] truths cannot be effected at one stroke, by pure reasoning, coldly. They are communicated to the child by education; and if a man, entirely persuaded of their truth, wishes to imbue others with them, he must, in his turn, have recourse to persuasion. . . . .

[In the matter of *instruction*] the child acquires the speculative knowledge which he needs, by a *series of lessons* fitted to his intelligence. . . . . Nothing of the kind takes place in *education*. This is a work of *every moment* . . . . it is the formation of the soul, a cultivation of the human being. . . . . Nothing can be more various than its methods, or more elastic than its character: it accommodates itself to each need, to each circumstance; it adjusts itself to the thousand exigencies of man’s living nature, and puts to its own use the thousand resources of that nature. Its work is to excite, direct, develop the conscience and the reason; and *preserve the moral atmosphere which is adapted to foster them*. In this labour—so incessant, delicate, difficult—its great art is to *obtain active co-operation from its recipient*. Its purpose is—not to act for him—but to *teach him to act for himself*. So we support and direct the infant, when we are teaching him to walk. . . . . [Religious] education is an initiation; it advances by degrees, and addresses itself to the soul all round. . . . . It labours to make [religious] truths grow into the very substance of the human being; to become the soul of his soul, and the life of his life (pp. 378–380).

Presently (p. 385) he quotes similar language, from that illustrious philosopher, Maine de Biran.

It is necessary [for the securest and most certainly permanent conviction], that [religious] truths incorporate themselves in us and unintermittently penetrate us. There is a slow penetration of every day—an intro-susception of that truth which should be our guide throughout life—which effects, that such truths become to our soul what sunlight is to our eyes, which enlightens us without our seeking it.

As we have already explained, we are not indeed here professing to *argue*; but we *are* professing to exhibit, what we propose in due course to *maintain* by argument. We shall be asked, then, what we hold concerning the *reasonableness* of those religious convictions, which will be engendered by such a course of practical training as M. Lapruné supposes? As to their intensity and rootedness, there can be no second opinion: but how as to their *reasonableness*? On one hand, we do not at all profess that an Antitheist will find reasonable ground for aban-

doning his error, by merely contemplating that firmness of religious conviction which is generated in others by religious training. But, on the other hand, we shall maintain that, in the individual recipient of such training, the conviction thus acquired rests on entirely sufficient and conclusive grounds of reason. We should be inclined even to go farther; and to say that the Theism of those who lead consistently pious lives, rests on firmer grounds of reason than does the Theism of any others whomsoever. We should add, indeed, that religious education may most possibly be very far less thorough-going and pervasive than that described by M. Lapruné, and may yet be abundantly sufficient to generate reasonable certitude of Religious Truth.

It is this ethical argument, then, in favour of Theism, on which we lay our greatest stress. We hope in the next article of our series to exhibit it scientifically, and to meet successively the various objections against it which Antitheists will adduce. But there are other very powerful reasons also, which admit of being implicitly pressed by Almighty God on the human intellect as proof of His Existence. For instance, the principle of causation (see our number of July, 1876). This principle is deeply rooted in the mind of all adults: they have not so much as the power of gazing on this visible world, without cognizing that it must have some Self-Existent Being as its Author.\* Further, the argument from design—the “teleological” argument, as it is now called—is one which appeals with extreme force to the uneducated; and we may add that recent scientific investigations have (we believe) strengthened rather than weakened its force. So, also, the analogous argument derived from the *order* of the Universe. Then, again, there are various truths, which are irresistibly borne in on the mind by contemplation of *beauty*. This may be called, perhaps, the “æsthetic” argument. Many minds, even otherwise uncultured, vaguely, but keenly, discern most precious realities through the veil of external beauty.

There are other arguments for Theism, which we have not included in this catalogue, as they are not within the reach of uncultured men. Such is the general consent of mankind. Such, again, is the argument, on which St. Augustine so repeatedly insists, and to which we are ourselves disposed to give a place only short of the highest. We refer to that founded on the demonstrated existence of Necessary Truth. If there be Necessary Truth, there must be a Necessary Being, on Whom such Truth is founded.

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\* No doubt—in this, as in so many other cases—uncandid persons, who cannot prevent themselves from “cognizing” this or that truth, may prevent themselves from “recognizing” it. On this we shall have much to say in future articles.



So much, then, on those proofs of God's Existence, concerning which it is most intelligible to affirm (with F. Kleutgen) that He conveys them to the apprehension of the most uncultured men, and thereby gives such men full power of knowing Him. The controversialist, however (we need hardly say), is concerned with these proofs, not in their implicit, but in their explicit shape; as capable of being brought directly before the attention of Anti-theistic philosophers. This will be our business in our future successive articles; but we had better at this point remind our readers what is our exact argumentative position. That which we have called "Religious Truth" consists of four doctrines:—(1) The necessary character of Ethical Truth; (2) Man's Free Will; (3) God's Existence; (4) the Soul's Immortality. The two first of these are required as premisses for the third; and they have received at our hands, we trust, sufficient treatment in the preceding portion of our course. The central one of all, we need hardly say, is God's Existence; on the argument for which we are to enter in our proximate articles. The argument for the Soul's Immortality requires for its efficacy the assumption of God's Existence; and, therefore, stands logically last in our list.

Meanwhile, what remains of our present article shall be occupied with one particular thesis, applicable to these religious doctrines as a whole. On this, again, M. Lapruné gives us very valuable assistance. But we will begin with a few comments of our own, calculated, we hope, to throw light on the position which he assumes.

And, first, as to the word "certitude," which is included in his title, and its correspondent term, "certainty." If I am "certain" of some truth, it possesses "certainty" in regard to *me*, and I possess "certitude" in regard to *it*. Now, let our Catholic readers carefully observe, that in what we shall here further say concerning "certainty" or "certitude," we shall entirely ignore "supernatural" certitude; we shall speak as though God had given men no revelation, nor raised them to the supernatural order. We entreat our Catholic readers to bear this in mind once for all; as otherwise they will grievously misapprehend what we are going to say. So much, then, being understood, we thus proceed. I possess "certitude" of some given truth always and only when I cognize grounds for its acceptance, which I recognize to be absolutely incompatible with its falsehood; and when consequently—in recognized conformity with reason—I yield to it absolute assent. What do we here mean by "absolute" assent? We mean that special firmness of assent, which is entirely incompatible with the co-existence of doubt.\*

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\* Certitude (it will be seen) is as entirely within the reach of a rustic as of a philosopher. I, being a rustic, am absolutely certain that A B

We should say, nevertheless, that there are varying degrees of certitude; though this circumstance is not required by our argument, and we, therefore, omit its treatment. Then, there is another fact also which we do not forget, though we need not treat it on the present occasion. We refer to the fact, that there exists in many minds very frequently what may be called "spurious" certitude: or, in other words, that they very often yield "absolute" assent to some proposition, when they are cognizant of no grounds whatever which in reason can warrant such assent.

Many authors write as though the word "certitude" had different meanings, accordingly as one speaks of "metaphysical," "physical," or "moral" certitude respectively. To us, on the contrary, it seems (in accordance with the reasoning of F. Palmieri, S.J.) that the word "certitude" has precisely the same meaning in all three cases. Yet there is a very important sense in which we may prefix different adjectives to the word—viz., in order to express the *object-matter*, on which certitude has been attained. As a metaphysician, I am certain that every event necessarily has a cause. As a physicist, I am certain that all diamonds are naturally combustible. It is a very convenient expression to say, that I am "metaphysically" certain of the former truth, and "physically" of the latter. Why is this a convenient expression? Because my reasonable method of arriving at certitude in things metaphysical, is so different from my reasonable method of arriving at certitude in things physical. I arrive at certitude in things physical, by pursuing such experiments as those indicated in works on Inductive Logic. But I arrive at certitude in things metaphysical, by carefully assuring myself that this or that mental phenomenon is my mind's authentic utterance of objective truth; by warily and cautiously carrying forward that truth to its legitimate consequences; and by other such appropriate methods. No two processes can be much more unlike, than the two we have named; but I am "certain" of a metaphysical truth, in the very same sense in which I am "certain" of a physical. In either case I cognize grounds for the acceptance of such truth, which I recognize as absolutely incompatible with the supposition of its falsehood.

We now take a further step. In the very same sense in which

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has for some time past been my bitter enemy. I cognize a long series of facts, which (taken collectively) I recognize to be incompatible with the supposition of his not having been my bitter enemy. Make the grotesque hypothesis, that I suddenly become a philosopher. My grounds of certitude do not on that account become stronger: but I acquire a power which I did not possess before—of enumerating a sufficient number of those facts, and reflecting on the reasonableness of that certitude.

we speak of "metaphysical" and "physical" certitude respectively, we may properly enumerate *other* certitudes also: we may speak of "historical" certitude, *e.g.*, or "æsthetic" certitude. Those methods whereby I arrive at certitude in matters historical, are very largely different from those whereby I arrive at certitude in matters metaphysical or physical; and those methods whereby I arrive at certitude in matters of taste and beauty, are entirely different from any of the other three.\* It is in this sense that M. Lapruné may most suitably speak of "religious" certitude: because he holds—and we heartily agree with him—that the methods whereby I arrive at certitude on religious doctrines, has special characteristics of its own; characteristics which it is important that the philosopher shall carefully study.

Here we can at last give our reason for preferring the terms "Religious Truth," "religious certitude," to M. Lapruné's terms, "Moral Truth," "moral certitude." The term "moral certitude" is so indissolubly associated, both in Catholic and non-Catholic theology and philosophy, with a totally different sense, that serious confusion (we think) would inevitably arise from M. Lapruné's terminology.

So much on this purely verbal question, and we proceed with the course of our argument. What, then, are the special characteristics of that process, whereby men reasonably arrive at certitude in the matter of Religious Truth? By far the most special characteristic of that process (we need hardly say) is one on which we have already insisted—*viz.*, that by the constant practice of virtue and piety a deeper certitude is possessed of Religious Truth, than is obtainable by any philosophical investigation whatsoever. So far M. Lapruné and ourselves are entirely at one; and it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of what he and we thus hold in common.

But, further, M. Lapruné lays down as one chief characteristic of religious certitude, that it is acquired by eliciting acts of "natural faith." Here we venture to differ from him with some confidence, on the expediency of this expression; though we believe (as we shall presently point out) that we are in full accordance with the substance of what he intends to say. The recognized Catholic use of the word "faith" is most definite and intelligible. If I accept some proposition on human testimony, I thereby elicit an act of "human faith." If I accept some proposition on God's testimony, I thereby elicit an act of "divine faith." But if I accept some proposition on any other ground whatsoever, I do not thereby elicit any act of faith at all. We

\* There is such a thing assuredly as æsthetic certitude. It is certain to me, *e.g.*, that Offenbach's music is less profound than Beethoven's, &c. &c.

think that Sir W. Hamilton and other non-Catholic Theists have introduced a very unfortunate confusion, by their vague use of this word "faith;" and we think that the interests of true philosophy will be far better promoted, by confining that word to its strict Catholic sense.\*

One principal proposition which M. Lapruné intends to express, when he says that men acquire certitude of Religious Truth by means of natural faith, is especially worthy of attention. In fact it is the thesis to which we have above referred, as the proposed theme of our concluding remarks. Even where philosophically competent men are investigating Religious Truth by explicit argumentative methods,—its acceptance, nevertheless, on the part of those who have hitherto repudiated it, will be due far more to active and conscientious exercise of the *will*, than to subtlety, vigour, perspicacity of the intellect. For our own part, we heartily subscribe to this proposition. What we have just mentioned, is an especially distinctive characteristic of *religious* certitude, as compared with all other certitudes of the natural order.

And, first, we submit with much confidence, that—not on religious matters alone, but on all objects of human thought—the will's office, in the generation of legitimate certitude, is far more prominent than is often thought. Such a view as the following, *e.g.*, is maintained by several philosophers. "I am free," they say, "to use, or not to use, due diligence in collecting premisses, and in exhibiting to myself their due force; but there my power ceases." These philosophers speak no doubt exclusively of the natural order, and are not contemplating the case of divine faith. But, as regards the natural order, they consider me to be actually *necessitated* in the matter of ultimate assent. "If the premisses placed before my attention at this moment," they say, "are sufficient in reason to generate certitude, I am necessitated to be certain; if they are not sufficient, I have no power of eliciting genuine certitude at all: in neither case is there room for Free Will." Now of course we entirely concede, that there can be no genuine certitude of the natural order, where the premisses are not sufficient to *warrant* certitude, in the light of strict reason. But we are very far indeed from admitting, that men are necessitated to accept as certain every proposition, which reasonably *claims* such acceptance. On the contrary, we follow Cardinal Franzelin: who thus speaks in his work on "Truth in its relation to Reason" (ii. arts. 1–5). A truth, he says in

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\* We do not forget Ripalda and his "*fides laté dicta*." His was no mere question of words, but a very important question of doctrine. Its consideration, however, would be entirely external to our present theme.

effect, is "objectively certain" to me, if it be manifested to me by reasons which legitimately claim my absolute assent; and it is "subjectively certain" to me, if I proceed (as I am in reason bound) to yield that assent. Sometimes, he adds, the objective certainty of a proposition is exhibited to me with such irresistible clearness, as to necessitate my assent; such a proposition is not only "certain" to me, but "evident." Still, many propositions possess true objective certainty in my regard; while, nevertheless, their objective certainty is not so irresistibly clear to me, as to extort my assent to them: these propositions are "certain" to me, but not "evident." Whereas, therefore, the other philosophers, to whom we have referred, use the words "certain" and "evident" as synonymous within the natural order,—Cardinal Franzelin uses the word "evident" as denoting one particular class of "certain" propositions.\*

Now, many persons will say as a matter of course, that, whatever truth may otherwise be contained in this doctrine, there is one region of thought, at all events, within which it can have no possible place—the region of pure mathematics. But, on the contrary, it is from that very region, that we shall adduce what we consider one of our most apposite illustrations. Let us first take a geometrical theorem: *e.g.*, "the angle in a semi-circle is a right angle." This theorem, we admit, as exhibited in Euclid, is "evidently" certain. Even here, no doubt, a continued exercise of Free Will is requisite, in order that I may carefully apply my mind to see the self-evidence of what I assume as axioms, and the validity of that reasoning which I base on those axioms. But, this process concluded, I have no longer the power of doubting the theorem. At the same time there may still be important work for my Free Will to do, in compelling my intellect fully to *realize* that theorem, which I have not the power to doubt. But now let us enter a more advanced portion of the mathematical region—the doctrine of infinitesimals. The Rev. Bartholomew Price, *e.g.*, in his admirable work on that subject, lays down such propositions as these: "There may be infinite quantities, infinitely greater than infinities;" "An infinity of the  $n^{\text{th}}$  order must be infinitely sub-divided to produce an infinity of the  $(n-1)^{\text{th}}$  order;" &c. &c. ("Infinitesimal Calculus," pp. 16-20.) Mr. Price would consider that the truth of these propositions is as demonstratively established, as is any geometrical theorem: and we entirely agree with him. But am I, nevertheless—supposing I have mastered the demonstration—*necessitated* to accept them? Surely not. I have the power of

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\* We would especially refer our readers to M. Lapruné's second chapter, as containing a most admirable exposition of the part played by Free Will in the formation of genuine certitude.

allowing myself to be so bewildered by the strangeness of such propositions, as to withhold that assent which the adduced arguments, nevertheless (as I see), reasonably claim. I laudably, therefore, exercise my Free Will, in exciting myself to have the courage of my convictions; in compelling my intellect to disregard even insoluble difficulties, which may stand in the way of a demonstrated proposition.

And if this be so even within the sphere of rigid demonstration, how much greater scope is there for the laudable exercise of Free Will, where there is far greater opportunity of self-deception! Take, *e.g.*, such instances as those on which Cardinal Newman's "Grammar" mainly turns, and which are within the adjudication of what he calls "the illative sense." A Whig historian shall be dealing with the Massacre of Glencoe; and facts stare him in the face which, taken together, conclusively prove that the King had an active share in the transaction. Nevertheless, our historian shall refuse to deal honestly with himself. It is not further facts that he needs for a true conclusion, nor yet clearer apprehension of the facts which he knows. What he needs is, to deal honestly with himself by a laudable exercise of his Free Will. He *cognizes* premisses abundantly sufficient to claim absolute assent; but he refuses to *recognize* that they are sufficient.\*

There is a large number of truths, then, which are "objectively" certain to me; but which I do not appropriate as "subjectively" certain, because my will fails in its proper duty. My will fails, we say, to contend duly against my prejudices or my indolence, and to enjoin on my intellect its one reasonable course. Now, the fact on which we would here lay special stress, is this. In no other case is there anything like such urgent need for the will thus intensely and energetically to exert itself, as in the Antitheist's dealing with Religious Truth. For this statement we can at once give two reasons, and need mention no others. In the first place, Religious Truth is inexpressibly *startling* to him. Consider one who has long been in the habit of contemplating this world as the only cognizable sphere of action, and of regarding his fellow-men as the only persons with whom he can cultivate any kind of relation. To one so habituated, the notion is bewildering beyond description, that this life is known with certainty to be no more than an infinitesimal part of his existence; that his

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\* Here a curious little psychological question may be asked. Have I the power of *recognizing*—of confessing to myself—that such or such premisses (known by me) reasonably claim my absolute assent to such or such conclusion; while, nevertheless (through indolence or the like), I fail to *elicit* such absolute assent. We are disposed to think the supposition a possible one; though, of course, in the vast majority of instances, pride would withhold me from such recognition.

relations with his fellow-men are comparatively of no importance, except in their bearing on his relations with an Invisible Eternal Being; lastly, that this Being created him, and—if He do not receive due obedience—will severely chastise him in a future life. Why the mathematical theory of infinitesimals is immeasurably less startling and bewildering to a learner, than are the doctrines here exhibited to such a one as we have here described. And we thus, indeed, come across a second truth, intended by M. Lapruné, when he says that religious knowledge is acquired by a kind of “faith.” I find the dogmata of the Blessed Trinity and Transubstantiation most enigmatical, startling, and perplexing. But my reason shows me that they cannot be proved self-contradictory; and I know certainly on God’s Word that they are true. I exercise, therefore, laudable firmness of faith, by enjoining on my intellect the acceptance of these enigmatical, startling, and perplexing dogmata. In a very similar way—when reason has proved to me the certainty of God’s Existence—I exercise firmness of religious assent by enjoining on my intellect the acceptance of that (if so be) enigmatical, startling, and perplexing truth. This “firmness of religious assent” is plainly very analogous to firmness of faith; though (as a matter of words) for ourselves, we see great objections against calling it “faith” at all. It may be worth while to add, that (in our humble judgment) there are Theistic truths cognizable by Reason, which are quite as enigmatical, startling, and perplexing as any disclosed by Revelation. To our mind, *e.g.*, the demonstrated doctrine of God’s Simplicity, when duly pondered, is even more enigmatical, startling and perplexing than is that of the Blessed Trinity.

Then, secondly, these religious doctrines are not only startling and perplexing to the confirmed Antitheist, but intensely repulsive. We have already dwelt on this, and will here only add one further remark. We are not wishing to speak objurgatorily but only to express our meaning, when we say that the ethical tenets on which our Antitheist acts, are precisely in the number of those which a Christian would describe as the tenets of corrupt human nature; the tenets to which man’s evil inclinations solicit him. Go back to the ages of faith. It was then the doctrine firmly held by all Christians—so firmly that the mass of them did not conceive any other as possible—that a man is really “virtuous” so far, and so far only, as he uses this life exclusively for his opportunity of serving God and gaining future bliss. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, there was an enormous multitude who “saw and approved” indeed “what is better,” but “followed what is worse;” who made earthly objects the end of their existence. Now the modern Antitheistic tenets precisely canonize what the mediævalists

anathematized; they represent the interests of this life as those which alone demand attention from a wise and good man. If corrupt human instincts (as the Christian calls them) were so influential even when the whole world accounted them detestable, how enormous will be their power in favour of a theory, which enables its advocate to pursue them without self-reproach. It requires a supremely energetic effort, in one enslaved by them, to recognize the certainty with which reason establishes a doctrine that condemns them.

You ask, says M. Lapruné (p. 387), for more light; yet it is not the increase of proofs which you ought to desire, but the weakening of your passions. Subtle and delicate passions, I admit, for you are an upright man [*un honnête homme*]; secret pride, which prevents you from yielding truth its due; invisible weaknesses, which perhaps do not lead you to neglect your social duties, but which make you traitors to the Truth; attachments, injustices, negligences—small, I admit, but multiplied—such as constitute a perpetual falsification of your supposed good faith, a perpetual obstacle to the Truth.

Our readers will remember, that the thesis with which we have been engaged is this: The acceptance of Religious Truth (we said) on the part of one who has hitherto repudiated it, will be due far more to active and conscientious exercise of the will, than to subtlety, vigour, perspicacity of the intellect. By what we have already urged, we shall have sufficiently established, we think, the *first* statement implied in this thesis; we shall have sufficiently shown what patient and sustained struggle of the will is necessary, in order that an Antitheist may embrace Theism. The *second* statement implied in our thesis is, that—whereas intense exercise of the will is thus requisite,—subtlety, vigour and perspicacity of the intellect are by no means equally needed. This statement can only be defended by showing that the Theistic arguments—if a man will duly contemplate them—are, in general, not such as to require rare intellectual powers for their appreciation. And this, of course, cannot be shown, until we come to deal with those arguments one by one. Here we can only express our own firm conviction that such is the case; and that the Theist, not being hampered by these tremendous adverse prejudices, can very readily and unmistakeably see, when duly presented, the irresistible force of the Theistic argument.

Meanwhile, even at this stage of our investigation, we can give no unsatisfactory reply to one particular class of inquirers, who (we fancy) exist in considerable and rapidly increasing numbers. An inquirer of this kind uses such language as the following: "You Theists," he says, "require me to believe in Theism as in an absolutely certain truth. In other words—whereas confessedly many of the greatest contemporary thinkers hold with complete



confidence that man has no power of cognizing God's Existence—you require of me, not that I suspend my judgment, but that I contradict their statement as confidently as they utter it. Now, I am intellectually a very ordinary and common-place person : how, therefore, can you expect that I should pit my own private judgment against the authority of these illustrious thinkers?"\* Now, if this language is merely used as a cloak and pretext for moral and intellectual carnal-mindedness or indolence, of course there is no scope for adverse argument, but only for ethical reprobation. We are convinced, however, that the difficulty here expressed is not unfrequently genuine. It is not indeed by any means so perplexing to deal with as might at first appear ; because (as Butler says on another matter) whoever is able really to experience the difficulty, is able also to apprehend the reply to it. We hope, in each one of our future articles, to encounter expressly this particular phase of what may be called "Quasi-Antitheism." And on the present occasion we would draw our inquirer's attention to three several facts, which (we consider) have been made abundantly manifest, by our preceding remarks, to any educated man of the most ordinary intelligence.

Firstly, it is manifest that—however conclusive and irresistible the Theistic arguments may be in themselves—there is no practical possibility of any Antitheist being convinced by them, unless he bring to their study a patient and sustained struggle of attention ; unless he energetically labour to remove that mountain of prejudice, which must otherwise intercept from him their view. Secondly, it is no less manifest to any man of ordinary knowledge and education who will exercise the simplest common sense and common observation, that these "illustrious thinkers" do nothing of the kind. On the contrary, they consistently preserve the most supercilious and disdainful attitude towards Religious Doctrine ; nor do they show the faintest trace of a notion, that they are under any kind of disadvantage in religious investigations. Never were there men more densely prejudiced, or more densely unaware of the circumstance. From the mere fact, therefore, that they account Theistic arguments worthless, there arises not the faintest presumption that those arguments may not be (as we of course are convinced they are) entirely irrefragable. And here comes in the *third* phenomenon, to which we just now referred ; and which shows with quite extraordinary significance how perfunctory has been their examination of Theism.

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\* We happen ourselves to know the particular case of a gentleman, who in early life was a High-Church Anglican, but who gave up belief in God on the ground mentioned in the text. "Who am I," he asked, "that I should oppose my own personal prepossessions to the declaration of these great men?"

We mean that they always base their opposition to it on that extravagant tenet, which we have called "Phenomenism," and may here call "anti-Intuitionism." No one of the most ordinary education can read what we have said in the earlier part of our present article, without seeing the supreme absurdity of this tenet, as held by those who loudly proclaim themselves votaries of inductive science; or, indeed, as held by any one who admits that there is such a thing as human knowledge at all: and yet this transparently absurd tenet is advocated by these scientists without hesitation or shame. Surely these facts, taken in combination, are abundantly sufficient to show the most self-diffident man alive, how utterly destitute these thinkers are of all claim on his intellectual deference in matters connected with religion.

Having so far addressed those particular inquirers, who are frightened, not by the arguments but by the *name* of contemporary Antitheists, we now proceed rapidly to the conclusion of our present article. Whenever those philosophers, with whom we have been controverting throughout, choose to take up the Theistic controversy as a matter of argument and not mere flippant sarcasm,—they will be obliged to give up their transparently unsound contention that there is no such thing as a truth of intuition; and will be obliged to content themselves with alleging, that those particular intuitions which the Theist alleges are spurious. Here is a grave philosophical question, on which issue may be joined with every prospect of fruitful result; and it is only so far as Antitheists assume this attitude, that the Theistic controversy can become a serious philosophical discussion.

In the first article of our series (July, 1871)—following in the footsteps of Fr. Kleutgen—we set forth one particular principle as the only possible—nay, the only conceivable—foundation of human knowledge. That principle is, that whatever the human intellect (when its utterances are duly examined and interpreted) declares to be objective truth, is thereby certainly known as such. Metaphysics, then, is founded on Psychology: for the question whether this or that proposition be objectively true, depends on the question whether man's intellect genuinely avouches it. The human mind abounds in genuine utterances of objective truth, and precious results are attainable by examining and cataloguing its treasures. But there is always grave danger—so much we readily concede to Phenomenists—lest prejudice be mistaken for intuition; and this danger can only be met by vigorous and penetrating psychological inquiry. We submit that Intuitionist philosophers have not as yet in general given sufficient prominence to this psychological inquiry; that in dealing, *e.g.*, with the genuineness of this or that intuition, they have often not been at sufficient pains in sifting the relevant psychological

phenomena. We hope to explain what we mean by this suggestion, in our next article. At all events, this psychological examination of alleged intuitions will occupy a somewhat prominent place in our own reasonings.

And this criticism of Intuitionistic philosophers suggests a more general remark. Cardinal Newman says, somewhere, that he entirely refuses to be converted by "a smart syllogism." In a similar spirit speaks M. Lapruné. Religious "Truth," he says, "when unknown or forgotten, despised, misconceived, is not brought into the mind by the all-powerful virtue of a syllogism. Neither the excellence of Truth nor the mind's dignity permits this" (p. 384). And, certainly, if it be true (as we have alleged) that, by the very fact of engaging in Theistic controversy, we summon the Antitheist to a supremely energetic act of will—ones sees plainly that everything like flippancy or overbearingness of tone in the conduct of that controversy—or, again, any peremptory challenging of instantaneous assent and submission—may probably be productive of most serious mischief. The sincere inquirer must be allowed his full time, for patient consideration and healthy resolve.

To conclude. If, on the one hand, we have maintained that Theistic arguments are discerned as quite indubitably conclusive by those who will choose to give them prolonged and dispassionate consideration; on the other hand, what we have said will (we hope) powerfully illustrate the unspeakable blessedness of a religious education. It might seem difficult to exaggerate the blessedness of such education, even in the case of non-Catholics, who shall have been trained to regulate their whole course of life by those four doctrines, which we have included under the name of "Religious Truth." But happier—and quite indefinitely happier—is he, who has been from infancy a child of that Church, which infallibly preserves in their full purity the truths of Natural Religion, while supplementing them with a body of revealed dogmata, that brings out those truths into ever-increasingly clearer and fuller light.

In the next article of our series we hope to treat two distinct subjects. We hope (1) to combat what may be called "Agnosticism proper;" or, in other words, the tenet, that man's mind is intrinsically unable to apprehend the idea of an Infinitely Perfect Personal Being. And we hope (2) to exhibit the "ethical" argument for God's Existence; we mean the argument deducible from man's moral intuitions, and from the constitution of his moral nature.

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD.

# ART. IV.—S. FRANCIS DE SALES : DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH.

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3. *Vie de S. François de Sales*. Par M. HAMON, Curé de Saint-Sulpice. 6<sup>e</sup> Edition. Paris: Lecoffre, Fils, et Cie. 1875.
4. *Two Sides to a Saint—S. Francis de Sales*. By Rev. L. WOOLSEY BACON. *Macmillan's Magazine*, September. 1878.

ON the 16th November, 1877, by the Bull *Dives in Misericordia*, Pius IX. conferred on S. Francis de Sales the title of "Doctor of the Church." This important declaration was made on a petition, originated by Mgr. Magnin, Bishop of Annecy, with the Order of the Visitation, and supported by upwards of 600 cardinals and bishops, fifty heads of religious orders, princes and people innumerable. The cause was most carefully scrutinized and weighed, and unanimously approved by the Congregation of Rites. Cardinal Bilio, the author of the *Syllabus*, was the "ponent," or mover; Monsignori Salvati and Caprara, "Promoters of the Faith," the Advocate Alibrandi, who had filled the same enviable office for the Doctorate of S. Alphonsus, was "Patron of the Cause." In a folio of some 400 pages he has given us:—1. The text of the Bull and Decree; 2. An Account of the works and doctrine of the Saint; 3. The signature of those who supported the petition, with many of the actual *postulata*; 4. The objections of the Promoters of the Faith, and his own answers, as *patronus*. The book also contains portions, hitherto unedited, of S. Francis's "Controversies." The whole forms a magnificent justification of the new title, and we commend it to the attention of those who, ignorant of the process which had been going on for seven years, and perhaps unaware of the extent of S. Francis's influence in the Church, were somewhat surprised by the decree. And, indeed, while this authoritative decision demands the acquiescence of all faithful Catholics, it at the same time provokes a strong desire to know the reasons which moved the Holy Father to give it. Our object is to supply this information; to exhibit the nature and eminence of that doctrine which has deserved so high a distinction. It may

be well to say, first, what is signified in the style of the Church by this title, Doctor. It denotes one, whose writings may be quoted, not only privately, but publicly in the schools, with full authority as representing the mind of the Church. For this is, of course, required an extraordinary degree of acquired or infused spiritual science, but it is clear, as indeed the case of S. Alphonsus has shown, that antiquity, and the use of one of the Church languages, and various other conditions which have sometimes been supposed necessary for this title, are merely accidental. The sense of the Church is fully expressed in the Bull :—

For although antiquity alone makes *distinguished* those holy doctors who flourished in the first ages of the Church, and their works have the *ornament* of the Greek or Latin tongue, still the thing most important, and indeed absolutely necessary for this office is, that celestial doctrine should appear in writings beyond common measure . . . . such as, by fulness and variety of argument, as by splendours surrounded, may pervade the whole body of the Church with a new light.

Leo XII. tells us that *writings* are required that her doctors may “continue, even when dead, to teach the faithful of Christ.”

The qualifications of doctor are more technically summed up by Benedict XIV. :—“*Eminens doctrina, insignis sanctitas, declaratio summi Pontificis, aut Concilii Generalis*—Eminent doctrine, distinguished sanctity, legitimate conferring of title.”\* The Bull itself fulfils the last condition, and contains both the assertion and the proof of the eminence in doctrine. It first gives the extrinsic proof from his “reputation, great during life, but most great after death :”—

For that the doctrine of S. Francis, while living, was held in great esteem may be gathered from this, that of all the strenuous defenders of Catholic faith living at that time, Clement VIII., of sacred memory, chose out the Provost of Geneva to go to visit Theodore Beza, the chief upholder of the Calvinist plague. . . . . The esteem enjoyed by the holy Bishop is no less shown forth in that Paul V. . . . . when the celebrated discussion, *De Auxiliis*, was proceeding at Rome, willed that the opinion of this holy prelate should be asked, and, following his advice, decided that this most subtle and dangerous question, long and too bitterly agitated, should be set at rest by imposing silence on the parties. Again, if the letters written by him to many persons are considered, it will be evident that Francis was by many consulted on questions of faith and practice . . . . like one of the greatest among the old fathers (ad instar gravissimorum inter veteres Ecclesiæ patres); . . . . and that his influence was so great with Popes, princes, magistrates,

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\* “De Serv. Dei Beatif.,” l. iv. p. 2.

and clergy, that by his zeal, exhortations, and advice, countries were purged from heresy, Catholic worship restored, and religion extended.

This opinion of his excelling doctrine was, after his death, not lessened, but greatly increased. Alexander VII. of sacred memory, in the Bull of Canonization (1665) declared Francis de Sales "celebrated in doctrine, admirable in sanctity, the remedy and protection of his age against heresies." . . . . Nor differs from this what he said in a letter to the nuns of the Visitation at Annecy (1666), that "his virtue and wisdom widely pervaded the whole Christian world," that he himself considered "his doctrine as quite divine," and had chosen Francis "as the chief guide and master of his life." Clement IX. says that "by his magnificent (*præclarissimis*) works he made a pious armoury for the benefit of souls." Benedict XIV. did not hesitate to declare that his books were written with "science divinely acquired;" he solved difficult questions on his authority, and called him "the most wise director of souls."

We have many testimonies to add to this magnificent tribute of praise; but while we have thought well to give this one authoritative proof of the "*eminens doctrina*," we must now vindicate the "*insignis sanctitas*" of Francis de Sales. This is, of course, abundantly certified to faithful Catholics by the Bull of Canonization; still the attacks of enemies have become so much more fierce as S. Francis's honour and influence have increased, that it becomes necessary to make a distinct defence on certain parts of his life and character. Rightly is holiness required for moral teaching, especially in a writer like S. Francis, whose every word is practical. Even to Our Blessed Lord's teaching it was His life that gave power—"Jesus began to do and to teach." If Francis was not able to carry out his doctrines into practice, if he was either a hypocrite or a fanatic, his works had better perhaps have remained unwritten; they serve only to countenance the calumny, that virtue is a name, or above the powers of man. We have singled out the most recent and perhaps the most virulent of these attacks. It is directed almost entirely and professedly against the Ritualists, who, trying to steer their usual middle course, have deserved the contempt of Catholics by disfiguring the character and truncating the works of the Saint, and still more angered the Low Church party among themselves. To the "lowest" degree of this party the writer of the article we refer to, the Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, seems to belong. In *Macmillan's Magazine* for September, 1878, he brings together, under the title, "Two Sides to a Saint," all that even spite can say, with any pretence to truth, against S. Francis. We suppose that credit must be given him for honesty of purpose; and we notice that he has recently directed his clever and facile pen against that monstrous imposition, the American Bible Society.

But here all praise must stop. His ignorance of the subject on which he writes is only equalled by the unscrupulousness with which he sacrifices truth and charity to support a false and foregone conclusion, sometimes simply to construct a smart sentence. We are quite aware that we have still to justify this statement, but we make it beforehand because the power of this article to mislead has been strongly proved by the fact that two so-called Catholics have already published bitter attacks against the Saint on the authority of this author. Indeed, he writes with a speciousness and easy assurance which might well make even true Catholics uneasy, having, perhaps, only an *à priori* conviction and general impression to oppose to his categorical statements and flowing narrative. For this reason, we begin by begging our readers to dismiss all fear that they may have to lower, by even a hair's breadth, their estimation of the Saint. We undertake, without art, without any tricks of style or appeals to the imagination—such as form the staple of Mr. Bacon's romance, written for the most indolent and superficial class of magazine readers—to overthrow entirely his structure of misrepresentation and calumny. We will use no other materials than those which he triumphantly allows us—S. Francis's own words, and the statements of approved biographers.

His fundamental and irremediable error is the Protestant notion of a Saint. S. Paul speaks of a certain kind of man "who cannot discern what is of the Spirit of God; for it is foolishness to him."\* To such the most correct and most moderate statements are extravagances, and, preconceived, he opens Catholic books merely to find details. All facts have but one meaning. To such men, S. Francis, after the description, whether true or false, of his early piety, remains "a solemn little prig" (p. 385); his zeal for souls is only personal ambition (p. 400); his supernatural discretion, and making himself all to all are only a "practical shrewdness," "a taste and talent for diplomacy of the sort that approaches intrigue," or, in the case of women, "a sort of coquetry;" in a word, his sanctity is only "sanctimony" (pp. 385-6). But Mr. Bacon goes much further than this; and, while professing merely to remove "some rays of the halo which envelopes him," he really presents him as an object of scorn and hatred. He says (p. 388):—"If a document nearly as scandalous as the letter above quoted had been produced in a recent *cause célèbre*, in which the character of one of the most famous of modern preachers was at issue, it would have gone hardly with him before the jury." And (p. 402):—"One tires of seeing this adroit and courtier-like fanatic, with his duplicity and

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\* 1 Cor. ii. 14.

cold-blooded cruelty . . . . recommended . . . . as ‘a model of Christian saintliness.’” And he speaks, on the same page, of “the ferocious and perfidious dragonnades by which he extinguished Christian light and liberty.”

Beginning in this spirit, it is a mere chance where he goes astray; and he would continue to maintain the same thesis even if forced to admit that the particular proofs which he had selected were incorrect. We must content ourselves with appealing to an unprejudiced tribunal, and with exposing the falseness of the definite charges. Our first duty is to settle the authorities. Mr. Bacon refers to S. Francis’s letters, and to the authentic life by Charles Augustus de Sales, nephew of the Saint; and of course we admit all that he can prove from such sources. But his real and chief authors are Gaberel, the Protestant historian of Geneva; and, among Catholics, Marsollier and Loyau d’Amboise. He condemns himself at the outset, before all competent judges, by ignoring the standard life of S. Francis de Sales, by M. Hamon, *curé* of S. Sulpice, which is named at the head of our article. It had reached its sixth edition in 1875, three years before Mr. Bacon wrote, and is entirely founded on original letters and the sworn depositions of eye-witnesses. Mr. Bacon is evidently quite ignorant of the existence of this great work. Our readers must not suppose that we are unable to defend our Saint even by the witnesses Mr. Bacon brings forward himself; but it is not worth while to delay over hearsay evidence or personal opinions when we have suitable eye-witnesses. We need say nothing of the hostile and mendacious Gaberel, because Mr. Bacon, though really following him in every point, professes to rest his case on Catholic authorities. But we must quote M. Hamon’s opinion of these latter, premising that, while S. Francis died in 1622, Marsollier did not write till 1700, after some twelve biographies of the Saint had appeared, and d’Amboise only in 1833. In his “Introduction,” Hamon calls the former “perhaps the most unfaithful of biographers;” and he gives in a note the following justification of this opinion:—

James Marsollier, Canon-Regular of Uzes, persuaded these canons to ask for secularization from the Holy See. The journeys and correspondence about this matter required money, and to get it he wrote the life of the Abbé de Rancé, a life so filled with errors that it is forbidden in all monasteries of La Trappe. We know not whether the same motive guided his pen in the composition of the life of S. Francis; but what we do know is, that instead of consulting the monuments of history he generally consulted his own imagination, as if he had meant to compose a romance. For example, he never quotes but two authors—Augustus de Sales and Cotelandi, designating the latter “anonymous.” The first is



generally quoted wrong. The second, composed in 1687, an historical romance rather than a life of the Bishop of Geneva; and Marsollier boldly copies all his fables.

Hamon proceeds to give a list of thirty of his principal errors, "a list," he says, "which it would be easy to augment." This life was dedicated to Madame de Maintenon, and would seem to be framed to correspond with many of the false ideas of that day. The sweet and simple character of the Saint becomes quite distorted and subtilized, and is buried under *la politique*. The last paragraph of the third book seems to strike the keynote of the work—a note sadly out of harmony with one's idea of a Saint's life, but quite in accord with the views of the age of Louis Quatorze—"When policy is supported by piety it can effect everything. We have just seen an example of it in the conversion of the Chablais. It will be followed by many which will appear in the course of this history."

This man Mr. Bacon calls "the most authoritative of the Saint's biographers." All that Hamon has to say of Loyau d'Amboise is contained in a note to the same "Introduction." We italicise one important passage, reminding our readers that it was written years before Mr. Bacon's article appeared:—

We do not mention the life of S. Francis by Loyau d'Amboise. . . . It is even worse than the work of Marsollier and Cotelandi. . . . From p. 41 to p. 49, he details the loves of S. Francis de Sales and Mdle. de Végy, a *ridiculous story of which he is the first author*. . . . The whole of this life is a phenomenon of eccentricities.

Coming now to the substance of Mr. Bacon's article, we find, as the first proof of a general charge of duplicity, that Francis, having engaged and reciprocated the affections of a young lady, perfidiously abandoned her in order to accept the provostship of Geneva, which he had meanwhile secretly secured. We have just seen the whole authority there is for this "ridiculous story." Marsollier makes him appear a little weak in expressing his determination not to marry on account of respect to his father, but says distinctly that the young Count gave the lady no encouragement whatever, and only incurred his father's reproaches for what appeared his unreasonable coldness. He says also, as for that matter so does d'Amboise, that the provostship was procured by his cousin, entirely without his knowledge, as probably the only means of inducing M. de Boisv\* to consent to his son's giving up the brilliant secular career before him, and accepted most reluctantly by Francis, from the same motive. Far

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\* This was the true name of S. Francis's father. Marsollier always incorrectly calls him M. de Sales.

from desiring it, he positively refused to accept with it the dignity of Senator of Savoy, which was offered to him. This reluctance and refusal were of a piece with his whole life. He was without ambition. The coadjutorship and bishopric of Geneva were simply forced upon him, and he refused such dignities as the Cardinalate and the See of Paris. Francis's state of mind and course of action are fairly epitomized from M. Hamon, in the *Tablet* of March 13, 1880, and exhibit a perfect union of prudence and simplicity in a most difficult position. The telling bit of Mr. Bacon's special-pleading here,—“his mother, with her woman's heart, pleading tenderly for the forsaken girl,” and reproaching her son for his dishonourable conduct, falls particularly flat on those who know that she had almost worshipped her son from his babyhood, four months earlier given her maternal consent to his holy design, and actually prepared the ecclesiastical dress for him against the day of his father's consent.

We may take together the charges of levity and coquetry, and also of duplicity in the Saint's relations with women. Mr. Bacon is good enough to say: “Francis, in very trying circumstances, proved himself as pure as the average of Protestant ministers, and that is high praise.” We thank him for expressing this conclusion, because he would seem to insinuate a very different one. But how can we expect this man to understand the pure, single-minded love of God with which S. Francis joined his soul to that of S. Jane Frances, and trained her for their mutual work for their Master? He loved her, indeed, with both a natural and a supernatural affection, and was not afraid to express either the one or the other, in their proper relations; but the lower was raised and sublimed by the higher, and these two Saints on earth were “as the Angels of God.” So with other women, whose souls he loved, and whom he helped according to their necessities, as being their father, and, as he said, “not the bishop of men only.” If Mr. Bacon would trace out in his life, from youth to age, the history of the precautions he took against even the most distant approaches of sensuality, his three days' fast in each week, his hair-shirt, his temperance, his guard of the senses, his continual watching and incessant prayer;—if he would read, in the early pages of the “*Esprit*,” the strict rules which he laid down for his conduct in necessary intercourse with women, so as to avoid not only temptation, but even the chance of scandal, Mr. Bacon would not have dared to make his contemptible remarks. On two occasions, indeed, he was placed suddenly in the fieriest heat of temptation; but it will be seen at once, from the accounts either in Hamon or Marsollier, that these were quite unavoidable, and became for him the very triumphs of chastity. Mr. Bacon censures the Saint for addressing a young

lady as "dearest girl of my heart." The original is, "*ma très-chère fille de mon cœur*," and the dishonesty is the greater here because he professes to quote the Ritualistic translation, which is, correctly enough, "Very dear child of my heart." As the *Tablet* says (*ib.*), "We fail to see any impropriety in these words of a venerable bishop of fifty-one to his spiritual daughter. As to the "clandestine correspondence" with S. Jane Frances, here is the case. She had had a well-meaning, but very indiscreet director, who had made her promise, intending to prevent scruples and anxiety, to manifest her conscience to no one but himself. Such a promise could not bind her, when producing, as it did, a far greater disquiet. This was the subject of a confidential letter. It was necessary to observe absolute secrecy, and it was quite justifiable so to tone the letter which the Confessor expected to see, as not to let him think it was written with design. "Still," continues the Saint, in a passage which Mr. Bacon is careful to suppress—"still I have written it with all truth and sincerity, and I should always do so, but not with so much liberty as this."

We now take those charges of treachery, violence, cruelty, and seduction, in the conversion of the Chablais, which form the substance, and by far the largest part, of Mr. Bacon's invective. Naturally S. Francis's chief glory produces the fiercest attacks. We will devote to this question the rest of our paper.

The Mission of S. Francis in the Chablais is faithfully and fully described by Hamon. When we consider the completeness, and rapidity, and stability of its success, its almost insurmountable obstacles, the magnificent display of Apostolic virtue, which, without miracles, and without external pressure, subdued the bitterest hostility and most inveterate prejudice, we can scarcely be wrong in calling it the greatest event of its kind in the annals of the Church since the days of the Apostles. It lasted four years, beginning on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross September 14th, 1594 ; but to understand the state of things at this date, we must go back to 1536.

In that year, the Bernese, taking advantage of a rupture between France and Savoy, treacherously, and without declaring war, entered the territory of the latter power, occupying Gex, and that part of the province of the Chablais which lies on the west of the river Drance, divided into the bailiwicks of Thonon, Ternier, and Gaillard. Of these, Thonon, containing the town of the same name, the capital of the Chablais, was by much the most populous and important, and was the chief scene of S. Francis's personal labours, though the whole district came under his influence.

During a few weeks the usurpers allowed the exercise of the

Catholic religion ; but after a great tumult in Thonon, excited by the determined opposition of the people to the sermons of the heretical ministers, they strictly forbade it, drove out the priests and religious, sold or demolished nearly all the churches, broke the crosses, and bells, and images—in a word, committed all the excesses usual with the self-styled reformers, such as had been committed in Geneva by the Bernese in the year before. In 1564 Savoy recovered power and prestige by the victories of Emmanuel-Philibert, and succeeded in peacefully regaining possession of Thonon and Ternier, on condition of maintaining the Protestant religion there. This condition was faithfully observed for twenty-five years. But in 1589, the city of Geneva, now grown powerful, joined with the Bernese to take advantage again of the troubles of Savoy, and re-occupied the two bailiwicks. They were quickly driven out by Charles-Emmanuel, son of the last-named duke, who thus recovered his ancestral dominions, freed from the condition of maintaining the Protestant religion, not only by the perfidy of the other party to the contract, but also by a formal treaty. This was the treaty of Nyon, concluded the same year, 1589, not with Geneva, which he did not recognize at all, but with the Bernese, in which it was stipulated that the Catholic religion should be free everywhere, while Calvinism should be tolerated only in three places, of which it was expressly stipulated (*Article 4*)\* that Thonon should not be one. We are not aware whether the treaty of 1564 was also signed at Nyon, but this one of 1589, of quite a different nature, is the treaty of Nyon, which both the Bernese and S. Francis refer to on various occasions. Even, however, had they been of the same tenor, it would not affect the real state of the case. The treaty of 1589 was scarcely dry when the Calvinists, excited by France, invaded the Chablais again, and a desultory war ensued, lasting till 1593, ruining the miserable country, but ending with this advantage that by the articles of a *truce* (Oct. 1593) the duke received unconditional possession of the districts of Thonon and Ternir, not renouncing his right to Gaillard, which he soon afterwards gained, or Gex, which ultimately came into the possession of France. Under this *truce* S. Francis was sent, as will be amply proved from the quotations we are about to make. And we have S. Francis's express statement, in his letter to Clement VIII. (*Lettres*, i. 49) :—

Charles-Emmanuel, in the very instant of the beginning of the truce, the state of things being hardly settled (*rebus vix stantibus*), feeling himself delivered from the unjust condition, immediately asks the bishop, my predecessor, to send preachers.

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\* See "Opuscules," p. 88, and "Lettres Inédites," No. 43, note.

We see, then, the worthlessness of Mr. Bacon's statement, that in 1594 the treaty of Nyon, which he ignorantly confounds with the treaty of 1564, was "reaffirmed." And with this we dismiss the accusation of "perfidious disregard of treaties."

We may imagine, then, the state of this country in the year 1594. Its old religion had been destroyed, and a new religion violently substituted in the generation previous. The old was only known through the false statements of the ministers, and was looked on with fear and dislike. Its ruined monuments remained, signs of its weakness and of the triumph of the new doctrines, a poor omen of S. Francis's success. During the five years, between 1589 and 1594, it had changed its profession of faith according to the changes of the war, until religion had become little more than a name. In a letter to the Nuncio at Turin (*Ib.* 24), S. Francis says:—

On the re-occupation by the duke of his ancient patrimony, many of the inhabitants, moved rather by the noise of bombs and arquebuses than by preaching, returned into the bosom of the Holy Roman Church; these provinces, having then been infested with the incursions of the Genevese and French, returned to their slough.

He thus describes the state of the country:—(*Ib.* 49.)

When we entered those bailiwicks, sad indeed did everything appear. For we saw sixty-five parishes, in which, except the officials of the duke, there were not, among so many thousands of persons (*cæ tot millibus*), one hundred Catholics. The churches, partly stripped, partly in ruins; nowhere the sign of the cross, nowhere altars; and everywhere all vestiges of the ancient and true faith destroyed; everywhere ministers, *i.e.*, teachers, of heresy.

At the end of four years the whole country was Catholic, the parishes organized, churches being restored, and scarcely one hundred Calvinists remained. The Catholic and true explanation of this stupendous change is, that the power of Christ's Church, as exhibited in and by her saintly minister, triumphed over error and sin. Mr. Bacon's explanation is summed up in the word, *persecution*. We will take his division of S. Francis's mission into two nearly equal periods. Only in the latter does he assert the use of actual violence; but he ingeniously prepares the way, by proving, as he pretends, the utter failure of all legitimate means of conversion, in spite of every advantage, during the first two years. His account of these offers the following outline. He starts with the assumption that as an envoy of the duke, Francis was aided in his work by a "prodigious combination of influences." He was "flush of money and resources of every kind, backed by the treasury and army of Savoy, and perhaps the best protected man in Europe." Similarly, conversion would be attended by

“vast worldly advantages.” Therefore the refusal of the people during the first two years to declare themselves Catholics, was because they were “so heartily attached to their faith.” And he puts out of court, as preposterous, all statements of suffering or perils incurred by S. Francis.

We begin by exposing the utter hollowness of the assumption on which this account rests. The duke, indeed, sent Francis, and gave him letters to the municipal authorities of Thonon, and to the governor of the fortress of Allinges, three or four miles from that town. But then he seemed to forget his existence during these two years, while the governor was able to do nothing more than ensure him a safe night’s lodging. The cause of this strange supineness was the wars and complicated State affairs in which Savoy was at this time engaged. These belong to the general history of the time ; we are concerned with the effect, or fact, which is amply proved from the letters which Mr. Bacon is good enough to let us put in.

I speak, then, now, says the Saint (*Let.* 49), of what I have seen, and of what, so to speak, my hands have touched, so that I should be beyond shame if I lied ; most silly if I were ignorant of anything.

In a letter to Blessed Canisius, of April, 1596—*i.e.*, a year and a half after the mission began—S. Francis says (*Let. Inéd.* 29) :\*—

Although the affair was begun by his authority, he gives no heed to it, being embarrassed by other things.

In a letter of President Favre’s, of about the same date, we read (*Let.* 12) :—

I learn every day of your victories, which grow greater and greater. But it is a sad thing of which you so justly complain, that an affair of such importance is treated so coldly by those who ought to favour it . . . . in these times, too, in which a truce of so many months should be giving good hopes.

In a letter of S. Francis to the duke, of September, 1596, he says (*Let.* 32) :—

This is the second year we preach here at Thonon without much fruit, both because the inhabitants will not believe that we have been preaching by your highness’s orders, only seeing us supported from day to day, &c. . . . Even the expenses incurred up to this are not yet paid.

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\* In Blaise’s edition of the “*Œuvres*,” there are five volumes of “*Lettres*” and two volumes of “*Lettres Inédites*.” Mr. Bacon seems to be quite ignorant of the existence of the latter, though they have been published fifty years, and form the complement of the other letters.

And in a *mémoire*, attached to this letter, he says:—

Their highnesses commanded that means of support should be provided. This not having been done, the inhabitants will not believe that we are here by their will.

And a few weeks later he declares (*Opuscles*, p. 75):—"I have already employed twenty-seven months in this miserable country *at my own expense*." Mr. Bacon actually quotes this sentence, leaving out the words italicised. We must remind our readers that M. de Boisy positively refused to help his son, in order, if possible, to force him to renounce so dangerous and hopeless an undertaking. The Saint subsisted entirely on the little means his mother was able secretly to send him.

But not only was the Duke, in his distant Court of Turin, unable to help the mission, but there was a strong and desperate party on the other side. The little country was entirely open to those of Berne and Geneva who were willing to strain every nerve to support their political and religious aims, and who had, as we have seen, proved their power. The Chablais was overrun with their emissaries and ministers, and the Duke's influence, as yet, had no force among the people compared with theirs. It would not be to Mr. Bacon's purpose to mention, and he probably did not know it, that S. Francis was not the first preacher sent into the Chablais at this time. A few months before him a M. Bouchut had gone to Thonon, but had fled on the destruction of the Château by the townsfolk and the Genevese. Even this insult the Duke could not attempt to avenge till nearly five years later. But if his credit was not great enough to save his own fortress, and he had not leisure to punish such an outrage, what could he be expected to do for his envoy? Still more direct proof is afforded us by the letters of this period. S. Francis says to Pope Clement VIII. (*Let.* 49):—

The Bernese, Genevese, and such like children of perdition, by their emissaries, deterred the people from hearing our sermons, declaring that the truce was but a truce; peace not made, that presently Duke and priests should be expelled by force of arms, and heresy flourish again.

Again, and more distinctly, (*Let.* 5):—

The obstinacy of this people is so great that it has been forbidden by public ordinance to come to Catholic sermons; and when we hoped some would come . . . we have found that all have resolved the same, with mutual exhortations; and they make this excuse for their crime, that if it was known they leaned ever so little towards the Catholic religion, they would be maltreated by the Bernese and Genevese among whom they live, not only as Catholics, but also as apostates; and therefore we cannot expect

them till peace is absolutely made. . . . It is, then, not enough that we take from them heresy, we must first take away love of this world.

This, indeed, is the real clue to the difficulty of converting these people. We do not maintain that they had any attachment to the Catholic religion ; indeed, as known to them by the false representations of their ministers, it would be a just object of abhorrence ; on the other hand, they had no attachment to Calvinism ; they were far more anxious about this world than about the next, and therefore, as we shall show, while S. Francis, a little later, got them to see the doctrine's truth, he could not get them to embrace it till they were secure.

Mr. Bacon talks of the liberty of conscience guaranteed by treaties. It is a mere figment under such conditions as these, when the one party could not, and the other would not, carry it out. It supposes, at the least, security for life and property under either of the tolerated religions ; and such protection of the State as is given to secure this is no interference with liberty, but simply the weight necessary to keep the balance true. But at present even such protection was absent, and we shall see further proof of this as we proceed. The accusation, then, of Catholic proselytism resolves itself into the fact of Protestant tyranny. We are now in a position to bring forward the statements of Catholic biographers—statements which Mr. Bacon ridicules, but against which he has no better argument to show than the hypothesis we have just exploded. The real history of these first two years, instead of being a record of failure in spite of every advantage, is one of success in face of every obstacle. Indeed, the history, especially of the first few months, is little but an account of these obstacles ; the “ sewing in tears to reap in joy.” When we give no other authority, our reference will be to M. Hamon. This subject occupies his Third Book.

During the first ten months—*i.e.*, till July, 1595—S. Francis accepted the hospitality of the Governor of Allinges, going out daily to preach and instruct in Thonon or elsewhere. Mr. Bacon sneers at the pleasant daily walk into the town, as if this were represented by Catholic writers as an heroic work. For that matter, S. Francis went to reside in Thonon after ten months. It is not in this that they magnify his fortitude, but in his long excursions into the country wilds, preaching three or four times a day. These apostolic journeyings Mr. Bacon ignores, though he contradicts himself elsewhere by asserting that “ in the country villages they refused not only to hear him, but even so much as to give him a lodging on payment.” It is on authentic record that he could not even buy bread, that on one occasion he and his cousin only saved themselves from being frozen to death by taking



refuge for the night in the village bakehouse. On December 12, 1594, benighted in a wood frequented during the deep snow by packs of wolves, he had to tie himself to the higher branches of a tree, and was found by some peasants next morning utterly benumbed and almost dead. Many a night he passed in the ruins of a church, or under the eaves of the inhospitable houses. His devotion caused him labours which his preachings did not indeed directly require, but which were no doubt one of the great causes of success in preaching, not only by drawing down the divine blessing, but also by the example of his piety and self-sacrifice. The weary journey to Allinges, after the labours of a day in Thonon or in the country, was simply to say his daily Mass, which he never omitted. And after he took up his residence in Thonon, he would every day cross the Drance into the Catholic part of the Chablais for the same purpose, in the winter (of 1595-6) over a frozen and slippery plank, at the risk of his life. In the winter, too, these pious journeys were often traced in blood, on account of severe chilblains, from which he suffered, and which his indefatigable activity never allowed to heal. Whatever Mr. Bacon may pretend, the winters of the Chablais are very rigorous; that of 1694-5 was exceptionally severe. And the summer furnished opportunities of heroic example equally effective. We read of a nobleman, named Bouvier, whose conversion, years later, sprang from having seen the Apostle preaching to the peasants in the open air, with head uncovered, under the burning sun of the Chablais. But any difficulty in his work coming from personal hardships, was of no importance compared with that which was caused by the action of the ministers. His character was decried; he was proclaimed everywhere as impious, a spy, and a sorcerer. He says, (*Let.* 6) :—"Our heads are threatened by so many evils (clades), that there seems no hope of advancing piety here." Not only his doctrine, but his person also was represented as a fit object of aversion, and even of attack. The people were instructed to flee his conversation as a pestilence, and there can be no doubt that his life was frequently attempted. According to the principles of the more consistent Calvinists, it was lawful even for private individuals to take the life of such a servant of Satan as Francis was represented to be. A Protestant deposed on oath, after his conversion, that on the 8th January, 1595, he thrice posted himself on S. Francis's route, from Thonon to Allinges, and thrice drew trigger upon him, but each time the gun missed fire. Afterwards, he several times placed assassins in his path, but the Saint escaped them in ways which seemed miraculous. On the 1st July, 1595, he was attacked on Mount Voiron, while attempting to re-establish a shrine there of our Lady, by the infuriated country-people, and barely escaped with his life.

On the 18th of the same month, he and his faithful attendant, George Roland, were attacked by two assassins on their way to Allinges, but he disarmed them by his majesty and intrepidity. A few days later, when he first began to sleep in Thonon, several men broke into the house with the intention of taking his life; but though he was really there, God did not allow them to discover him. As late as Ash-Wednesday, 1597, the observance of the ceremony of that day provoked a tumult in Thonon, which nearly cost him his life. Mr. Bacon's assertion that the Saint makes no reference to these attacks would, if true, only prove his courage and his humility; but, as a fact, we find a distinct reference to one of them. He is reassuring his father, after a terrific account given by Roland of the affair of the 18th July (*Let. Inéd.* 28) :—

If Roland were your son, as he is but your valet, he would not have grown cowardly for such a little skirmish as this, and would not make out of it the report of a great battle. *The evil will of our adversaries cannot be doubted*; but you are wronged by anyone who doubts our courage.

Besides these, there remained the great and fundamental obstacle. "Faith is by hearing." Fear and prejudice prevented the people from listening to him. And, as he says (*Let.* 8, November, 1595) :—

Private obstinacy was not enough. . . . In public council the chief inhabitants of Thonon\* have sworn together never to go to the Catholic preaching. . . . This happened the day before yesterday in the town hall.

But the Apostle was not daunted by such dangers or difficulties. In the same letter he says :—

I think I see what they want . . . to *compel* us, having lost hope of doing anything, to go away. But we otherwise (*atqui nos contra*) : as long as the articles of the truce and authority of superiors allow, we shall keep on . . . entreating, rebuking, exhorting, in all patience and doctrine. And not only must sermons be preached, but *sacrifices must be offered*, if we are to succeed in this combat, that the devil may find he helps, rather than injures us, by these arts.

Finding it impossible to get a hearing for his spoken word, he began, in January, 1595, the writing and distribution of small tracts on the Catholic doctrine. Mr. Bacon insinuates that he adapted his teaching to the circumstances, and dishonestly concealed the true nature of Catholic doctrine. This is a fair specimen of the method, and at the same time of the utter worthlessness, of his argument. He calls the proceeding "characteristic of the

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\* Under the direction of the ministers, as appears from the rest of the letter.

man," asserts "that it was charged against him by his own brethren that he was not honest in the matter," and implies that the book had afterwards been suppressed. Thus he seems to make out a strong cumulative argument. The tenor of our article must furnish an answer to the first point. All that there is of truth in the second is, that *three years later* some of S. Francis's fellow-workers made a complaint to the Bishop about the mildness of his manner with heretics. The good fathers, who feared to encourage them in their delusions, and who had not reached that height of supernatural charity which is also the highest truth, complained that "he forgot himself so far as to call the heretics his brothers." (Hamon, i. 286.) Will Mr. Bacon take exception to this? As to the book "that would have settled the question," but "completely and mysteriously disappeared from the face of the earth," will it be believed that the mere remains of it form, under the name of "Controversies," one of the largest volumes of the very edition of the Saint's works which Mr. Bacon is using? If S. Francis had been preaching before the Pope and Cardinals, he could not have put Catholic truth more fully or uncompromisingly. We quote a short passage given in the *processus* from the autograph, discovered, during the Vatican Council, among the Chigi MSS. :—

The Church cannot always be joined in general council. . . . In the difficulties, then, which occur daily, to whom can we better address ourselves . . . than to the head of all? . . . Now all this was so, not only in the case of S. Peter, but also of his successors, for the cause remaining, the effect remains. The Church has always need of an *infallible* confirmer, to whom it can turn; of a foundation which the gates of hell, and particularly error, cannot overthrow; and that its shepherd should not be able to guide his children into error.

We shall give directly another strong proof of S. Francis's outright preaching of this great doctrine; and we suppose even Mr. Bacon will admit that, if he preached this, there was little use in softening down anything else. We hope our readers will pardon us for adopting our statement of facts to Mr. Bacon's *ad captandum* and discursive narrative.

We now resume our brief history of the events of the first two years. Gradually these writings, with the spectacle of his heroic virtues, and the reports of his eloquence, made by the Catholics who heard him daily, began to produce an effect; and the entire conversion, early in 1595, to a Christian life, of the Catholic garrison at Allinges, by his sermons and example, naturally produced an excellent impression. We find him, after nine months, telling the President Favre (*Let.* v.) that, in spite of their hostility :—

Still in private conversations the ministers have confessed that we drew good conclusions from the Holy Scriptures about the mystery of the most august Sacrament of the Altar, and all the rest would confess the same, but for this immoderate worldly fear.

We learn the conversion of the Duke's chief judicial officer, or procurator, in Thonon (before the end of 1595), from the well-known history, recounted, with an exquisite modesty, by the Saint himself. (*Esprit*, ii. 27.) In many ways it bears out what we have been saying :—

One Sunday, when the weather was very bad, there were but seven persons in the church ; wherefore some one told me it was not worth while to preach. I answered that . . . provided somebody was edified, it was enough. So I mounted the pulpit, and I remember that my sermon was on prayer to the saints. I was treating this subject very simply . . . when one of the audience began to weep bitterly, and even to sob and groan out loud. I thought he was ill, and invited him not to constrain himself too much, telling him we were ready to cease speaking, and to help him, if necessary. He answered that his body was well, and begged me to continue, because I was dressing the right sore. The sermon, which was very short, being finished, he came and threw himself at my feet, crying out, “Reverend Provost, you have saved my soul to-day. Blessed be this hour, which is worth an eternity to me!” And then he told me that having conferred with some ministers on the subject of prayer to the saints, which they had represented as a horrible idolatry, he had fixed the next Thursday for again abjuring Catholicism, but that he had learnt the truth from the sermon he had just heard.

He continued in words which S. Francis does not give, but which we learn from Charles-Auguste :—“I came into the church, and finding only a few poor peasants there, I said to myself, ‘If the Provost only preaches for God he will give his instruction all the same ; if he preaches for his own glory, he will despise such a small audience. He will not preach, and I shall know that he is but a charlatan and a preacher of lies.’” The Saint concludes his anecdote with these words, to which we call particular attention :—

I cannot tell you the impression which this great example, given among so few people, made in the whole country, and how it made hearts docile to us, and susceptible of the Word of life. I could tell you similar cases, and even more remarkable.

This was the sort of thing which converted the Chablais. To second this movement, the Provost went through the towns and hamlets, preaching thrice or four times a-day, and giving most of the nights to confessions and preparing his instructions. Such zealous labour was indeed almost too much for the weak body, but it is not hard to believe that it bore a great fruit, espe-

cially in lessening the prejudices against him ; and early in 1596 he was able to preach with safety in the market-place of Thonon, being heard by many. In the Lent of this year he writes (*Let.* 13) :—

A wider and more consoling field opens . . . . but a little and M. d'Avully and the syndics would have come to hear me . . . . on the Blessed Eucharist . . . . but not daring publicly, on account of their oath, they heard me from a secret place, if my weak voice was able to reach them.

M. d'Avully was the great bulwark of Calvinism in those parts ; a man of high birth, position, and character. His opinion of his Ministers was greatly shaken by their unwillingness to meet S. Francis. He soon discovered that this proceeded from their inability to answer him, and after a most complete and searching examination of his teaching, he gave in his submission to the Church which sent him. This was on the 4th October, 1596,\* a day which S. Francis always kept with special commemoration, looking on this conversion as the beginning of the death-blow to Calvinism in the Chablais. Previously had been converted a famous lawyer, named Poncet, and a certain number of others. We have no wish to magnify the number of actual conversions up to this date. We are not looking for heroism from the majority of these people. Yet little less was required from those who at this time were converted. We have already seen what to think of Mr. Bacon's "vast worldly advantages." The poorer sort were actually obliged to leave the country to find the means of livelihood. Poncet's friends renounced him, and gave out that he was possessed by the devils. He had hesitated for a long time, knowing that he would lose his business, his friends, and his property (*Let. Inéd.*, 39, 40). The very fewness of the conversions is itself an argument against Mr. Bacon. It is not in human nature to resist such attractions as he pretends to have been set forth. For our part, we do not assert that the country *professed* itself Catholic in the face of every contradiction. We maintain, indeed, that the real cause of conversion was the grace and truth of the Church ; but we also admit that before this cause could act universally, it was necessary to remove those obstacles of fear and self-interest which have been indicated.

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\* Shortly afterwards (Mr. Bacon wrongly says, previously) he was present at a conference between S. Francis and the Minister, La Faye. He admits that the report of this discussion has not been preserved, but presents us, from Gaberel, with the account of a similar one later. Any one acquainted with the style of the Saint will see at once that it is the fabrication of an adversary. Replying, *ad hominem*, we need only point to the effect on M. d'Avully, as the best testimony we possess of the real facts.

The actual state of the case was this. At the end of the second year's preaching all was beginning to ripen towards the harvest; there was in some cases actual conviction, in others a strong and growing impression that the Catholic was the true faith; whilst nearly all were friendly to the saint, and prepared to listen to him. Catholicism no longer meant superstition. But there was not detachment enough in many cases to give up all that made life dear. The actual profession of the Catholic faith still meant the risk of earthly ruin. Two letters of S. Francis make still clearer the actual position of affairs. The first was written a considerable time earlier, and thus furnishes an *à fortiori* argument. He says (*Let.* 9) :—

One party does not wish to hear; the other excuse themselves on the risk they would run if the truce were broken, had they made the smallest show of approval of the Catholic reasons; which fear so holds them that they fly all they can our very conversation. There are some quite persuaded of the faith, but we cannot draw them to the confession of it during the uncertainty of the event of this truce.

A still more decisive passage occurs in a letter (*Let. Inéd.* 35) to the Duke, of this very date, which forms a suitable conclusion to our account of the first part of the mission :—

Sire, the disposition in which I now see the people of the Chablais is such, that if in the execution of your highness's holy intention, the churches at Thonon, and some other places, were restored, I hesitate not to say that in a few months almost the whole of this country would be converted. Since in the town so many are so well disposed, and the rest so uneasy in their consciences, that if the occasion offer, they will infallibly take the direction your highness wishes. And as for the rest of the country, there have already come separately ten or twelve parishes to ask for the exercise of the Catholic religion, so that the time is come to see God praised, and the zeal of your highness effective.

We arrive now at the second two years of the mission. Mr. Bacon having prepared the way by his supposed proof of utter failure up to this point, in spite of every advantage, on account of the attachment of these people to their faith, delivers his chief attack on S. Francis. He dares to explain the undeniable fact of the complete conversion of the Chablais, by saying that, other means failing, S. Francis had "unscrupulous resort to violence." This, we say, is his chief attack; but we have prepared our main answer to it in our treatment of his introductory charges. Our object has been not only to bring forward the truth about these, but at the same time to show that there is no need of any further cause to explain the course of subsequent events. The internal change had already taken place. What need was there to force

or bribe the people to do what they were willing and anxious to do? Instead of having, as Mr. Bacon pretends, to account for a complete and absolute change, we have simply to show the same causes producing their natural and final effect under propitious conditions.

But as we have undertaken to give a definite answer to the different heads of accusation, and as Mr. Bacon has expended on this portion of his article all the resources of his rhetoric, we will follow him step by step. His "causes" of the conversion of the Chablais may be summed up in three: severe edicts of the duke, procured by Francis; the actual use of a regiment of soldiers to force the profession of Catholicism on the people; the supreme pressure of the State, forcing them to choose between Catholicism and expatriation. We can take minor charges with these.

And first, as to the severe edicts. It is true that at the end of the second year's preaching, the Duke began to awaken to the actual position of affairs, sent for Francis to Turin, and asked him what might be done to further the conversion of the country. The measures he proposed were chiefly the restoring of the Mass, sending more preachers, and spreading Catholic worship. There is, indeed, a *mémoire* of S. Francis, which Hamon places in October, 1598, but which would seem to have been *presented* now, in which some stronger measures are proposed, as suitable to be adopted, "*après quelque temps*." But in any case this is not the place to take it, because, whether presented or not, it was not acted upon till the date M. Hamon fixes, when the country was practically converted; and we will examine it without blinking when we come to that time. We will only say here that its chief aim was the observance of the treaty of Nyon (1589), as to having no exercise of Protestantism in Thonon. As to Mr. Bacon's main point, that he proposed "to scatter terror through the country by wholesome edicts," this is a mere invention of the anonymous author he refers to. There is no sign of it, or of anything approaching to it, in any document, and instead of furthering, it would have injured the Catholic cause. Yet this he underlines, and puts forward as representing the spirit of all the measures proposed; he returns to it again and again, and colours his whole narrative with it. But, at last, the question is not what was *proposed*, but what was *done*. All that S. Francis really obtained was an assurance of the Duke's good-will, a promise of support for more missionaries, and, what he wanted most of all, permission to say Mass in the church of S. Hippolyte, which had already been given to the Catholics to preach in. Mr. Bacon pretends that he carried out this permission in a way which took the magistrates quite by surprise, and was calculated to "scatter terror;" but it was really

done in a perfectly open manner. Marsollier says he "hastened" to present his letters of authorization to the magistrates, and his intention was known all over the town. The first Mass was celebrated on Christmas Day, 1596, and thenceforward it was offered daily, and on great feasts solemnly, in Thonon. We cannot exaggerate the importance of this. We do not expect Mr. Bacon to appreciate the supernatural power of the Holy Sacrifice; but while he can scarcely call it violent persecution to perform the Catholic service, he would see, if he understood the dislike and fear with which it had formerly been regarded, that no stronger proof could have been given of the strengthening of the Catholic feeling in the Chablais, than the public celebration of Mass in the capital. About February of this year, M. Favre, President of the Senate of Savoy, went to live in the neighbourhood. He conversed with the people and impressed them more by the example which in his exalted position he gave of a Christian life, than by any words he could have used. He came partly at the request of S. Francis, and of course Mr. Bacon entirely misrepresents his visit. He places it as early as 1595,\* pretends that M. Favre "scattered terror" in order to get the people to come to the Mass of Christmas Day, 1596, and says that his visit was in consequence of a request to the Duke from S. Francis, to send him as a Commissioner to compel the people to attend his preaching. Saint Francis really asks (*Let. Inéd.* 32):—

That a senator might come, and call the citizens together, and in his magistrate's dress invite them to listen to, hear, sound, and nearly consider the reasons which the preachers propose on behalf of the Catholic Church, from which they had been torn without reason by the violence of the Bernese.

This saying Mass and visit of M. Favre (who called no assembly, and did not appear in his official dress), with an increase in the number of priests, as the process of conversion advanced, were literally *all* that was done at this time beyond what had been done in the first two years. The rest was the same; summarized in the word *preaching*, but preaching in its noblest sense, by example and by word, the preaching of a saint. "By preaching," said S. Francis (*Esprit*, iii. 5), "this heresy is maintained, and it will only be destroyed by holy preaching." Words deeply to be laid to heart by all who are striving to bring back a nation to the faith. But now preaching was *heard*, now the sacrifice of the Mass gave efficacy to it, and now the stability of the work began to be secured by organization and the appointment of settled pastors.

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\* He is misled by the mistaken date at the head of the letter. But if he had taken the pains to read it, he would see that it was a considerable time after the conversion of M. d'Avully, Oct. 4, 1596.



As Saint Francis had said that many parishes were anxious to profess the Catholic religion, so now, with some security of the Duke's protection, they began. Three were organized early in this year, 1597. The ceremony of Ash-Wednesday, while it gave great offence, and nearly led to S. Francis's martyrdom, was a means of more strongly confirming the idea of sacramental grace. Immediately after this a great victory of S. Francis over Viret, the Calvinist minister of Thonon, on the question of the perpetual virginity of Mary—a point generally admitted by the so-called Reform—with the minister's dishonest conduct on the occasion, led to the conversion of Fournier, the first syndic of Thonon, and many of the chief citizens. These wrote a letter to the Holy Father (*Let.* 23), in the name of the town; and we commend it to the attention of Mr. Bacon as another proof that S. Francis neither made nor had made any disguise of Catholic doctrine, as his observance of the ceremony of Ash-Wednesday shows that he made no disguise of Catholic practice:—

We know with what love you cherish us, but a little while ago your wandering sheep, now come back to the fold. This is certainly beyond doubt, which from the very beginning (*statim ad initio*), we have heard on the part of those who have brought us forth into the Gospel of Christ, viz., that there is on earth one Supreme Pastor, to whom Christ has so absolutely, so universally (*tam indistincte*), committed His sheep, that He clearly did not speak of some, but assigned all, and who, besides His daily instance, has the solicitude of all the churches. For we acknowledge in your Beatitude the supremacy (*principatus*) of the Apostolic priesthood, and a zeal corresponding to such an exalted station.

The Lent of this year brings us to the second of Mr. Bacon's proofs of violence; the one on which he lays the greatest stress, and makes the strongest appeals to the imagination of his readers. We will give his own words, to show the bitterness of his *animus*. After stating, quite incorrectly, that from the time of the Saint's visit to Turin, he was helped by a great force of priests, he continues:—

But our Apostle had lost faith in such methods of evangelization, and looked for something more effective. Of any ordinary force there was no lack already in the Garrison of the Allinges, and other military posts which were under his orders, and which held the wretched country in complete subjection. But there was need of something "to scatter terror;" and our saint knew of just the instrument for the purpose, if only he could lay his hand upon it. The "Martinengo regiment" was a name that had only to be whispered in all that region to make the blood run cold with horror. It was a regiment of Spanish mercenaries, that had been trained in the American wars to an exquisite delight and ingenuity in human torture.

Mr. Bacon entertains his readers with an account of the horrors which they were said to have practiced *elsewhere*, which we content ourselves with simply denying, till some better authority is given for them than the word of Mr. Bacon or Gaberel.

Evidently the Martinengo regiment was exactly what Francis needed for his Apostolic work. What he wanted was not soldiers, but those particular soldiers. . . . At the Apostle's request this horde of devils was billeted on the towns and villages of the Chablais. . . . From this point the work of conversion was simple, straightforward, and rapid. The new missionaries showed great devotion to their work of confiscation and banishment.

As Mr. Bacon professes to make a new departure in the estimation of S. Francis, our readers must excuse us for answering seriously this extravagant calumny. It will now be no surprise to hear that S. Francis had nothing whatever to do with the coming of these soldiers. Mr. Bacon does not even produce a fragment of authority for saying that he had. Marsollier tells us that the people were astonished at their coming, and does not say a word to imply that S. Francis's surprise was less than theirs. He was absent from Thonon at the time. On his return, Marsollier says that the officers of the regiment waited on him to offer their services ; but Mr. Bacon is careful to suppress the concluding words. " S. Francis only used their deference to make them live in order, and to be as little burden as possible to the inhabitants." We hear no more of them, except (and here we may thank Mr. Bacon for his description of their previous crimes) that S. Francis converted them all to a practical Christian life, so that they did, indeed, by their good example, help his missionary work. Their arrival was quite independent of his mission. It was part of a general plan for getting the Chablais gradually again in hand. It was the placing of a garrison at Thonon, such as had already been at Allinges. Far from attempting to use such means for religious ends, S. Francis was particularly cautioned to be extremely careful in carrying out his own mission. At this very date M. Favre tells him (*Let. Inéd.* 47) :—

The President of the Council wishes you to continue to say Mass in S. Hyppolyte, but he does not think it good that you should have an altar\* carried into the church . . . so as not to give occasion to any new disturbance in a time so critical as this.

And again (*Let. Inéd.* 46) :—

While we all approve what you have hitherto done, for the rest we all agree that you must go no further without the express order

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\* In place of a wooden one hastily patched up for the Mass of Christmas Day, 1596.

of the Duke, so as not to constrain him to come to the violent remedies which would be necessary if these gentlemen committed some insolence in the form of contempt or rebellion.

Considerably later the Bernese threatened to make war on the Duke unless the Capuchin preachers, men rather bolder in their expressions and method than the prudent and gentle Saint, were commanded to desist from preaching. As to S. Francis's own principles, it would be enough to appeal to his general character ; but, fortunately, we have several distinct instances of his opinions and practice in such matters. The first, when the Governor of Allinges, after the attempt upon his life which we have mentioned above, begged him to accept an escort of soldiers. He replied :—

St. Paul and the Apostles did not employ soldiers. They used only the sword of the Divine Word . . . Luther and Calvin, on the contrary, spread their heresy by sword and fire, by force of temporal power. This is a reason for me not to act so . . . Suffering and trust in God are of more avail than a legion of soldiers.

And we have an instance still more to the point, when there was question of some troops passing through Thonon, in 1598. Francis writes to the commandant (*Let. Inéd.* 57): “We beseech your eminence, with all the humility possible, and conjure you by the bowels of Christ and the blood He has shed for souls . . . that you would deign to take another route.” . . . And yet we are asked to believe that, in complete violation of his principles, and with a fiendish hypocrisy, he set murderers to preach the gospel of peace. We are asked to believe that while the authorities were afraid of provoking a revolution by sending a new altar into a Catholic church in which Mass was already said, they did not hesitate to set hell-hounds loose upon the people. And we are told that the Bernese, who would not tolerate the preaching of an earnest Catholic friar, stood patiently looking on while their co-religionists were outraged and massacred.

We may now resume our outline of the actual course of events, not thinking it necessary to delay to answer in detail Mr. Bacon's accusation of the use of bribery and seduction. What he calls by these names was merely the charitable help necessary to keep from starvation the victims of Mr. Bacon's upholders of liberty of conscience. This help soon ceased, because, as the country became more Catholic, the need of it ceased.

The bringing of the Martinengo regiment to a holy life, which was attended with many striking circumstances, produced a great effect in the country. Conversions multiplied rapidly, and the organization of parishes continued *pari passu*. Shortly

after those we have mentioned, came twelve others, and parish priests began to be appointed, each at first serving several parishes. Catholic services and preaching were to be found in many places; a few zealous men joined the Saint in preaching about the country. These were supported, not "with salaries that had been pledged to the exiled Protestant pastors," but by private liberality, and by such ecclesiastical revenues of the Chablais as had been saved from the Calvinists and given in trust to the Knights of SS. Maurice and Lazarus. The ministers, who were never once interfered with by Francis or the State, convinced that the Duke was in earnest, and seeing their cause was hopeless, retired of themselves, and the field was left open to Catholic influences. It would have been impossible for S. Francis to do all the work that was now required, and he gladly attributed the marvellous success to others; but the chief glory of these, as of the earlier days, belongs to him. It was still his virtues and his preaching, his wisdom and his learning, which stirred the people to the depths, which regulated the great movement, and tempered zeal with prudence and with charity. From the beginning of 1598, the people began to come over *en masse*. The Jesuits were then established at Thonon, and Fr. Humæus alone is said to have received 10,000 persons in six months,\* a fact which remarkably fulfils the Saint's prophecy, in his letter to B. Canisius of 1596 (*Let. Inéd.* 29):—"If they are once favourable to my words, God will send a great number of skilful workmen, of your society and others. These will finish their work in a few days."

We mention, in passing, that in September of this year occurred the *only* miracle ascribed by Catholic writers to S. Francis through-

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\* Common report would not be proof of the number of conversions, but certainly tends to prove the number of inhabitants, and is enough, by itself, to overthrow the absurd statement of Mr. Bacon, that the whole district contained but 4,000. This was the population of the town of Thonon alone. On his own showing, what becomes of the "towns and villages of the Chablais" on which his "horde of devils was billeted"? What was the use of "the garrison of the Allinges, and other military posts"? The districts of Thonon, Ternier and Gaillard, with their eighty-four parish churches (*Opuscules* p. 84), formed, as we have said, the most populous part of the whole province of Chablais, which contained over 60,000 persons. We have seen S. Francis speaking of the "many thousands of souls." Gex contained upwards of 22,000, M. Hamon says 30,000. We are safe in taking these figures from the census of 1848, because Mr. Bacon avers that since the days of S. Francis "a blight" has fallen on the country. The number 72,000, which is given, with the qualification, "it is said," in the Bull of Canonization, includes all the conversions effected mediately or immediately by him. The Sœur Madeleine de Chaugy says (*Vie de S. F. de S.*) he received 11,000 himself, and was the means of conversion to 60,000 others.

out the whole four years. In the same month, the famous "Forty Hours" of Thonon were held, in thanksgiving for the Treaty of Vervins (May 2, 1598), which assured the Chablais to Savoy, and removed all fear of the Bernese. It furnishes three remarkable proofs that the country was now practically Catholic. No protest was made by the rapidly-decreasing body of Calvinists, when the bishop, finding St. Hippolyte far too small for this great solemnity, took over and reconciled the great church of St. Augustine. Through the whole time of the devotion, there streamed in and out of the church processions from different parts of the Chablais, some to beg for admittance into the true fold, others to thank God for the gift of faith already received. At the end of the ceremony crosses were solemnly erected in Thonon, and were carried triumphantly by the different bands of pilgrims to be placed throughout the whole country. We may well repeat, then, that the Chablais was now Catholic, and any subsequent action of State authority could be at most the protection of a converted country. We come now to this action of the Duke, which forms the third point of Mr. Bacon's proof of "violence," and which he presents as the real and final cause of conversion. The exact dates are of importance here. The Duke was to have attended the solemnity just mentioned, but could not arrive in time. It was determined to celebrate a second "Forty Hours," at which he and the cardinal-legate assisted. He arrived at Thonon on the 30th September. It was his first visit after the rebellion of 1594, and when he arrived within a short distance of the town, he declared his intention of punishing this crime. All were filled with consternation. M. de Vallon, the chief Protestant in the district, after the conversion of M. d'Avully, went with the consistory to beg S. Francis to put himself at their head, and implore the mercy of the Duke. It was easily granted to such an intercessor; and though this fact only furnishes Mr. Bacon with an opportunity for a sneer, it was the occasion of the conversion of M. de Vallon, and of many others, previously unconvinced.

On the 1st October, before the grand opening Mass, came the abjuration of many gentlemen of the Chablais, and citizens of Thonon, headed by the Minister, Petit, a man of the greatest consideration among the Calvinists up to the moment when he declared his intention of becoming a Catholic. Early in the afternoon of the same day the legate, attended by the Duke, returned to the Church to receive abjurations. First came a multitude from many parishes united; then a body of from 500 to 600 people. These had scarcely moved away, when other groups presented themselves, so that some one had to remain ready the whole time to receive them. S. Francis speaks

(*Lett.* 49) of the many thousands whom the legate actually saw received. Of course all these had been instructed before the Duke's arrival.

On the 3rd or 4th October appeared envoys from Berne, asking for Calvinism the same liberty in the Chablais as for Catholicism. We invite particular attention to the Duke's reply: "When you usurped this province you forced the people to embrace your new opinions; and now that my just arms have recovered it, and almost all my subjects (*la presque totalité*) testify a desire for me to re-establish the old and true religion on the same footing as before, you should not find it strange or wrong that I, their legitimate sovereign, claim the right, if I please, to regulate the affairs of religion according to their desires" (*Ch. Aug.* p. 179). And the next day, when they pressed their petition, he said, "I agree, if you will also receive Catholic priests at Berne."

Their refusal is enough alone to condemn them as advocates of toleration. We see, then, the true state of things. Mr. Bacon carefully keeps all this out of sight, and he proportionately disfigures the final scene which occurred on the 6th October, but which he erroneously places after the 12th. We have learnt to understand his style. The "shuddering citizens," the "Spanish butchers," the "bloodthirsty Duke," with "his inspiring genius . . . Francis de Sales," stripped of his stage dresses, become simply a public audience, in which the sovereign, attended by his guards, declares his intentions about the country. He told them that he considered those who would not hear his preachers to be his enemies; and declared that if they continued obstinate, he would deprive them of their offices, make them feel his indignation, and even banish them from his dominions. S. Francis explained, in words utterly different from those Mr. Bacon puts into his mouth, that the Duke only wished them to listen to the preachers.

Those who refused even to allow the Catholic proofs to be presented to them were exiled, several returning shortly afterwards at the intercession of the saint, and finally entering the Church. The Duke's conduct is related and well explained by M. Hamon. It was his personal action, dictated as much by political as by religious motives. We are not concerned to defend him, though we could easily do so. But now we admit that S. Francis himself renewed the proposals which, in 1596, he had asked to have carried out *après quelque temps*, meaning, no doubt, after the conversion of the country, which had now taken place. We have shown the course and state of things; we have shown that the Chablais had become Catholic with no "scattering terror," no use of the sword, no illegitimate influence of any

kind. What we have to say refers not to the conversion of the country, but to its preservation in unity of religion. We do not think it necessary to defend the restitution of Church property, made now, and not before, to the original owners. The ministers were gone; those who did the work had a right to the fruits. We shall not either stay to defend the general application of Church law to this country, such as forbidding unorthodox books and teaching. We can reduce what we have to say to two points. S. Francis certainly asked that the ordinary civil law which made heretics ineligible for public functions might be carried out. As we have seen, the Calvinist magistrates and functionaries were mere instruments of foreign religious tyranny. There was no chance of *freedom* in the exercise of the Catholic religion so long as these agents of Berne remained in office. *Three years later*, also, he asked (*Let. Inéd.* 68), "that those who refused to profess the Catholic religion should leave the States of Savoy with leave to sell their goods;" but he gives his reason, showing that he does not put this pressure on them on account of their religion; "their affection is already perverted, and they follow their Huguenotism rather as a party than as a religion."

But we would put this matter on a broader ground than the mere justification of it in this particular case. We quite admit, as all Catholics must admit, that S. Francis of Sales acknowledged in the state a right and a duty to protect and to further God's revelation, to defend the people—especially the poor uneducated people—from external attacks upon their faith or morality, nay, from their own proneness to error and vice. He would consider it lawful, in certain cases, to make the profession of heresy a note of disgrace, to punish it as other crimes are punished. To deny this is to assert that religion is only a matter of opinion or emotion, that God's revelation is uncertain, or unimportant. We speak in the abstract. We declare, with still greater earnestness, that he would make the *application* of these principles depend on circumstances, particularly on the state of religious opinion in the country, the existing law, the spirit of the age. Speaking generally of modern days, we say that justice and charity imperatively demand the toleration of religious differences. We consider that the circumstances of the case under consideration justified such action as S. Francis is responsible for.

With this we conclude our defence of the work of S. Francis in the actual conversion of the Chablais; but we have still to answer a bitter attack on a subject closely connected with it. Mr. Bacon makes S. Francis stimulator and accessory to an attempted escalade of Geneva, on the 12th of December, 1602. To begin with, such words suppose a crime, and the

escalade was no more a crime than the taking of Paris out of the hands of the Commune. It is a question of history, of politics and war. Geneva was the Duke's rebellious city. Taking advantage of his embroilments, it had invaded his other States with horrible ravages, and forced them into rebellion. He had never granted peace. The remarks of Francis, *six years before*, had reference to this state of things. As recently as the year 1600, Geneva had offered, when Henry IV. invaded Savoy, to seize again on the Chablais. The Duke did not recognize the new *status* of the city till 1604, when peace was made, and, after a desultory war of seventy years, thenceforward faithfully kept. The motive, again, which Mr. Bacon insinuates did not exist. Mr. Bacon asserts that, "to get possession of Geneva, and to be enthroned there, not only as bishop, but as secular prince, was one of Francis's earliest and latest dreams." He is probably ignorant that the rights of the bishops, as temporal princes of Geneva, had been ceded to the Dukes of Savoy as early as 1518.\* And, as to his spiritual rights, when told on his deathbed that he would live to be seated on the throne of Geneva, he said: "The throne of Geneva! I have never desired it, but only its conversion." (Hamon ii. 307.) But why do we delay on this? All we have to show, whether the escalade was justified or not, is that the Saint had nothing to do with it. Mr. Bacon says he was making his retreat before consecration in Annecy, when the baggage-train passed through it, and could not have been ignorant of its destination. He quotes a letter of S. Francis to his canons, in which he expresses a hope that he will soon see them in their "own city;" and he says S. Francis's confessor was the priest who heard the confessions of the escalating party. All this would be a poor proof at best, but we happen to have the exact dates, and to be able to overthrow the whole of it. In the first place, S. Francis was not in Annecy at all. He had chosen for his consecration-day, from devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the feast of her Immaculate Conception (December 8th), which fell, in 1602, on the second Sunday of Advent, and he had gone to make a preparatory retreat of *twenty days* at Sales. He was consecrated in the family church at Thorens, and chose, again from devotion to our Lady, the following Saturday, *two days after* the attempted escalade, for his entry into Annecy. In the letter to the canons, S. Francis refers, not to Geneva, but to Annecy, which was at this time the "own city" both of bishop and canons. This is clear, from the very words written at Sales: "I salute you from here, hoping soon to see you in your own city, to which I desire the peace and consolation of the Holy Spirit."

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\* Maimbourg: "Hist. de Calvin," l. i. p. 37.



His confessor was Father Forrier (Forerius), who was directing his retreat at Sales. There was a Scotch Jesuit in the country about this time, named Forbes (Forbesius), who may have acted as chaplain to the soldiers. We suppose Mr. Bacon has confounded the two names. But what are we to think of the man who concludes such a miserable tissue of errors with the words: "We should wrong his blessed memory if we were to say that his guilt was demonstrated? But many a wretch has been hanged with less evidence of complicity in less atrocious crime."

We trust to have now destroyed all ground of confidence in this writer, and here conclude our defence of the "distinguished sanctity," hoping soon to fulfil the more pleasing, though not more important duty, of exhibiting the "eminent doctrine" of our great Doctor.



## ART. V.—RECENT WORKS ON THE STATE OF GERMANY

IN THE FIFTEENTH AND BEGINNING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, BY GERMAN AUTHORS.

### PART II.\*

THE second volume of Dr. Janssen's work, under the title of "State of the German People from the beginning of the Politico-Religious Revolution to the end of the Social Revolution of 1525" ("Zustände des deutschen Volkes seit dem Beginn der politisch-kirchlichen Revolution bis zum Ausgang der socialen Revolution von 1525") embraces the first eight years of the preaching of Luther and his followers. The author characterizes this epoch as a period of religious and social disturbance, and not as a time of reform. He divides his subject into three books. The first contains the history of the Humanities, as they were studied at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century (Der jungen deutsche Humanismus), their anti-Christian tendency differing from the tendency of the preceding period, when the promoters of the renaissance at the beginning of the fifteenth century sought in the study of the classic authors fresh support for Christian doctrine.

\* The first half of this Essay appeared in the DUBLIN REVIEW, July, 1881. It may be well to state that the entire paper was written by Professor Thijm, in January of last year, and that the appearance of the concluding portion in our pages has been unavoidably delayed until now.

As we have already remarked, we are specially indebted to Dr. Janssen for the clear distinction to be drawn between the philosophers of the beginning and those of the end of the sixteenth century; other writers have merely alluded to it.\* In this first book our author describes Erasmus of Rotterdam, the leader and model of the young philosophers; also John Reuchlin, who rendered such good service to the study of Greek literature, but who is more famous as the author of an original version of the Old Testament; "Because," said he, "the study of eloquence and poetry causes many not only to neglect the Holy Scriptures, but even to despise them" ("Die heilige Schrift wird nicht bloss vernachlässigt, sondern bei Vielen wirklich verachtet," p. 37). Dr. Janssen relates how Reuchlin became a defender of the Jewish books of the Testament, when they were attacked by the University of Cologne and by the converted Jew, Pfefferkorn, and how this attack became a pretext for other young philosophers to advocate the same views, and to declare war against scholastic learning and Church authority. Ulrich von Hutten was of their number; he was a favourite of that ambitious Bishop Albert of Brandenburg, who indirectly aided and abetted the revolution, seeing therein a favourable prospect of his own aggrandizement, and his independence of the See of Rome. Lastly, our author describes the relations between Luther and Hutten and the young philosophers at the moment of the revolt.

In the second book, Dr. Janssen gives an account of the development of the movement against Catholic doctrine; of the Diet at Worms, where Luther had to explain his conduct; of the deception which followed; of the revolutionary movement at the universities of Erfurt and Wittenberg; of the predatory expedition of Francis of Sickingen, and his useless efforts to annihilate the constitution and the empire; of the decay of morals and charity; of the labours and failures of the Diets, &c. In the third book, the period is shown to us from the social point of view; the influence of the doctrine of Huss, and the communistic and democratic features of the civil war; its development, its progress and its termination, bought by the death of thousands of victims.

Let us now see in what manner our author works out the task he has set himself. And we may well begin by bearing testimony to his impartiality; that is to say, to his justice towards his adversaries. He gives fair field to writers holding contrary opinions, in order that events may be judged by their consequences. Every page affords proof of this. He unfolds to us the system of

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\* For example, Herr Binder, one of the chief editors of the "*Historisch-politische Blätter*," in his monograph, "*Charitas Pirkheimer*," 1st edit. p. 40. Freiburg im Brisgau: Herder, 1873.

Luther, not by aid of what has been written about him by others, but with the help of Luther's own writings. After having proved, in the first volume of his history, that the study of theology and philosophy flourished at the universities, and in Germany generally, in spite of the irregular lives of many churchmen, and of abuses which had penetrated even to the pontifical throne, the author proves in the second volume that the revolution of the sixteenth century, far from putting an end to a period of sottishness, dulness and lethargy, overthrew study, morals, and the consciences of men to such an extent, that the year 1525 found Germany exhausted by the enmity and hatred of princes and preachers, by the civil warfare of class against class, by the interruption of study and the decay of all the schools. Luther himself complains bitterly of this last evil, in 1524.

As we have just said, it was Gerrit Gerritszoon (Gerard, the son of Gerard), who is known by the assumed name—partly Latin, partly Greek—of Desiderius Erasmus (*desiderare*, ἐρᾶν), who led the movement; insomuch that the papal legate, Jerome Aleander, who was sent to Germany to publish the bull of excommunication against Luther (p. 145), was of opinion that Erasmus was the foundation-stone of the heresy ("fomes malorum"), and much worse than Luther (p. 149). We think, nevertheless, that both the legate and Dr. Janssen judge Erasmus with a little too much severity.

Erasmus considered Luther responsible for the revolt of the peasants, and the war ensuing ("Bauernkrieg," p. 570); and Ulrich von Hutten, in his turn, accused Erasmus of betraying the Gospel-cause (p. 252). But the abuse of a man so utterly perverted as was Hutten can only prove honourable to Erasmus.\* The latter had begun his attempted rationalistic explanation of the Holy Scriptures, and his effort to create by this means an alliance between the Humanities and Theology. He spoke contemptuously of the theological science of the Middle Ages, and he distorted Christian truth by viewing it from quite a Pagan standpoint.

Agricola, Wimpheling, Geiler of Kaisersberg, and the philosophers in general of the beginning of the fifteenth century, held, on the contrary, that the works of the Scholastic Theologians of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries might serve as an introduction to the study of the Fathers of the Church, and they opposed the exclusive and exaggerated study of the Pagan writers—"The adulterous passion for reading the poets;"† they also combated the attempted disuse of the mother-tongue (p. 4)

Erasmus thought he had made known to the whole world new principles of study. He declares that "his books are read by

\* See Höfler, pp. 345-350.

† Dacheux, p. 469.

all the people on the face of the earth, and that such another as he would not appear again for centuries to come." He sought the favour of princes, and the gifts and incense offered at his shrine inflated his vanity, and prompted him to excessive abuse of his adversaries. His passions occasionally blinded him; he could not always even see clearly the questions he endeavoured to discuss. His writings abound in contradictions; indeed, in this respect he rivals Luther. Sinking deeper and deeper into scepticism, he at last came to deny the fundamental doctrines of Christianity—the Holy Trinity and Original Sin (p. 13); and in his work, "*The Praise of Folly*," whose fame is to be regretted, he ridicules, under cover of science, the Bible, the Papacy, and even a prayer of Our Lord's (p. 15).

Still we think Dr. Janssen's description of Erasmus somewhat exaggerated. Viewing the mystic side of Christian doctrine with indifference, approaching religious truth only with the light of reason, sceptical as regards many of the assertions of the great theologians, as cold and calm in the face of the ecstasies of the saints as in presence of the impetuosity and excitability of Luther, Erasmus stood in the midst of extremes, and got into disgrace with the faithful of the true Church and with the propagators of the "*Pure Gospel*." Some Catholics never despaired of his return to the true faith, and his countryman, Hadrian VI., had hopes of attracting him to the Roman court, there to defend the principles of the faith against the heresies that were invading Germany.\* He might have been certain, says Herr Höfler, that a cardinal's hat awaited him. Herr Pastor, the author of the "*Reunionsbestrebungen*," seems, in his opinion of Erasmus, to keep a just medium between Dr. Janssen and Höfler. Appreciating the difficulty of judging fairly this remarkable man, he takes the same view as does Herr Kerker in his biography of Erasmus.† Herr Pastor has the merit of having laid stress upon the ironical disposition of Erasmus, which has been specially treated in a work written by Ph. Woker.‡ This side of his character received its development principally from his intercourse with the English people, and particularly with Sir Thomas More.

Pastor describes Erasmus as the leader of the Middle Party (*Haupt der Mittenpartei*), who, even under Clement VII., believed in the possibility of a union of the different opinions, without giving up any point of Catholic doctrine. The following fact affords another proof of the position occupied by

\* Höfler, "*Adrian VI.*" p. 333.

† Pastor, p. 130. Kerker, "*Erasmus*" &c., in the *Tubingen University Review* (*Quartalschrift*), 1859, p. 531.

‡ "*De Erasmi Studiis Irenicis*." Paderborn, 1872.

Erasmus. By his advice, a college, styled, "Of the three Languages," had been founded at the University of Louvain: this institution became so famous that Francis I., jealous of its success, sent to ask the co-operation of Erasmus in founding a similar one in Paris.\*

Erasmus, who dedicated his version of the New Testament to Leo X., should be ranked among the "expectants" (expectantes), of whom Herr Pastor takes special notice (p. 115), and amongst whom there were many who, being deceived in their expectations, afterwards turned their backs on Lutheranism. The author observes truly that the lives and characters of these men have been too long forgotten. As to Erasmus, he was too undecided, too indifferent and sceptical, and even too vain, ever to admit frankly that he had erred; and the adulation paid him by the young students only strengthened him in his opposition. These last, full of enthusiasm for the classics, and recognizing in Erasmus an innovator, honoured him as "a saint," an "immortal." They went in pilgrimage to his place of abode, passing through towns infected with the plague in order to see this "priceless pearl," which deserved a "divine veneration." These youths, in their vanity, treated all the older theology as nonsense (maulesel-theologen). From this time the expressions "poet" and "poetry" were used only in reference to the Pagan authors, and became, therefore, epithets of contempt and indignation in the mouths of the adversaries of the "Reformation." One of the leaders of the new revolutionary school was Conrad Mutian, whom Dr. Janssen describes as follows:—

He was styled the "Consul of Antiquity," the "Upright Professor of Virtue," the "Father of Beatific Repose" (*Vater der glückseligen Ruhe*), a man for whom the life of Christ was but a collection of symbols, and communion but a sign of peace and concord. The Saviour (said he) is only that justice and joy which we carry in our hearts; the true Christ can neither be seen nor touched (p. 29).

Mutian therefore neither said Mass nor received Communion, to the great scandal of his colleagues, the Canons of Gotha. These heretical extremes, consequent on the study of Pagan literature, suggested doubts in the mind of Erasmus, when he had grown old, as to the utility of such reading (p. 33, n. 2). Contempt for the study of theology gave rise to all manner of excesses at the university of Erfurt and elsewhere. In 1510, the young "philosophers" of Erfurt laid waste the buildings of that university, its collection of diplomas and privileges, its library

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\* See "Specilegium Autographorum illustrantium Rationem quæ intercessit Erasmo Roterodamo cum aulis et hominibus ævi sui," &c., published by F. L. Schoenemann, 1804, No. 32.

and colleges, and the "burseries" where the young men dwelt. The students left Erfurt in a body.

After Mutian, Dr. Janssen brings on the scene another Humanist—the famous Reuchlin, already mentioned. He describes the conflict with Pirkheimer and the theologians of Cologne, who wanted to create a theology semi-metaphysical and semi-rational, without putting themselves in opposition to the dogmas of the Catholic Church. But the young "philosophers" turned these studies into an abuse, explaining things after their own fashion, and Mutian declared himself their ally.

The fourth personage described by Janssen is the so-called famous Ulrich von Hutten, remarkable, indeed, for his flattery of Albert of Brandenburg, Bishop of Mayence, for his profligacy, and for his warlike and revolutionary tastes; a "knight of the sad countenance," holding highest rank as a libeller, dreaming ever of the subversion of religion and society; greatly applauded, together with Mutian and Reuchlin, by the classic youth of Erfurt, and well-known in our days through his biography written by David Krauss.

The Bishop, Albert of Brandenburg, and his court, are now presented to us; his luxuriousness, his neglect of his clergy and of all administration of his diocese, his ambition, and his admiration for the "divine genius" of Erasmus. The latter, in his turn, styled the bishop the "brightest ornament of Germany" (*Unicum his temporibus nostræ Germaniæ ornamentum*, p. 61); whilst Robert Turner, an Englishman, calls the episcopal court at Mayence "the slave of the spirit of the age."

The scene thus opened, Martin Luther comes to the front.

In the following chapter, Dr. Janssen proves indisputably, as also does Herr Pastor in his work, "*Reunionsbestrebungen*," that the irregularities of the churchmen, the decline of art, the privileges granted by the sovereign Pontiffs to the secular princes, and other grave abuses, were not the principal cause of the religious revolution.

Certainly, had it been a time of more ardent piety, of stricter morals, of less laxity among the clergy, of greater discipline in convents, resistance to the Reformation, and to Luther's teaching especially, would have been much stronger, and the revolution would have been less successful. The scepticism of Erasmus, the profligacy of Hutten, the ambition of Bishop Albert, the frenzied passion for pagan studies, all helped to smooth the way for the revolutionary chariot. Besides, it was not by protesting against certain irregularities in the liturgy, or in the application of canon law; neither was it by protesting against the accumulation of church livings in one man's possession, or against simony, the "*litteræ exputatoriæ*," &c. &c., that Luther began the

revolution. The causes which brought it on were the insubordination and pride of the reformers in general, and the unhealthy excitability of Luther in particular.\*

Long before his protestation against the manner of promulgating indulgences, the abuse of which was not uncommon, and which was but a secondary accident in the movement, Luther had manifested the fanaticism which clouded his judgment. From his youth he developed a peevish and suspicious temper, partly inherited from his parents—both of whom were of irritable and passionate disposition—and partly fostered by his education. He fed his mind on the classics, and remained a stranger to the real consolations of Christianity; scruples took possession of his soul, and he began to doubt the mercy of God, or the existence of a happy eternity. He became a languid sentimentalist, and sometimes wished for the death of his parents that he might be able to pray for the repose of their souls (p. 74–77). Then he began to have doubts about the meritoriousness of human actions and the freedom of the will. This doubt became the mainspring of his doctrine, and carried despair into his soul. He believed salvation to lie in faith, which, said he, was the only means of justification. Then, growing more and more rooted in his own opinions, he soon began to fancy himself an apostle, a second Paul (p. 80). He propounded these views in his sermons, before giving them to the public in writing. The theses relating to the character of Indulgences, which he caused to be fastened to the church doors at Wittenberg, was not his first protest against Catholic doctrine. In this pamphlet he, on the contrary, defended this particular doctrine against errors and abuse; and indeed, the setting up a few theses of a religious character for public discussion was neither an attack on the Church, nor contrary to the custom of the times (ii. p. 77, n. 2). Until now, too much importance has been attached to this secondary fact.

Luther developed these ideas concerning free will and justification gradually in his lectures, interspersing them with abuse of the Roman court. Vainly his friends counselled moderation. When Albert of Mayence strove to restrain him from some excesses, Luther threatened to divulge certain secrets of the bishop's, which have remained unknown (p. 209). Luther became daily more impetuous in his aggressions against Catholic doctrine. It was useless to represent to him that he should mistrust inspirations which made him even more irritable in temper and more audacious in his preaching. It was useless to remind him that the Spirit of the Lord dwells with the humble and peaceable. Luther answered with abuse. However, in the

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\* Compare Dacheux, "Geiler of Kaisersberg," p. 11.

year 1515 he advised his friends not to separate themselves from the Church. Even in 1519 he still seemed to think a compromise with Catholic doctrine possible. But this understanding could only come about on the impossible condition that Rome should accept the views preached at Wittenberg. Luther's attitude did not tend to conciliation; he retired in anger from a conversation introduced by Cardinal Cajetan having reference to the court at Rome.\* Soon he invited the Elector of Saxony and Philip the Magnanimous (!), Landgrave of Hesse, to put themselves at the head of the Reformation, and to threaten with exile such of their subjects as would not declare themselves in favour of "Christ and the Gospel"—that is to say, justification by faith, and the needlessness of good works.

At the time of the coronation of Charles V., in 1520, no practical result had yet been produced by the opposition. Many men among the noblest and most learned thought these ideas of Luther quite ephemeral, or else they fancied that his opposition would bring about a salutary reform within the Church. Among these were Billicanus, Crotus, Rubianus, Witzel (who was always a Catholic at heart), Haner, Glareanus, and others: and also Willibald Pirkheimer, one of the emperor's most distinguished councillors, a man of aristocratic mind, but shrewd, devoted, pious and patriotic. His sister was Charitas Pirkheimer, the celebrated Abbess of the Convent of Poor Clares at Nuremberg.† The famous law councillor, Ulrich Zasius, at Freiburg; the painter, Albert Durer; the poet, Hans Sachs; the councillor, Christopher Furer the elder; and many other eminent men, who at Luther's first appearance had a kind of belief the movement might prove of real service to religion; but their illusions being dispelled, they embraced the opinion of Erasmus, that "the teaching of the Reformer led to the destruction of all true knowledge, and that Luther could hardly be said to hold Gospel truth." By degrees all the most eminent men of learning abandoned his cause. In England, Sir Thomas More, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, cast him off. In 1529, Melancthon still believed in the possibility of a reconciliation, talked of the opposition as a provisional measure, and declared that he would not leave the Church.

In 1539, there was a general belief in the sincere conversion of all the anti-Catholic princes.‡ The pride of the Wittenberg preacher aroused mistrust as to the purity of his intentions and the truth of his doctrine (p. 176). Luther had himself inveighed against

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\* Höfler, p. 34.

† See Binder's "Charitas Pirkheimer." Freiburg: Herder. 1873.

‡ Pastor, p. 172 *seq.*



the pride of certain religious teachers; but this is not the only instance where his doctrine was in contradiction with his life. Before 1417 he wrote to the Elector of Saxony: "It is the height of pride to consider oneself as the temple of Jesus Christ; it was only the Apostles who could glorify themselves in this manner." But since then, blinded by his passions, Luther had gone from one contradiction to another. First he regretted his "humility." "Far from being proud," said he, "as is declared by the unbelieving Pagans, I repent me of a too great humility." At the first sitting of the Diet of Worms he had sat silent and confused, and it was only at the instigation of his friends that at the second session he assumed a bolder front; though it is now denied that he uttered the words so often put in his mouth: "Here stand I (Hier stehe ich). May God help me. I cannot do otherwise. Amen" (p. 168).

His arrogant boldness, evident to all (p. 180), showed itself henceforth in his whole conduct, and in the excitability produced by any opposition to his views. In a letter written to Henry VIII. in 1522, he expresses his regret at having been so "modest" in respect to a tyrant (Charles V.) (p. 219).

At the beginning of his preaching he thought his own views as an innovator perfect; later on, he embraced the socialist and democratic doctrines of John Huss, whose exaggeration suited him; finally, seeing the disturbed state of all Germany, he sought the favour of sovereign princes. At first he reckoned on the Emperor as likely to help the Reformation; when Charles V. would not accept his views he called him a tyrant, and threatened the princes who remained loyal, especially George of Saxony, to whom he foretold the Emperor's deposition (p. 221).

He was full of contradiction. He complained at one time of the lack of instruction for the people; at another he declares that reading the Bible (in his own imperfect translation of it, with his own commentaries [p. 199]), should take the place of all other instruction. At one time he warned his friends not to commit any act of violence or iconoclasm; at another he promoted sedition and civil war, because "God suspends all authority which is opposed to the Gospel" (p. 222). Elsewhere he says that he "will have nought to do with the sword," for "Antichrist must be destroyed without hands" (*der Antichrist muss ohne Hand zerstört werden*) (p. 225).

His judgment of the Bible at various times was so contradictory that this alone stamped it visibly with the seal of error. At one time he recommended the Holy Scriptures as the book of books, before which all university instruction, and all the writings of the Fathers of the Church, should disappear. Elsewhere, however, he considers the Bible to resemble any other profane book, in

which each one may read and find that which suits his own way of thinking. He rejected many portions as apocryphal, and allowed others the liberty of differing from him. At another time he pretends to be the inspired of God, the chosen prophet, to whom alone the gift is given to understand the holy writings. He declares his belief that "the word he speaks is not his, but Christ's, and his mouth is the mouth of Him who giveth speech." He is to be judge of bishops and of angels too (pp. 223, 286, 287).

Writing to the Elector of Saxony, in 1522, he says: "Your Grace knows, or if you do not know, I now by this make known to you, that I did not receive the Gospel from the hands of men, but from Jesus Christ, our Lord. Therefore, I may well glorify myself to be and to sign myself, as I shall henceforth, a slave, (Knecht) of the Gospel" (p. 209).

These contradictions did not escape the observation of his contemporaries. Jerom Emser, Professor at the University of Erfurt, points out that the learned doctor sometimes complained that he had been condemned as a heretic without a sufficient hearing, and without being defeated; and at other times he declared that he would suffer no interference from men, "nor even from angels." "How," exclaimed Emser, "is it possible to come to an understanding with a man who will acknowledge no judge, either in heaven or on earth?"

These contradictions proceeded from the serious doubts which Luther had as to the validity and justice of preaching a doctrine contrary to the one which for centuries had been studied and accepted by learned men and great saints (p. 177). In these hours of scruple the old despair revived, and he was tempted to commit suicide.

The Emperor was entreated on all sides to take the initiative in convoking a General Council, some thinking that it would put a stop to many abuses that had crept into religion; others hoping that the ideas of the Reformers would predominate, and that an Imperial and Lutheran Church would be the result. These last, therefore, wished that the Council would sit in Germany.

We will here turn aside to consider the position of the Sovereign Pontiff, and whether it was possible for him to listen to these aspirations, more or less disinterested, for a General Council, that peace might be restored to Germany and the Church. The Pope was quite willing. Several well-intentioned prelates had already advised Leo X. to convoke a Council, but he died in 1522, leaving an exhausted treasury and debts. His successor, Hadrian VI., elected whilst absent in Spain, and without his name even having been mentioned as a presumptive successor to Leo X.,\* ascended the Pontifical throne as by the direct guidance

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\* Höfler, p. 58.

of the Holy Ghost, under circumstances more painful and perplexing than any other Pope ever met with at his election. He found the States of the Church attacked by revolutionary forces; the Italian princes, whose territories had passed into the possession of the Papacy, putting forth ever-increasing claims; Sicily threatened by the Turks; the north of Italy ravaged by the war between the Emperor and the King of France; Germany undermined by heresy, and on the eve of apostasy; the Emperor more taken up with his possessions in Italy than with the war against the Turks; the exchequer exhausted to such an extent as to necessitate the mortgaging of Raphael's *chefs-d'œuvre*; himself a stranger to Rome, knowing neither the manners and customs of the people, nor the ways of the officials, nor the actual government of the Church, nor the Court of Cardinals. These last had assumed the government of the Papal States during the vacancy of the Roman See, a sovereign body of thirty-five persons.\* He found the palace pillaged, and the city stricken with the plague; his personal safety threatened by French intrigue; enemies on every side, who looked upon the election of a native of Holland as a disgrace to Italy; whilst he himself was physically exhausted by a long journey.

The whole of Europe was more or less endangered by the Turkish policy of Francis I.† Ever since the failure of his endeavours to secure for himself the German Imperial diadem—endeavours which cost him millions of francs—the French King's hatred of the Empire became implacable. He thought to triumph over the Emperor by the help of the Pope; but as Hadrian did not enter into his projects, Francis fostered the schism,‡ and refused every overture of peace, impatient to take possession of Milan.§ French traditions were all in favour of increase in power and territory;|| Francis, therefore, would only favour the meeting of the council on the condition that it sat in France. Even the Emperor, as King of Spain especially, put a thousand difficulties in the way of the Holy See.¶ He tried to turn to his own account the capture of Rhodes by the Turks, and his efforts at absolutism forced the Pope to make all manner of concessions; he did not hesitate to make use of the basest bribery to compass his ends.\*\* In the face of this gigantic opposition Hadrian sought only to be the Father of Christendom. During

\* Höfler, pp. 85 and 154.

† Höfler, pp. 460, 479, 483, 507, 509.

‡ Höfler, pp. 136, 509.

§ Höfler, pp. 483, 503.

|| Höfler, p. 7; compare Pouillet, "Histoire interne de la Belgique," p. 476. Louvain, 1879.

¶ For the way in which Charles responded to the favours of the Roman Pontiffs, see Gams, iii. 2, p. 153, &c.

\*\* Höfler, pp. 462, 501.

the two years of his Pontificate he developed a superhuman activity, that he might make all the people of the earth feel the influence of his fatherly yearnings.

He was solicitous to ensure the material and spiritual interests, not only of Italy, Spain, and France, but also of Scotland, Hungary and Sweden, where Gustavus Vasa ascended the throne with his consent, given because the voice of the people had elected the new regent,\* and because the latter declared that he longed to shed his blood in the service of the Catholic Church.

Hadrian's influence made itself felt even in Poland and India ; but Germany held the first place in the heart of the indefatigable pontiff. The one only satisfaction granted him in a reign of incessant trouble, was the submission to the Church of the schismatic Patriarch of Constantinople. It was impossible, with all these pre-occupations, to convoke a Council ; and then, too, all the cardinals were absent from Rome, driven away by the plague. Moreover, the German States had no intention to await the decrees of an Œcumenical Council. They wished to arrange matters in their own interest, and to decide beforehand the points relating to religion (p. 331) ; indeed, forestalling circumstances in general, and the decrees of Rome in particular, the princes of Saxony, Hesse, Brandenburg, Anhalt, and of many imperial cities, no longer tolerated the adherents of the old Catholic faith ; hence arose the name of "Protestant" now given to these princes.†

It appears, however, that the Emperor had as yet no idea of a schism. Luther and Hutten were furious because he hesitated to begin hostilities against the Papacy. Tonstall, the English Ambassador, who was present at the Diet at Worms, wrote to Henry VIII. that Luther had promised the Emperor a force of 100,000 men if he would prepare an expedition against Rome (p. 160). We know the Emperor had other plans. He wished for a reconciliation, and Hadrian VI., whose policy was generally favourable to the Emperor, complained that his quarrels with the other potentates of Europe hindered him from undertaking a war against the Turks, whilst Henry VIII. was preparing for a campaign against them.‡

As to the siege of Rome by the Emperor's generalissimo, the versatile Constable of Bourbon, in the year 1527, we are ignorant to this day whether the Emperor had anything to do with it. The earliest biographer of Hadrian VI., Paul Giovio, considers it

\* Theiner, "La Suède et le St. Siège," French trans. by Cohen, i. ch. iv. p. 164. "Pièces Justificatives," i. p. 399. Höfler, p. 405.

† Pastor, "Reunionsbestrebungen," p. 15.

‡ Höfler, p. 485.

to have been the well-merited chastisement of the Romans, who had scorned all spiritual remedies.\*

The first advance in the direction of a religious war had been made from another point.

At first Luther appeared pretty well satisfied with the results of the Diet at Worms. He was pleased that he had retracted nothing.† Hutten believed the "cause of the Gospel already gained if the German nobility would only take up arms against the 'Roman plague,'" but Francis of Sickingen, a warrior knight of great renown, who had seemed willing to put himself at the head of the armed opposition, changed his mind at the time Luther was outlawed, and offered his services to the Emperor against William de la Mark and Francis I. Being defeated, he again changed his mind, and resolved to make war on his own account, always under the pretence, however, of serving the Emperor. He levied troops to "open the gate to the Word of God," and chose for his device, "Lord, Thy will be done." Protected by Albert, Bishop of Mayence, who awaited the victorious success of his arms to secularize his diocese; encouraged by Ulrich von Hutten, and other knights of the Empire, Sickingen opened the campaign at the very moment that Hadrian VI., the last German Pope, set foot on Roman territory, after a series of misadventures and a journey of one-hundred-and-sixty-nine days.‡

Sickingen entered the diocese of Treves with the design of seizing the Electoral throne for himself; he was defeated, and Treves was saved, but the neighbouring fields and villages were ravaged and burned. This was the first achievement of a war begun in the name of the "Pure Gospel!" Sickingen was finally deserted by his fellow-gospellers; he was treated as a brigand. The Princes of Treves, Hesse, and the Palatinate coalesced against him. Sickingen was mortally wounded at the siege of his Castle of Landstuhl, and died, after making his confession, at the very moment the Holy Viaticum was being brought to him.

With him expired the greatest representative of the chivalry of the Empire (Reichsadel, Reichsritterschaft). While he turned the Reform to his own uses, he still identified his own interests with those of the German nation. In fact, the Diet of Nuremberg, in 1522, was entirely taken up with the complaints of the nobles; the grievances of the peasants, clergy, and princes

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\* Höfler, p. 383.

† Dr. Janssen proves incontestably that the Emperor did not break his promise to Luther of granting him a safe conduct. The contrary has been asserted by some writers.

‡ Höfler, p. 188.

could hardly find a hearing. Did we know these last better, they would have completed the picture of the state of Germany at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Meanwhile, the revolution against the clergy was still being preached. It had already resulted in the sacking of the University of Erfurt, mentioned before. The people understood the new system after its own fashion, and interpreted the aspirations to liberty (so called) as the justification of profligacy; they gave themselves up to luxury and vice. "Behold the fruits of your Gospel," wrote Bartholomew Usingen, the Augustinian, to his friend and former disciple, Martin Luther (pp. 206-291). Luther himself marvelled that there should be so little faith, so little charity among the new sect (p. 207). The people by degrees were beginning to believe that the violent destruction of sacred objects formed part of the new creed (p. 457), and this, in spite of Luther's express wish that he or some civil authority should be consulted before they pillaged in the name of God! (p. 217).

The Diet of Nuremburg, of 1522, called the "Diet of Grievances" (*Der Beschwerdereichstag*), had been principally taken up with discussions concerning the war against the Turks. Its deepest concern, however, was with the religious state of the country—the two questions were connected. Chieregato, the Papal Nuncio, protested against the indifference of several princes, in presence of the great perils which menaced both faith and the Empire, "which, till now, had been a model of piety." His words were vain. Louis, King of Hungary and Bohemia, the first Elector of the Empire, was ruined by his evil surroundings; the Count Palatine, the Elector Louis, was a man of no importance; the Elector of Saxony was as "immovable as a wall or a log." The time was approaching when the Electors would have to choose between the Emperor and the King of France. The bishops were silent.\* Those of Salzburg, Freising, Augsburg, Ratisbon, and Passau, were upbraided by Hadrian. The States-deputies reiterated their demand that a Council should be held in a town of Germany. Yet wherefore? Would Luther have yielded to an assembly of theologians and princes belonging to the Empire? . . . An edict was published against all heretical writings, and the Electors were entreated to tolerate such books, only as were approved by the Church. This is all that was done! Some historians up to the present time have, therefore, considered the Diet of 1522 as a victory gained by Lutheranism. Two years later, the Diet of Nuremburg, of 1524, had no further result than the admixture of French politics with German business. The nomination of a King of the Romans, to the exclusion of the

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\* Höfler, pp. 278, 326.

throne of Austria, had been proposed by some members. According to certain manuscripts, Francis I. did not hesitate to offer himself for that high office (p. 321). But the real interests of the Empire were forgotten. Many princes saw in this a punishment from Heaven for a long-continued neglect of their duties, and they accused each other of being the cause of the evils and disasters under which the Empire laboured (p. 258, MS. letter). Even the war against the Turks was forgotten; and in spite of the many dangers, spiritual as well as temporal, the abuses did not diminish of those in power, whether churchmen or laymen, nor did their vices, luxury and indifference; indeed, after the success of the revolution, they became more grievous (p. 338.)\* In vain did Hadrian labour to effect certain reforms; in vain did he preach peace and concord, and strive to make both governments understand that only by union between France and Germany could danger from the East be averted. Charles V. thought that the pacification of Europe could only be effected by an alliance of Germany, Rome and England against France. Hadrian reposed too much confidence in Cardinal Contarini, who represented the French party at the Roman court. In vain did the Speaker of the House of Commons in England strive to point out that the falseness of French politics would remain, in war as in peace, an obstacle to all right understanding (p. 309).

Finally, the Pope joined the alliance against France. The Constable de Bourbon, insulted by Francis I., swore homage and fealty to Henry VIII., holding forth a promise of the French crown (p. 310, from "Correspondence of Charles V.," edited by Bradford).

Francis I. incited Ulrich, Duke of Wurtemberg, to turn traitor and organize the peasant's revolt (p. 311, n. 5). This project succeeded too well; but Ulrich losing his own estates thereby, threw himself, later on, with manifold promises and open arms into the revolution of "his friends," the same over whom he had formerly tyrannized in a merciless fashion (I. 494; II. 467, 507). The peasants had suffered for some ten years from the modern aspect (*tournoir moderne*) given to law and justice. The introduction of Roman law into Germany had sown the first seeds of animosity to authority in the rural population (I. 492). It had lost in part its ancient autonomy, its independence, its political influence, and many rights of land-tenure. Its decay was very apparent, (II. 572), and Francis I. worked upon this bitter feeling against the Emperor to forward his own interests. The preaching of

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\* In reference to this chapter consult the instructions given by George of Saxony, edited by Höfler, from MSS. (p. 344, n. 1).

Luther's adherents tended to excite the people to revolt against certain rights legitimately acquired. In his chapter on "The Stirring up of the People by Preaching and the Press" (*Aufwiegung des Volkes durch Predigt und Presse*), Dr. Janssen describes how the Gospel-teachers spread abroad their demagogic views, their indifference to the sanctity of marriage and to the observance of Sunday (p. 380).

This revolt of the peasants has been attributed by some to the tyranny of the territorial lords. This may have been the case in some localities, but the principal causes must be sought elsewhere. Moreover, it was not only the peasants who rebelled; imperial cities fanned the flame (II. 479, n. 4; 513, n. 4); and the town-insurgents were more numerous than the peasants (p. 487); though in order to shield the magistrates from blame it was called the Peasant-War (*Bauernkrieg*). A sort of religious character was lent to the war; the churches and their treasures, the clergy and their dwellings, became the prey of the insurgents in the name of the "Gospel."

Ulrich of Wurtemberg, called "The Lost Prince," was one of the leaders (pp. 467, 470). He had levied several thousand soldiers, all marked with a white cross, in the French fashion. The circumstances of this war are well known. The army set forth, like the Crusaders of old, with the battle-cry, "God wills it;" their dream was of an "Evangelical" republic, with the Emperor for President (II. 445, 451). The movement soon spread to Wurtemberg and the territories of Baden and Tyrol. All the south and west of Germany was in flames. Our author describes in vivid language the principal incidents of the revolt, with all its horrors, sacrileges, &c. (pp. 477, 520). Alsace became the prey of iconoclasm and conflagration (p. 482). Each town and village had to furnish twenty-five per cent. of its population for enrolment, "in the name of Jesus Christ," in the brigand army.

Luther at last interfered, and published an "Exhortation to peace;" but this only served to add fuel to the fire, for whilst disapproving of the conduct of the rebels in pillaging and burning, he poured forth a torrent of abuse against the churchmen, high and low, against the Emperor and princes who would not embrace the cause of his "Gospel." Shortly afterwards, in the very middle of the campaign, Luther seemed to abandon entirely the "Gospel cause," as preached by the "peasants," and in the same passionate style that he had abused princes and ecclesiastics he now in a second pamphlet attacked the peasants, calling on the princes to annihilate them all. This, says Dr. Janssen, was not a contradiction, but a fit of passion, for when his first exhortation was published, the whole of the Black Forest, Alsace, &c. (p. 489), had risen in revolt. The war



soon spread to the north, to Bavaria, and along the Rhine. Hundreds of convents and castles were pillaged and then fired, the owners being often atrociously outraged. The altar vestments stolen from the churches were cut to pieces; the victims of their rapine were forced in their own houses to sit at table, uncovered, side by side with the brigands who robbed them. Fury had reached such a pitch that the agreements made with George, the noble Bishop of Spiers, and Philip of Baden, were disregarded, and the pillaging of their lands went on almost unchecked. Other princes of the Church had to accept the most humiliating conditions (p. 515). The war extended as far as Thuringia, carrying death and destruction everywhere. This was the people's answer to the preaching of certain ministers at Erfurt, who for many years had excited them to come to the assistance of the "Gospel" with their spades and their scythes. Luther now was persistent in stirring up the princes against the peasants, promising them heaven as a reward for exterminating the "robber hordes." But the princes dreaded his passionate energy, and he complained most bitterly that, notwithstanding his efforts for the Gospel, he set everyone against him. "They threaten me with death," said he; "but to spite them still more I will marry!" (p. 535, n. 4).

Although the peasants were defeated in several quarters, they always rallied for fresh efforts, until they were finally overcome in Franconia, June, 1528. 20,000 were killed in Alsace, and 10,000 were beheaded in Swabia. Altogether, about 150,000 perished in the last engagements (p. 561, n. 3). About a thousand castles and convents were pillaged and burned, hundreds of villages disappeared, and thousands of families were reduced to the most abject misery.

The desolation did not end here. The monopolies possessed by the large commercial companies, to the prejudice of the people, still continued to exist. The price of provisions and clothing rose higher as the wages of the labourer grew less (p. 571), and Luther continued to preach the unlimited power of princes over their subjects and over Church property. "The princes and the lords," concludes our author, "became the heirs of the revolution."

This is the frame in which Dr. Janssen has set the second picture of his "History of the German People from the end of the Middle Ages." Without discussing facts which speak for themselves, we will, to be brief, sum up in a few words our opinion of this work. It is a deep and impartial study of a period much written about but little understood. It is an attractive picture, the lines and colouring of which are not borrowed from the imagination, but taken from Nature, from facts, and from the character of the men forming the different studies. These men

are grouped, to show to the best advantage each man as an individual, and as a part of the whole. Many sources of information have been thoroughly sounded, and the results patiently, conscientiously, and truthfully worked out. The manuscripts studied by the author offer us, as we have seen, a vast collection of new and interesting details. The effect of these qualities of Dr. Janssen's work will be that every reader who has not the bias of preconceived opinions, will acknowledge, as did certain friends of Luther, that the manner of preaching of "this servant of God," the aid afforded him by the ambitious Bishop of Mayence, the "brazen" Francis of Sickingen, the cynical Ulrich von Hutten, &c., &c., all unite in persuading us that in the religious and social revolution of the sixteenth century, God manifested Himself as the avenger of sacrileges and outrages committed against His Church and against society. The admiration expressed by the author for the modesty and piety of certain learned men of either party, whom he praises for the pursuit of those studies which raise the soul and ennoble the heart, is an eloquent testimony to the author's own excellent characteristics.

We will now pass on to Herr Pastor's work, which describes the different attempts made during the reign of Charles V. to reconcile, by means of diets and theological conferences, and, lastly, by a General Council, the dissenting parties of the Empire.

The first efforts made by the Emperor, Charles V., to reconcile the discordant parties, was at the Diet of Augsburg, 1530. Several princes had already perceived that their material interest would not be advanced by an absolute pacification between the Catholics and Protestants. They feared they might be compelled to restore certain Church property which they had seized, and to forego their increased importance in their small States. They saw clearly that the Emperor would only reign over an Empire entirely Catholic. Melancthon, who represented the Landgrave, Philip of Hesse, was of a conciliatory disposition, but vacillating; he had not sufficient penetration to seize the matters in question in all their bearings. By his indecision and want of firmness he now, and again, later on, retarded the pacification sought by the Emperor. The Protestants felt confident that Charles would be forced to make favourable concessions to them, because of the imminent danger from the Turks, which would compel him to make an appeal to the assembly of princes for help to fit out an army. Therefore they wished the war question to be discussed after that of the religious dissensions, for on the decision respecting these latter would depend the assistance they would give in the campaign against the Infidel.

Business began then with discussion on the "Confession of Augsburg," drawn up by Melancthon, by order of John Frederic

of Saxony. He had, in framing it, aimed at steering clear of both the disputing parties, and this to such an extent that he omitted to express a distinct opinion on the question of Grace—really the chief question at issue. He maintained the independent jurisdiction of the Church against those who would place it under the secular power. He protested to Campeggio, the legate, that he had no intention of separating himself from the Church or from the authority of the Pope. Differing from Döllinger, Muther, and other historians, Herr Pastor has a certain confidence in the intentions and probity of Melancthon, who, from what the author has told us about him, was weak, vacillating, and without a full understanding of the questions at issue, rather than false or hypocritical. Herr Pastor certainly represents him in the truest light; for these features of Melancthon's character disclosed themselves in every circumstance in his correspondence, in his attitude with respect to Zwinglius, and in his intervention at Hagenau, Ratisbon, &c. This indecision and doubt filled his own soul with despair. In 1539, he declared himself weary of living, when his efforts at conciliation had met with so little success.

At Augsburg, the Princes generally were disposed for peace; but this suited neither Luther and his fanatic adherents, nor Francis I., who never ceased for one moment stirring up discord in Germany, prompting Cálvin to sow disunion in every assembly called together by the Emperor to effect a reconciliation, and making every possible effort to prevent the meeting of a Council anywhere but in France. The consequence was, that suddenly every symptom of pacification disappeared from the Assembly. The Elector of Saxony, the Duke of Luneburg, and the Landgrave of Hesse, anticipated the desired reconciliation by taking their departure, the last named by secret flight. Such was the result of the first great effort made by Charles V. to procure peace within the Empire, and to prepare an armament against the common enemy, the Turk. "The discord of the German nation was greater than ever" (p. 60).

"The Proposed Council" is the title of Herr Pastor's second chapter. At Rome there was some hesitation in meeting the views of the Emperor and the German Princes for the calling of a Council. The Pope feared that, from the tension of men's minds, the old question of the superiority of the Council to the Pope might be revived, and that schism would ensue. After some deliberation, he seemed to accept the Emperor's plan. The representatives of the Holy See in Germany were in favour of it, but Francis I. schemed night and day to render it impossible. This time Henry VIII. sided with the King of France, which made the Pope fear an alliance of these two princes against the

Holy See and Germany. On the other hand, the Elector of Cologne, Herman von Wied, and the Landgrave of Hesse, appeared to seek a reconciliation with the Pope, if only they might be allowed to keep the Church property they had seized. Rome at last decided to call a Council; but the policy of Francis I. (the Eldest Son of the Church) prevailed, and, to the great detriment of the Church and the Empire, sixteen years passed away before the project was executed.

After the death of Hadrian VI. and of Clement VII., Paul III. did his utmost to convene a Council, but every delay found the Protestant princes stronger in their resistance. The leader of the opposition was John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, who found it profitable to fish in troubled waters. Finally, the princes refused outright to take part in the Council; they declared themselves orthodox, but said that what they had wished for at the Diet of Augsburg they could not accept now (p. 102).

Herr Pastor devotes the third chapter to the men who were called the "expectants"—the middle party—composed of those who once hoped for a satisfactory conclusion of the discussions, whether political or religious. We have already mentioned some eminent men who belonged to this party, and who returned to the Catholic Church when they found that their expectations—sometimes selfish ones—were not to be realized. This return to the Church was far from general. The rising generation was more drawn to the new ideas of independence than to the old doctrine. The sons of "expectant" princes went ahead of their fathers. The noble Duke George of Saxony belonged to the reconciliatory party, and the Catholics suffered a great loss at his death; for his successor immediately embraced the Lutheran tenets, and men belonging to the "middle party" were no longer tolerated in his duchy. Amongst others, Julius Pflug, the friend of Erasmus, left the country, and sought a field for his labours in the neighbourhood of the Bishop of Mayence, Cardinal Albert of Brandenburg, who, though not of irreproachable morals, belonged to those who desired a reconciliation. It was he who commissioned Frederic Nausea to write a work on the marriage of priests and on ecclesiastical jurisdiction, concerning which we know only what Herr Pastor has himself rescued from oblivion (p. 161). Our author has the merit of having thrown more light on, and given more importance to this "middle" party, to which Erasmus belonged. Luther detested these men. He hated moderation, fearing that through the efforts made by the moderate party the Council might yet be convoked. This he in no way desired, "because the heart of the people was still attached to the old faith" (pp. 107, 112-169). Luther complained, from 1524 to the end of his life, "of the contempt for the Gospel shown by the people

generally." At first, a great many declared themselves in favour of the new views, hoping for the reform of certain evil customs which had introduced themselves into religion, but, seeing the Church threatened with a general overthrow, they turned their back on the "Gospel preachers."

This is why the efforts made by Charles V. to conciliate the divers religious and social parties, by means of solemn discussions, described by Herr Pastor in the third chapter, remained fruitless. In vain were conferences held at Hagenau, then at Worms, followed by the famous Diet of Ratisbon (chapter v.). To this last, though disapproving of them all, the Sovereign Pontiff was compelled to send a representative. The self-seeking princes knew how to render useless every effort at mediation made by the Emperor—who, it must be admitted, encroached on the rights of a Council in calling before his tribunal the litigating parties in a religious suit. The Holy Father, in sending a representative, was no less indulgent and conciliating than were the Emperor and the Catholic princes, who were anxious to escape, at any price, from civil war. This time it was chiefly John Cauvin (Calvin), the representative of French political interests at Hagenau, Worms, and now at Ratisbon, who rendered abortive the project of reconciliation. Backed by the selfishness of many of the princes, French policy could not fail to add fresh fuel to the fire of discord which devoured the German Empire.

"Three things in particular," wrote the Bishop of Feltri to Cardinal Farnese, in 1540, "prevented the reconciliation and the return of the Protestants. Firstly, the fear of the greatness and power of the Emperor; secondly, the probability that the peace would compel them to contribute subsidies for an expedition against the Turks; thirdly, the apprehension that they would have to restore the Church property they had seized." Marino Giustiniano, the Venetian, speaking of the state of Germany, said the same (p. 219): "The princes make a cloak of Protestantism to cover their own selfish projects against the Emperor, and France shields them. . . . Through the King of France the Turks even are their allies. On the other side," said he, "the Dukes of Bavaria, and their brother, the Archbishop of Salzbouurg, are good Catholics, but they are jealous of the power of the Emperor, than which nothing is more hateful to them" (pp. 64, 170-267). This is why they "make use of every means to prevent the reconciliation between the Emperor and the other princes." At Ratisbon, the French Ambassador tried to gain over the Pope's legate, Moronius, to promise that under no circumstances should the Council assemble anywhere but in France.

The Diet of Ratisbon promised at the outset to be a success. A conciliatory document, called the "Interim," had led up to it.

The authors of this document have been brought to light by Herr Pastor's acumen. Still, in spite of expectations, it had no important result. And this although the Emperor had sworn that he would labour with all his might at a "Christian reform" even though a collision with the Pope should ensue (p. 256). Charles made concessions in respect to Church property much more advantageous to its actual possessors than they could ever have expected. It was all in vain. The stubborn opposition of the Elector of Saxony made every effort useless. The advance of the Turks obliged the Emperor at last to dissolve the assembly. His endeavours to secure peace had elicited the disapproval of some influential men, who saw that the discussion of theological questions without a Council was a laughing-stock to other nations, and exposed religion to the insults of the evil-minded (pp. 283, 306). And when Charles, still intent on reconciliation, sought to promote it by theological Conferences, the opposition was still more universal.

It was at this time also that the famous conversation between the Emperor and the Landgrave of Hesse took place at Spire, when the Landgrave adduced the most far-fetched reasons to prove to Charles that a Council could not possibly lead to the internal pacification of Germany. The princes, in fact, only talked of a Council so as to escape the direct influence of the Pope; what they really wanted was an assembly in which they could impose their own views on the Emperor. Another Venetian, Alois Mocenigo, writes in 1548, as his countryman, Marino Giustiniano, had written a few years before, that the generality of German princes were Lutherans, not from conviction, but from a spirit of independence and cupidity. Such as did not profess themselves Lutherans lived in fear of being compelled by force to abandon the old faith (p. 343). The Council, so often deferred, at last assembled at Trent, but its labours had little or no influence over the anti-Imperial spirit in Germany. The Protestant princes sought every pretext for absenting themselves. Useless as they were, the Conferences and theological assemblies continued to meet until peace was again expected to result from the Diet of Augsburg, in 1548. Here again, it was John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, a prisoner ever since the Emperor had taken up arms to dissolve the Protestant Confederation of Schmalkalden, who headed the opposition against reconciliation with the Emperor, "before seeing even the resolutions of the Council."

France, as usual, spared no endeavours to mar the understanding now existing between the Pope and the Emperor; and the policy of the Dukes of Bavaria, who professed to have no other wish than to embrace fully and entirely the Catholic and German

cause, had for special aim to throw difficulties in Charles's way, that he might find himself entangled in an inextricable mesh, and be forced to make all manner of concessions in their favour (p. 356)

The Emperor hesitated as to whether he should openly espouse the resolutions drawn up by the Council—those especially relating to Justification. He did not yet despair of restoring peace to Germany; he spared his adversaries, but would not yield a single point of Catholic doctrine, such as it is defined by the Councils; and though at Augsburg he yielded to the Protestants on the question of the marriage of priests, and Communion under both kinds, he granted this liberty only till the Council had pronounced on both matters. He was only building a bridge for his adversaries. It was the "Interim," of which people said:—"Der Interim hat den Schalk hinter ihm" (the Interim means mischief). This provisional peace, however, seemed likely to become permanent. Melancthon appeared to consent to it in a long epistle, afterwards famous (p. 374); the Catholics were beside themselves with joy. This satisfaction was anything but universal. Melancthon had to endure many reproaches on account of his epistle. He allowed himself to be persuaded to work in secret against the "Interim," which he called the Sphinx of Augsburg (p. 403). The Emperor, on his side, was again accused of having trespassed on the rights of a council.

The imprisoned Landgrave of Hesse, and the prelates present at the Diet, had appeared to give their adhesion to the Interim, yet the old animosity soon reappeared. Princes and theologians had recourse to endless discussions, first in one town, then in another, each perfectly fruitless as regards the civil pacification. Charles once more thought he had secured his aim, the Protestant princes having declared they would accept the decision of the Council; but John, Margrave of Brandenburg, Maurice of Saxony, and the "brutal Margrave," Albert of Brandenburg, were meanwhile busy weaving a plot to deliver Germany into the hands of the King of France (p. 424).

All these circumstances brought about the "Triumph of Discord" (*Der Sieg der Spaltung*)—as Herr Pastor entitles the last chapter of his "Efforts for Reunion" (*Reunionsbestrebungen*). Charles reposed too much confidence in his princes to have even dreamed of such horrible treachery on their part; Maurice of Saxony, in particular, had been loaded with favours by the Emperor. Meanwhile, Melancthon was manifesting the weakness and indecision of his character. The Council met again. France was not represented; the Elector of Saxony put forward all manner of pretexts to excuse his absence (p. 439). The Protestant princes grew bolder in wresting their subjects from Catholicism and loyalty to the Emperor.

Lastly, King Ferdinand, Charles's brother, succeeded in convoking another Diet, at Augsburg; the results were infinitesimal. He was forced to yield to the foes of the Empire, and to accept a provisional peace, by which he virtually gave up all hope of ever seeing Germany united under a Catholic sceptre. This was the only way left open to him by which he might attempt to organize an expedition against the Turks. Charles had also yielded. He had lost the aim of all his endeavours. Two hours after his abdication had been made public the news reached Augsburg. Three causes, says Herr Klopp, had obliged Ferdinand to recognize the religious secession. The threefold attack by the Turks, the French, and the Protestant princes of the Empire (p. 476). The two sovereigns, however, do not seem to have yet realised that reunion was henceforth impossible; for, as we have seen, there were endless contradictions and perplexities in their policy.

But, in truth, the unity of Germany was broken for ever. Nicholas Cusanus had foretold it a hundred years before:—"The princes seek to crush the Empire under foot. If they succeed, democracy will follow, and in its turn will crush them."

All the glory of the Middle Ages had passed away. The traditions of art and science had been broken off. In seeking light men had found darkness and revolution. Instead of reorganizing they had merely destroyed. All restoration was now impossible; the edifice had to be rebuilt. It remains to the present age to reverse the injustice of the past. In many respects, it seems to us that the dawn of an epoch of true renaissance hovers on the horizon: the renaissance of historic truth, of religious truth, of art and science worthy of Christian society.

Works such as those we have just noticed contribute greatly to such a revival. Dr. Janssen, by his sketch of the civilization of the fifteenth century; Herr Pastor, by his picture of the struggle between evil passions and the spirit of order and right administration, founded on the traditions and aspirations of the people at the beginning of the sixteenth century; the Abbé Dacheux, by his gloomier canvas of the human frailty and vice which prepared the ground for the religious struggle; Herr Höfler, by his picture, as perfect as it is bright, of two years of the life of a Pope who was a centre radiating light and blessing; but who dazzled and blinded those whom he meant to aid; the Abbé Lederer, by his study of one of the instruments used by God to lend a right aim to the aspirations of so many souls, priests and laymen, who were being misled as to the rights and principles of the Church by the circumstances of the times in which they lived. And how sad was the ending of it all! The Emperor abdicating, thwarted in every aim, and the world face to face with an unknown future!



Herr Pastor's future as an historian seems to promise well. He has drawn the sudden turns of fortune with such a firm hand that one would credit him with a maturity of years he has not reached. A clear judgment, and extensive memory, and an attractive style, are all evident in his work. It may be that he paints the character of his hero, Charles V., in colours somewhat too bright. Charles V. did not understand the true nature of the revolutionary movement in all its aspects. He realised the power of men's evil passions as little as did Melancthon; wishing to offend none he offended all, and disgusted with the world and with his party, he despaired of the future, as did also Luther and Melancthon. His deep religious principles prompted his submission to the Church and his abdication. This last act, if not the most noble, was the most straightforward act of his life.

The slight sketch of these important works given in this essay will suffice, it is hoped, to recommend, as we would wish warmly to recommend, them to the English public. It may not be amiss to state that they are very far indeed from being expensive books. Indeed, they are comparatively low-priced books. At the same time, Dr. Janssen's and Herr Pastor's volumes are beautifully got up, the Abbé Dacheux's is almost superb, and the type and printing is excellent in all. A translation into English of any one of these works would be a service to the spread of historic truth among the English reading public.

DR. P. ALBERDINGK THIJM.

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#### ART. VI.—THE CONDITION OF THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

WHEN we look upon the Catholic Church in Ireland at the present day, and see her crowned with the richest blessings of a benign providence, it is not easy to realize to ourselves how lowly was her state throughout the whole of the last century. And yet it would not be well that that period of her sorrows and humiliation were too soon to be forgotten. It is not only that its gloom and shadows bring out in brighter relief before us the religious peace and sunshine which Ireland now enjoys, and that it serves to teach the children of St. Patrick, scattered as they are throughout the world, to love and to cherish the inheritance of Divine truth, for which their Fathers suffered so much, but it moreover imparts lessons of wisdom and consolation, and cheering hope to those brethren in the Faith who, in so many countries of Europe at the present day, are subjected to the same humiliations

and trials. They may learn from the history of Ireland's sufferings that their constancy and perseverance in defence of religion are sure to triumph, and that the persecutions they now endure for justice's sake will be rewarded at no distant day by the crown of victory.

As late as one hundred years ago, the Penal laws were in full force throughout the length and breadth of this kingdom. It was not that England had not long before laid aside the delusive hope that Ireland could be driven by the sword to embrace the tenets of the pretended Reformation ; but she continued nevertheless to heap afflictions on the Irish Catholics, and she ceased not to pursue them with relentless hatred, that thus she might at least impress the stigma of reproach upon their faith, and degrade the religion which she had failed to destroy.

The words in which the immortal Burke has described the vicious perfection of the Penal Laws cannot be repeated too often, nor should it be forgotten that he was himself witness of the operation of these laws, and that many of his dearest friends had experienced their full rigour. "It was a complete system," he says, "well digested and well composed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a feeble people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." The memory of this code, Mr. Goldwin Smith adds, "will remain a reproach to human nature, and a terrible monument of the vileness into which nations may be led when their religion has been turned into hatred, and they have been taught to believe that the indulgence of the most malignant passions of man is an acceptable offering to God ; for, it was a code of degradation and proscription, not only religious and political, but social."

MacKnight, in his "Political Life of Burke," also declares that "the Penal Laws form a code which every tyrant might study, and find his knowledge of the surest means of producing human wretchedness extended. He would see at once a terrible engine made perfect with all the science of political mechanism, for those who, with devilish malignity, would reverse the end of government, and instead of improving the well-being of the community, deliberately set about the destruction of a race."

Professor Morley adds his testimony to the same effect :—

Protestants, he says, love to dwell upon the horrors of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, of the proscriptions of Philip the Second, and of the Inquisition. Let them turn candidly to the history of Ireland, from 1691 down to 1798, and they will perceive that the diabolical proscription of the Penal Laws, and the frenzied atrocities with which the Protestants suppressed the Catholic rising

at the close of the century, are absolutely unsurpassed in history. The Penal Code has often been transcribed. In a country where the toleration of Protestantism is constantly over-vaunted it can scarcely be transcribed too often.\*

It would not be within the limits of this paper to set forth in detail the long series of enactments, which were sanctioned in successive Parliaments to oppress and to degrade the Irish Catholics.

It will suffice for us to briefly sketch some of the distinctive features of the Penal Code, and to glean from the official records and other authentic sources a few facts, which may serve to illustrate at the same time the bitterness of the persecution and the true Christian heroism of the sufferers.

The first effect of the Penal Laws was to exclude the Irish Catholics from every position of political influence or trust, and to debar them from all means of acquiring either knowledge or wealth. Without apostacy they could not aspire to any of the honourable professions, not to say to represent a constituency in Parliament, or to hold even the humblest post in the service of the State. In trade, they were subjected to innumerable disabilities, and in order to escape from more serious perils, were often obliged to submit to the most vexatious and illegal exactions at the hands of their Protestant competitors. A price was laid on the head of the Catholic schoolmaster as on that of the priest. The law of Habeas Corpus did not extend to Ireland. In the official discourses of the Viceroy, Catholics were pointed out as the enemy against whom all parties in the State were exhorted to combine. As late as the year 1745 the declaration was made by the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and was solemnly repeated by the Chief Justice from the King's Bench, that the laws of the kingdom "did not suppose any such person to exist as an Irish Papist."

The Protestant gentry, who held in their hands the whole administration of the laws, had no sympathy with the Catholic farmers, and being practically irresponsible, threw them into prison at will, or ground them down with the greatest tyranny, and subjected them to indescribable hardships. The tenant was allowed no security in his holding. It was provided by special statute that if at any time profits were more than one third of the actual amount of rent which he paid, any Protestant that so chose could without ceremony take possession of his farm. Should his industry have reclaimed some marshy tract, or cultivated the barren mountain, an enemy was sure to be at hand deeming it little less than a religious duty to deprive him of the fruits of his toil, and to drive him forth from his home unpitied and unrequited. Under

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\* Morley's "Burke," p. 101.

such a system the Catholic tenants were reduced to a state of the greatest misery. A writer, in 1766, speaks of them as "naked slaves, who labour without food, and live while they can without houses or covering, under the lash of merciless and relentless taskmasters." By a mockery of legislation, grass-lands were by Act of the Irish Parliament exempted from the payment of tithes. Thus the rich Protestant proprietors became practically freed from contributing to the support of their own clergy, and the small Catholic farmers were left to the tender mercies of the tithe-proctors, who, "with all the hands of all the harpies," plundered them to secure a rich maintenance for the alien ministers of an alien creed.

It is needless to say that the trade of the country was discouraged. It was the remark of Swift that the convenience of ports and harbours which nature bestowed so liberally on this kingdom was of no more use to our people than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon. If, whilst England was engaged at war with a Catholic state, any Irish Protestant suffered loss from the enemy's privateers, a tax was levied on the Catholics of the district in which he lived to restore to him the full amount of his loss. Should it happen that a Protestant was robbed, and were it supposed that the culprit was a Papist—and I need not say no very strict proofs were required—the loss was compensated at the expense of his Catholic neighbours. Mr. Bushe, in his place in Parliament in 1782, mentioned the following case:—A Protestant gentleman in the County of Kilkenny, from whom some property had been stolen, was compensated by a heavy tax thus levied on the Catholics of his district. Very soon after, however, the robber was discovered, and was found to be a Protestant. Nevertheless, no restitution was made to the Catholics for the injury done them. Mr. Bushe added that it was a rule with the magistrates, if the robber had been heard to speak with an Irish accent, to account this a sufficient proof of his being a Papist.

It was penal to harbour a priest, or to assist at mass. Nevertheless, a Catholic was liable at any moment to be summoned by the local magistrate to answer on oath in what place he had last heard mass, by whom the mass was celebrated, and whether there was any priest or Catholic schoolmaster concealed in the district. Should he refuse to answer these queries, he was subjected to fine and imprisonment. If a labourer refused to work on a Catholic holiday, he had to pay a fine, and in default of payment was punished by whipping. A heavy fine was imposed for burying in the old consecrated churchyards, or for taking part in pilgrimages, and other public acts of devotion; and magistrates were requested to demolish all crosses, pictures, and inscriptions

that were anywhere set up. A Catholic parent could not appoint a Catholic guardian for his children. Should the parents de cease before the child had attained his twenty-first year, a Protestant guardian was at once appointed by Government, and it became his duty to bring up the child in Protestant tenets.

Catholics had no vote for the representation in Parliament. They were excluded from the privileges of freemen; they had no voice in any corporate or civil appointments. They could not hold even the responsible post of attorney's clerk, or of night-watchman in any corporate town. By special rule, no Catholic was permitted to be present in the gallery of the House of Commons in Dublin. In the MS. Minute Book of the borough of Ennis there is an entry, setting forth that "the nest of boxes," and the brass mortars, and the scales of the Protestant apothecary of that town, were duly seized, and sold in penalty of his having associated to himself "one James Hickey, a known Papist, and one who refused to sign the Declaration and to take the oaths." The determination to crush out every Irish industry extended even to the humblest trades. From Folkestone and Aldborough petitions were presented to Government complaining that Irishmen were allowed to catch herrings at Waterford and Wexford, and to send them across the straits for sale. Other petitions were forwarded, praying that all fisheries might be prohibited on the Irish coasts, except in boats built and manned by Englishmen. In the Irish House of Commons a petition was presented by the coal-porters of Dublin, complaining that one Darby Ryan, a head coal-porter, employed several Papists in that trade.

No means were left untried to add to the numbers as well as to enhance the privileges of the Protestants in Ireland. In 1709, a numerous colony of Protestants, generally known as Palatines, was brought over from Germany to Ireland. Houses were built for them, farms were allotted them at rents of favour, leases were granted them, and a special subsidy was voted by Parliament to aid them in the purchase of stock for their farms. It was soon found by their patrons that these strangers were more troublesome than useful. The Irish House of Lords, in 1711, adopted a resolution lamenting that the nation should have incurred a load of debt "in bringing over numbers of useless and indigent Palatines." Nevertheless, they continued for three-quarters of a century to enjoy undisturbed their houses and lands. When, however, their leases expired, the Palatine colonists gradually disappeared, or became absorbed in the Catholic population. The Protestant Archbishop Synge estimated, in 1715, that no less than 50,000 Scotch families had settled in Ulster since the beginning of William the Third's reign. Everything worth having in the country passed

into their hands. Dr. Anthony Coyle, Bishop of Raphoe, writes to the Secretary of Propaganda, in the year 1786, that in his diocese the Catholics were reduced to about 40,000, and dwelt for the most part in the mountains. The heretics were almost equal in number, holding the rich valleys and the towns. "There is no city in the diocese," he adds; "and as for the cathedral, it is needless for me to speak of it, for, together with all the revenues of the See, it is in the hands of the pseudo-bishop."\* In consequence of the colonies imported from Great Britain and the Continent, several towns, such as Belturbet, and Coleraine, and Midleton, continued for a long time exclusively Protestant. In Carrickfergus and its neighbourhood, about the middle of the century, there were only a few Catholics, but no priest. In the town and parish of Holywood there was but one solitary Catholic. He was a coachman in the service of a Protestant gentleman named Isaac; and when he drove his master through the town the inhabitants used to run to their doors to have a look at the Papist.

The conversion of Protestants to the Catholic faith was beset with the severest pains and penalties. The convert at once forfeited all the rights and privileges which he had hitherto enjoyed. He was, moreover, regarded as an enemy of the State, and punished as such; and the priest who was instrumental in his conversion became subject to the same penalties. At the Spring Assizes in Wexford, in 1748, Mr. George Williams was adjudged guilty "of being perverted from the Protestant to the Popish religion," and was sentenced to be "out of the king's protection; his lands and tenements, goods and chattels, to be forfeited to the king, and his body to remain at the king's pleasure."† Two years later, a priest, named John Hely, was indicted in Tipperary for "perverting a dying Protestant;" and as he did not appear for trial, he was, in usual form, presented as an outlaw by the grand jury, to be punished as "a tory, robber, and rapparee of the Popish religion, in arms, and on his keeping."‡ Nevertheless, many Protestants were led to embrace the truth. The Protestant primate, Boulter, in his letters to the government in England, bitterly lamented that "the descendants of many of

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\* Catholici pro majori parte incolunt montes, et numeratis omnibus totius Diocesis, non sunt plures quam quadraginta millia. Haeretici eundem fere numerum faciunt et planities et oppida, quae sunt tantum quinque, ut plurimum occupant. Nulla est civitas, etsi existat Cathedralis, cujus descriptio non est praesentis instituti, siquidem ea utitur Pseudo-Episcopus cum omnibus redditibus annexis.—"Relatio," presented to the S. C. of Propaganda, in 1786.

† See *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1748.

‡ Irish Rec. Office, Presentments of Grand Juries, 1750.

Cromwell's officers here have gone off to Popery." And in 1747 we find renewed complaints from Galway, to the effect that "of late years several old Protestants, and the children of such, have been perverted to the Popish religion."\*

A Protestant, who being married to a Catholic lady, failed within twelve months to make her a Protestant, forfeited his civil rights, and incurred all the risks and penalties of a reputed Papist. At the Limerick election in the year 1760, several voters were objected to on the ground that they had Popish wives; and in due course their votes were declared null. By another clause in the Act of Parliament any barrister, attorney, or solicitor, presuming to marry a Papist, became by the very fact disqualified from continuing his profession.† A Protestant lady possessed of, or heir to any real property, or who held personal property to the amount of £500, by marrying a Catholic, forfeited her whole property, which passed at once into the hands of the nearest Protestant relative. If in a Catholic family the eldest son declared himself a Protestant, he became entitled to the whole property; the father could no longer dispose of any portion of it, and all the claims of the other children were set aside. As Catholics could not hold land in fee, it sometimes happened that they purchased property under the name of some friendly Protestant on whose honour and integrity they thought it safe to rely. To punish this evasion of the law, an Act was passed annulling all such purchases; and as an encouragement to informers, it was decreed that whoever, not being himself a Papist, would make the discovery of such a purchase, the property so discovered should become his prize.

When the child of a mixed marriage was baptized by a priest, the Protestant parent became classified among the reputed Papists, and had to suffer all the penalties of such offenders. The father of Dr. Young, Bishop of Limerick, was a Protestant, married to a Catholic lady. The infant was baptized by a Catholic priest. Mr. Young was immediately thrown into prison, where he was detained for a considerable time; and he was, moreover, subjected to a heavy fine. One happy result followed from this punishment. Mr. Young came out of prison a Catholic; and his son in after years became one of the holiest bishops who adorned the Irish Church in those perilous times.

Catholics were most jealously excluded from the use of firearms. No Irish Catholic could be a gamekeeper, or hold the humblest post that was supposed to involve the possession or the use of firearms. He could not even be a private soldier in the army.

\* Boulter's "Letters," ii. 12; Hardiman's "Galway," p. 188.

† 7th George II. chap. 5.

When Primate Boulter recommended the Government to make Ireland their recruiting ground for the army, he took care to add that none should be enrolled unless they produced certificates of being Protestants and the children of Protestants. In 1719, the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding in Limerick, wrote to the Castle that the officers had used every diligence to find out whether there were any Papists in the army, "that several had been committed prisoners upon suspicion, and, though no certain proofs could be obtained of their being Papists, they were turned out of the regiment." Again, in 1724, Colonel Fleming, writing from Galway, declared the report, that some of his soldiers had gone to Mass, to be "a notorious falsehood." He adds, that soon after his arrival in Galway, he had suspicions of one soldier, named Oliver Browne, "that he was a Papist," and finding it to be the case, "the day following he had him tried by a regimental court-martial, who ordered him to be three times whipped through the regiment, and then to be drummed out of the garrison, which was accordingly done."\* In 1757 an order was issued from England to enlist soldiers in the North of Ireland, but instructions were, at the same time, given to the recruiting officers to "take care not to enlist Papists, or persons popishly affected." So, too, by letter of March 31, 1759, it was permitted to enlist recruits in any part of Ireland, but the clause was added, "provided that they be Protestants and were born of Protestant parents." About the year 1775 some Catholic Highlanders had been enrolled in the army, and the officers, anxious to secure their services, had put no questions to them as to their religion. The Holy See, being soon after interrogated whether it would be lawful for Irish Catholics to accept commissions in the army in the same tacit manner, the question was referred back to the Archbishop of Dublin for his opinion. He replied by letter of the 20th of August, 1777, that he considered it would be unlawful for them to do so, and he instanced that in the very last session of Parliament in Dublin, when some member of the Opposition taunted the Government with admitting Papists into the army, the Ministry affirmed that such a statement was quite contrary to fact, and that "anyone voluntarily assuming the soldier's uniform, by the very fact was to be considered a Protestant; for, by the special laws of the Kingdom, to wear that uniform was to renounce any sect the soldier may hitherto have belonged to, and to embrace the Protestant faith." To further illustrate the case, the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Carpenter, stated, that in the late war, a Catholic having enlisted in the hope of his religion being tolerated, found, to his cost, what a

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\* Irish Rec. Office, June 12, 1724.



mistake he had made. He took occasion, on peace being proclaimed, to go to Mass, but was at once thrown into prison and subjected to other severe penalties.\* Towards the close of the century, when the armed Orangemen, in many parts of Ulster, plundered the Catholic farmers with impunity, the parishioners of one district resolved to be present for one Sunday at the Protestant service, thus to qualify themselves for the permission to hold arms. Accordingly they proceeded in a body to the Protestant church, and their wives accompanied them. The minister was beginning to address his thin and scattered congregation when, to his great surprise, a great tramp was heard, and the whole body of the parishioners entered. Some walked straight up to the communion table, and sat down there; others went to the baptismal font to sprinkle themselves with holy water; but most of them knelt down, took out their beads, and, in quite an audible manner, recited the Rosary. As late as the year 1792, permission was refused to Catholics to enter the army. It was only in the following year that the ranks were thrown open to them. So strict was the law which thus interdicted the use of arms to the Catholics, that even a Protestant servant of a Catholic master was not permitted to hold or use firearms.

The question was discussed with considerable warmth a few years ago, in the United States, what part was taken by the Irish Catholics in the War of Independence. From the above facts the answer to this question must be apparent. It is true that the Irish Parliament granted ten regiments, which formed the whole available military force of Ireland, and sent them to fight the battles of Great Britain in the United States. But these regiments were exclusively Protestant, and the Irish Catholics had no part in that expedition. For some years previous to 1777, a large number of Irish Catholics had sought a home in the United States. These emigrants were in the full vigour of manhood, and, no doubt, fought in all the battles of the War of Independence; but it is needless to say they were not to be found on the side of England, and I have no hesitation to accept as accurate Mr. Plowden's statement: "It is a fact beyond question, that most of the early successes in America were immediately owing to the vigorous exertions and prowess of the Irish emigrants who bore arms in that cause." (Vol. ii. p. 178.)

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\* Notum est quod in ultimo bello, miles Catholicus sub praefatis conditionibus conscriptus, pace postea restituta, ad carcerem et ad alias severissimas poenas condemnatus fuerit, propterea quod Missam audierit. —From Dr. Carpenter's MSS. in Archiv. Dubliniensi.

Mr. Froude\* has laid great stress on a memorial presented to Government by some Irish Catholic noblemen, in 1775, in which, after referring to a subscription towards the American war, which had been declined, they solicit permission to take arms against the rebels. These few noblemen, however, no more represented the sentiments of the Irish Catholics of those days, than did the few Catholic Peers of the present day, who, in the House of Lords, voted against the Compensation for Disturbance Bill a few months ago. There was one other penal enactment, so peculiar in its restriction, that it merits to be referred to. Catholics were allowed to have horses, but it was not permitted them to have any horse of greater value than £5, and a clause was added in the Statute, that no matter how valuable the horse of the Irish Catholic might be, a Protestant proffering five guineas in purchase was entitled to become the owner. In the deeds of sale and in the leases of the last century, many singular clauses are met with from time to time, such as the prohibition to sub-let to Papists, or to permit a Catholic place of worship on the property; but, perhaps, the most curious clause of all is that which required the tenant to keep "Protestant horses." This clause had a double effect: it ensured horses of higher value than £5 for the cultivation of the land, and it kept the tenant more and more at the landlord's mercy, for at any moment, by proffering the legal amount, these horses could be appropriated by the landlord or his agents. Some curious incidents are narrated in connection with this penal restriction. A gentleman of the County Meath, named MacGeoghegan, had had his carriage horses seized by some low Protestant neighbour. He did not lay aside his carriage, however, but trained a pair of Spanish oxen, and with them continued to drive his carriage as before. In Waterford, a Catholic merchant, who had realized a large fortune, excited the jealousy of some of the Protestant gentry by the splendour of his equipage, and his horses were accordingly seized on. He had his revenge. He trained four fine bulls, and whenever the Grand Jury met in Waterford, he drove his four-in-hand through the streets, the gentry flying before him in all directions.

A few Catholics continued to retain, in remote places, some portions of their family estates, but they found it necessary to court obscurity, for they knew too well that their hold on such property depended on its being hidden from the gaze of Irish Protestants. When Mr. Smith was in search of materials for

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\* Froude, "The English in Ireland," ii. 176. With his usual inaccuracy he states in the preceding page that "few or none (of the Irish Catholics) had as yet sought a Transatlantic home."

his "History of Kerry," and visited Glencara, a small estate belonging to the O'Connell family, so happily hidden in the Kerry mountains that it had escaped confiscation, he received a great deal of kindness from its proprietor; but the request was made to him that the family should be left unnoticed in his work. "We have peace and comfort here," said Mr. O'Connell, "we love the faith of our fathers, and amidst the seclusion of these glens we enjoy a respite from persecution. If you make mention of me or mine, the solitude of the sea-shore will no longer be our security, the Sassenagh will scale these mountains, and we shall be driven upon the world without house or home."

Mr. Lecky, in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," having at considerable length set forth the sufferings and disabilities of the Irish Catholics, which I have thus briefly sketched, concludes with the remarkable words:—

It would be difficult in the whole compass of history to find another instance in which such various and such powerful agencies concurred to degrade the character and to blast the prosperity of a nation.

And he adds the following glowing eulogy on the fidelity of the Irish people:—

They clung to their old faith with a constancy that never has been surpassed, during generations of the most galling persecution, at a time when every earthly motive urged them to abandon it, when all the attractions and influence of property and rank and professional eminence and education were arrayed against it. They voluntarily supported their priesthood with an unwearying zeal, when they themselves were sunk in the most abject poverty, when the agonies of starvation were continually before them. They had their reward. The legislator, abandoning the hopeless task of crushing a religion that was so cherished, contented himself with providing that those who held it should never rise to influence or wealth, and the Penal Laws were at last applied almost exclusively to this end.\*

Throughout the whole period of persecution in Ireland, the succession of bishops and priests was never broken. As was to be expected, however, many were the sufferings of those devoted men whilst they endeavoured to minister to their flocks. It was enacted under William III. (7th and 9th William III. chap. 25) that all the Catholic archbishops, bishops, and other clergy should depart the kingdom under penalty of imprisonment and transportation; and did they at any time return to Ireland, they were to be considered guilty of high treason, and to suffer accordingly. In 1704 this Act was in part relaxed. A certain number of the parochial clergy, duly registered, were to be tolerated in each

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\* Lecky, "History," ii. 256, 386

county. A particular district was allotted to each one, but were he to exercise his spiritual duties except within that district he incurred all the former penalties. New difficulties, however, very soon awaited the privileged clergy thus registered. An edict was published commanding them to take the oath of abjuration; and as all, with scarcely an exception, refused to stain their conscience by such an oath, all alike were thenceforward subjected to the direst penalties of the law. At any moment they were liable to be arrested and thrown into prison, and sent into exile. The better to give effect to those enactments, the Irish Parliament in 1709 passed a resolution declaring that to inform against a priest was an honourable act, deserving the nation's gratitude. A reward was voted of £50 for the discovery of a bishop or vicar-general or other dignitary, and of £20 for the arrest of any other clergyman, secular or regular. Besides these Parliamentary grants, other rewards were offered from time to time by the grand juries; and as late as 1743 a proclamation was issued by the Privy Council in Dublin, offering for the conviction of a bishop or dignitary the sum of £150; for every priest, £50; and for the discovery of persons who, being in the possession of a certain amount of property, had nevertheless been guilty of entertaining, concealing, or relieving a priest, £200. Other Acts of Parliament offered annuities and large rewards to such of the clergy as might choose to apostatize. But neither bribes nor threats could sever the pastors from their flocks. With heroic courage the clergy braved every peril to break the bread of life to their faithful people. Except during short intervals of comparative peace, they were obliged to travel from district to district in disguise; and they joyfully endured the privations and humiliations and hardships to which they were every day exposed. Whilst they offered the Holy Sacrifice they wore a veil over the face, or the altar and sanctuary were screened by a curtain, so that the faithful could hear the voice without recognizing the celebrant. During the day they were clad in frieze like the peasantry, and they usually carried a wallet across the shoulders, the better to conceal their ministry. Thus they passed from cabin to cabin, dispensing blessings, instructing the young, and administering the sacraments; and they lived with the peasantry and partook of their humble fare, which was at all times heartily shared with them. Mr. Lecky does not fail to recognize the heroism thus displayed by our devoted clergy:—

Their conduct, he says, in many respects was very noble. The zeal with which they maintained the religious life of their flocks during the long period of persecution is beyond all praise. In the very dawn of the Reformation in Ireland, Spenser had contrasted the negligence of the "idle ministers" the creatures of a corrupt

patronage, who "having the livings of the country opened unto them, without pains and without peril, will neither for any love of God, nor for zeal for religion, nor for all the good they may do by winning souls to God, be drawn forth of their warm nests to look out into God's harvest," with the zeal of Papist priests, who "spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome, and from Rheims, by long toil and dangerous travelling hither, where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no reward or riches is to be found, only to draw the people unto the Church of Rome." The same fervid zeal was displayed by the Catholic priesthood in the days of the Cromwellian persecution, and during all the long period of the penal laws.\*

The Archbishop of Armagh, Dr. Bernard MacMahon, lived in disguise for many years at Ballymascanlon, in the County of Louth, under the assumed name of Mr. Ennis. Writing to the Archbishop of Dublin on the 7th of November, 1741, he states that he had been of late obliged to fly from his usual place of refuge, on account of four magistrates being in search of him, armed with warrants for his arrest. Another of our primates, Dr. Michael O'Reilly, whose excellent catechism is still in use in some dioceses of Ulster, generally resided in the parish of Termonfeckin. A few years ago, when stopping for a short time in that neighbourhood, I was conducted by a reverend friend to visit the house in which the primate had lived. It is a small thatched cabin, and inside, under the thatch, there is a narrow loft, formed of the dried branches of trees, where at times he used to lie concealed, whilst the priest-catchers were in close pursuit. In the adjoining orchard a fine old apple tree is pointed out, under which, like St. Philip Neri on the Janiculum, he was wont to gather the little children around him to instruct them in the catechism. At a short distance from the hut, at a spot where the main road crosses a little stream, tradition tells that he remained bent under the arch, and up to his knees in the water, whilst a troop of military galloped along the road and scoured the country in search of him.

Dr. John M'Colgan was appointed to the See of Derry in 1752. When he entered on his episcopal charge, he lived in a white-washed cottage at Muff, in the County Donegal. Soon, however, the storm of persecution became more threatening, and he was compelled to take refuge in his native mountains of Carndonagh, in Inishowen. Here he remained for a few days concealed in the house of a Presbyterian farmer, who had often befriended him. One evening, as this man was engaged ploughing a field, which extended from his house to the river, a messenger came running towards him in breathless haste, announcing that a party in search

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\* Lecky, "History," ii. 282.

of the bishop was at hand. Without a moment's delay, the farmer unyoked the horses, and setting the bishop upon one, and accompanying him upon the other, never drew bridle till they reached the village of Leenankeel. Here the bishop found a boat, and got in safety to Fannett. They were only a short time gone when the pursuers arrived in Carndonagh. They reported that "they found the nest, indeed, but the bird was gone." Soon after, this good bishop, worn out by anxieties and fatigues, was summoned to his reward. Two priests sat by his bedside in his last moments; and one of them has recorded his dying words, spoken in the Irish language, which he knew and loved so well: "My soul to God and the Blessed Virgin." Dr. M'Colgan rests in peace in a lone churchyard in the parish of Culduff, where once stood a noble monastery, embosomed in the mountains, and in sight of the waves of the western ocean.

Some few months ago an English gentleman paid a passing visit at the house of the venerated Bishop of Kilmore. He was very much struck by the portraits of the bishop's predecessors which adorned the sitting-room, but could not conceal his surprise that the place of honour between two of these portraits was allotted to a Highland piper in full costume. Still greater, however, was his surprise when he learned from the lips of the bishop that that was the portrait of one of the most illustrious of his predecessors, who being a skilled musician, availed himself of such a disguise in order to visit and console his scattered flock.

Dr. James O'Gallagher, Bishop of Raphoe, when holding a visitation in the parish of Killygarvan, in the year 1734, partook of the hospitality of its parish priest, Father O'Hegarty, whose humble residence stood on the left bank of Lough Swilly, opposite the fair and fertile district of Fahan. It soon began to be whispered about that the bishop was in the neighbourhood, and without delay the priest-catchers were upon his track. One evening a note was handed him from a Protestant gentleman inviting him to dinner. Whilst he read the letter, the messenger said to him in Irish, "As you value your life, have nothing to say to that man," a hint of intended treachery which the bishop easily understood. That night Dr. O'Gallaghan retired to rest at an early hour; but, as he could not sleep, he rose at midnight and resolved to depart. The good priest, however, would not listen to his doing so, and insisted on his retiring again to rest. "The way is dangerous and lonely," he said, "and it will be quite in time for you to leave at dawn of morning." The bishop tried again to take some rest, but sleep had fled from him, and after a short time he again rose, and long before the morning sun had lit up the cliffs of Bennagallah, Dr. O'Gallagher was on the

bridle road to Rathmullen. At sunrise, a troop of the military was seen hastening from Millford. They surrounded Father O'Hegarty's house, and soon the shout was heard from them, "Out with the Popish Bishop!" A local magistrate, named Buchanan, was their leader, and great was their rage and disappointment when Father O'Hegarty assured them that the bishop had been there, indeed, but had taken his departure. They should have some victim, however, for they did not wish it to be said that their nocturnal excursion from Millford had been made in vain. They accordingly seized the aged priest, and binding his hands behind his back, carried him off a prisoner. The news spread along the route, and the cry was echoed from hill to hill, that their loved pastor was being hurried off to prison. A crowd soon gathered, and showed their determination to set him free; but Buchanan, raising a pistol, shot him dead on the spot, and threw his lifeless body on the roadside. It is only a few years since a terrible fate befel the late Lord Leitrim. His driver received at the same time his death wound, and fell lifeless on the roadside. The name of that driver was Buchanan, and he is said to have been the last of the descendants of the magistrate who thus went in the pursuit of the Bishop of Raphoe, and murdered the loved parish priest of Ballygarvan in 1734. Dr. O'Gallagher sought for a time a refuge in one of the small islands of Lough Erne, and a few years later was translated to Kildare.

No less hardships and perils awaited the Catholic bishop in the rich plains of Leinster than amid the rugged hills of Donegal. The illustrious Dr. Doyle, whose name shines so brightly in the roll of the bishops of Kildare, has left the following sketch of the labours of Dr. O'Gallagher in this See:—

This Bishop was eminent in the most perilous times for his learning, piety, and zeal. He seldom had a residence, but went about like his Divine Master, doing good, preaching the Gospel, encouraging the faithful, and consoling the afflicted people. For some years previous to his death he resided for a part of each year in a small hut of mud walls, thatched with straw or rushes, near the Bog of Allen, to which he might fly when sought after by the myrmidons of the ruling faction. The remains of his cabin still exist on the road from Allen to Robertstown, on the right hand as you proceed. They form a sort of ill-shapen mound or mounds, and are separated by a ditch from the highway, as it passes over a small eminence which looks down upon the vast moor or bog beneath.\*

The immediate successor of Dr. O'Gallagher in the united Sees of Kildare and Leighlin was Dr. James O'Keeffe. He ruled these dioceses for thirty-six years, and throughout the greater part of

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\* Fitzpatrick, "Life of Dr. Doyle" (2nd Edition), i. 239.

his eventful episcopate was subjected to all the hardships and dangers of the era of persecution. The following brief MS. sketch of his life is from the pen of Dr. Doyle:—

At the time when he was called to the care of these dioceses, the persecution raged violently, yet his courage and his zeal sustained him. He visited every part of his extensive dioceses frequently, sojourning for a time at Kildare, again at Tullow, often at Dunleckney, and still oftener at the houses of his friends; for he had scarcely any income, and when money was given to him, he only retained it until he was met by some victim of distress. From his letters which I have perused, it may be collected that he was often in want of the most common necessities, yet he never complains. He preached the word of God incessantly, often in glens and bogs, for chapels in his time were few and wretched. In all things he bore the appearance of a man of God, and so gained upon the minds and the hearts of those with whom he conversed, whether they were of his own fold or of the strayed sheep, that his virtue stemmed, as it were, the torrent of persecution, and gave peace to his people in his days. Religion seemed to arise at his call from the grave in which she was buried, and the vineyard assigned to him changed from a state of desolation to comparative fruitfulness. God blessed his words and works, in both of which he was powerful. I cannot find that he made any will, unless to desire that his remains would be interred in the *graves*, a piece of ground adjoining the town, which in the time of persecution had been granted to the Catholics for the burial of their dead, their parish church and its cemetery having been appropriated to the use of the despoilers of the country. Here he desired that his remains should be laid amongst the poor for whom he had lived and with whom after death he desired to be associated. A faithful servant who had long attended him, attached to him more by love than by reward or gain, had secreted from his master for some time five pounds. He had rescued it from the hands of the poor for whom it was destined, and reserved it to purchase a coffin and a shroud for their Father when he would be borne to the tomb. These five pounds defrayed the funeral expenses of Bishop O'Keeffe.

In the neighbouring diocese of Ferns Dr. Sweetman was arrested and thrown into Newgate, where he was detained for several months, in 1751. He was remarkable for his stature and manly bearing, and the only ground for his arrest was the whisper of some apostate that the worthy bishop was a foreign officer in disguise. The description of Newgate prison in those days, given from the Parliamentary Reports by Mr. Froude, will enable us to understand why it was that imprisonment in it was regarded with such horror in the last century.

The prisons, he says, were dens of infamy and extortion. Newgate meant a dungeon, starvation, and irons. The Sheriff Marshal



was allowed a separate gaol of his own, called the Black Dog. At both prisons he made a trade of vending liquors. Each prisoner consigned, though but for a night, to the Black Dog, was taxed two shillings for a treat, and if he refused, was beaten and stripped. The charge for a bed was a shilling a night. Each room was a mere closet; and in many of these closets were five beds. In each bed three, four, or five persons were set to sleep if the place was crowded, and two shillings were extorted from each . . . Newgate, when the House of Commons Committee visited it (in 1729) was found choking with prisoners. Wretched objects were lying naked on the ground, some dying, some dead of cold and hunger. Some had been four days without food of any kind. The Committee inquired what allowance of bread was made to the Crown prisoners, and found that the custom of allowing bread had for some time been discontinued. The stench among the naked starving felons was so intolerable that the Committee fled after a stay of half a minute.\*

At the beginning of the century, the Bishop of Ossory, Dr. Daton, was an exile in France. His last will and testament now lies before me, dated the 11th of April, 1698. It begins with the words, "Whereas I am banished by order of the Government." He had nothing to dispose of but a few books and sacred vessels and vestments. These he wished to be distributed among the clergy of the diocese and the parishes of the City of Kilkenny, in case he should die in banishment; but he adds the words, "In case I should return back to this kingdom again, I intend that the aforesaid things should remain to my own use and disposition." For fifteen years he ate the bread of exile, till his death in 1713. Another Bishop of Ossory, Colman O'Shaughnessy, towards the middle of the century, was subjected to special persecution, and lived for the most part concealed in the parish of Gowran. The Grand Jury of Kilkenny made a Presentment, in 1744, praying the Government to take steps "for the arrest of Colman O'Shaughnessy, Titular Bishop of Ossory," on the grounds that he had been domestic chaplain of the Pretender, and had been appointed solely through his influence. Of another illustrious Bishop, Thomas de Burgo, who adorned the same See in times of comparative peace, the small thatched house in Maudlin Street remained standing till our own day. Even with the additions which had been made to it from time to time it sufficed of itself to attest the many difficulties which had beset the path of our clergy, who in those perilous days had laboured with a persevering devotedness, unsurpassed in the annals of any other country, to hand down to us the sacred deposit of Divine Truth.

If we turn to the ecclesiastical province of Tuam, we meet with the Bishop of Achonry, Dr. John Hart, who was appointed to

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\* Froude, "The English in Ireland," i. 592.

this See in the year 1735, and lived for a time tranquilly with his brother at the family house of Cloonamahon. This property had been purchased some time before, under the name of a friendly Protestant named Betteridge, who professed a great affection for Catholics. He proved, however, a false friend, and in a short time he appropriated to himself the house and property thus purchased in his name. The venerable bishop, driven from his family home, found a refuge in the neighbourhood with some families, who risked all that they possessed in thus sheltering him. The parishioners of Ballysodare still hold in veneration an aged ash, and tradition tells us that during the latter years of his episcopate it was under its wide-spreading branches that he used to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. There is a popular legend connected with this prelate which may perhaps be mentioned in these pages. He had a great affection for the little singing-birds, liberating them whenever he could from their cages, and otherwise giving proof of care for them in a thousand ways. On the day of his interment the little songsters requited the kindness of their benefactor, and myriads of them perched on the churchyard trees and chirruped their most plaintive tunes.

Dr. Thaddeus O'Rorke was appointed to the See of Killalla, in 1707. He was the son of an Irish officer who had been distinguished for his valour in the Italian campaign, and had fallen in the battle of Luzzara. He himself had held the post of private chaplain to Prince Eugene, of Savoy, and this illustrious commander, who held him in the highest esteem, presented him with a gold cross and a ring set in diamonds, and obtained a letter from the Emperor Leopold, recommending the newly-consecrated bishop to his ally, the Queen of England. But those marks of imperial patronage could be of little avail to a Catholic bishop among his persecuted faithful flock. He was no sooner arrived in his diocese than the priest-hunters were on his track. He was compelled to fly from place to place, and to adopt various disguises. Under the assumed name of Fitzgerald he lay concealed for some years in Joyce-country. His letters to the clergy were invariably dated *ex loco refugii nostri*. In his latter years he sought an asylum with his relatives, the O'Conors, of Belanagar, and it was probably there that he rested in peace, in 1735.

It was also in the year 1707 that Ambrose MacDermot was appointed Bishop of Elphin. He was of ancient and illustrious ancestry, and had lived many years in Rome, holding important offices in the Order of St. Dominic. Every precaution was taken to conceal as far as possible his consecration and his homeward journey. Nevertheless, immediately on his arrival in London he was arrested and thrown into prison. When under examination Dr. MacDermot passed off as an Italian. The interpreter, who

happened to be an apostate, had known him in Rome, and at once recognized him, but having received some kindness from him in former times, did not betray him. After his trial an official of the Court informed him that the authorities were fully acquainted with all the details of his career, and that they had learned from their agents on the Continent the full particulars of his consecration and his appointment to an Irish See. He was sent back to prison, and it was only after an imprisonment of four months that, through the influence of the Venetian Ambassador, he was liberated on condition that he would quit the kingdom within six days. He sailed at once for Holland, but thence without delay took shipping for Cork, and, travelling about under the assumed name of De Witt, and in various disguises, ministered to his flock till his death in 1717.

In 1702 a memorial was presented to the Papal Nuncio, in Paris, on behalf of Dr. Comerford, Archbishop of Cashel. He had laboured on the Irish mission for more than twenty years in a country district where the charity of the poor was his only revenue. In consequence of the rewards now offered by Government for the arrest of archbishops and bishops, he had little doubt that even this scanty means of support would soon cease, for as he was the only archbishop then resident in Ireland, all the informers would be in pursuit of him, and he would have to retire to some solitary place where he might be wholly unknown. It is added in his praise that "neither chains, whose rigours he had already felt, nor the fear of living an outcast and a wanderer, nor the hope of finding a place of refuge abroad, nor even the terrors of death, with which he has been often menaced, could ever induce him to desert the flock committed to his care."

His successor in the See of Cashel, Dr. Christopher Butler, was the son of Walter Butler, of Kilcash, and was thus closely allied to the noble families of Ormond and Fingall. His abode was for the most part in the Galtee mountains, not far from his old family estates. The next prelate, Dr. James Butler, lived to a great old age, and died in 1774. Towards the close of his episcopate, he was permitted to dwell undisturbed in a humble thatched cabin, on the site now occupied by the archiepiscopal residence in Thurles.

In the Public Record Office, Dublin, I have met with ten official documents which relate to the imprisonment and banishment of Dr. Sleyne, Bishop of Cork and Cloyne. As these documents are unpublished, and abundantly prove that the exercise of spiritual authority was the only crime of which this venerable bishop was accused, whilst they at the same time throw considerable light on the whole procedure of the Government in Ireland against the Catholic clergy, it may not be out of place to refer to them somewhat in detail.

1. The first in this series of documents is a presentment from the grand jury of the City and County of Cork, dated 27th of July, 1702, complaining that John Sleyne, titular Bishop of Cork, had collated Rev. Richard Hornet to the parish of Youghal, and had excommunicated Dominic Gough, the priest already in that town, for not submitting to said collation; and further, that Peter Murrough, titular vicar-general of the said bishop, still continued in the city, and exercised ecclesiastical jurisdiction there.

2. Letter of Joshua Dawson, secretary at the Castle, to the Mayor of Cork, from Dublin Castle, 8th of August, 1702, conveying a warrant for the transportation to Portugal "of the titular Bishop of Cork, and a fryar, and also one Martin, a fryar, which will be brought from Limerick."

3. Memorial of Dr. Sleyne, addressed from prison to Count Wratislaw, Austrian Ambassador in London, and forwarded by Lord Rochester, Lord Lieutenant, from London, to the lords justices in Dublin, on 27th of October, 1702. This valuable paper, thus officially preserved, is of particular interest, and is as follows:—

Most excellent Sir,—

Your petitioner, John Baptista Sleyne, Bishop of Corke and Cloyne, eighty years old, and laden with infirmities and weaknesses, having been five years kept in close prison—viz., from the year 1698—most humbly shews that lately, at a general sessions held for the Queen in the City of Cork, the petitioner was convicted before the judges because he had not departed this kingdom with other dignitaries and regulars of the Church of Rome, then perpetually banished this kingdom under the penalty of perpetual banishment, or during life. Now, by the order of the said judges, it is decreed that after so long imprisonment and hardships, your petitioner shall be banished for ever (to some islands which he knows not) in this rigorous winter season, and in the time of war. Your afflicted petitioner believes that it is beside the intention and knowledge of her Majesty that such severity is put in execution, and hopes she will mercifully spare his old age and gray hairs, filled with infirmity and misery, seeing nothing now remains for him but a grave. If your excellency, out of your tender regard to God's cause and the Church, should interpose with her Majesty in this thing, and oppose this cruel sentence, it is in the power of her Majesty and her lieutenant to prefer the petitioner to spend the few days he has yet remaining in his native country, either in or out of prison; and if it should be necessary for his liberty, he would give security of the ablest men not to do anything to the prejudice of the publick. So your afflicted petitioner, lying under difficulty, most humbly prays, who will never leave off imploring the Divine goodness for the prosperity of your Excellency's soul and body.

4. Letter of Secretary Dawson to Mr. Whiting, Mayor of Cork, from Dublin Castle, 9th of January, 170 $\frac{2}{3}$  :—

Sir,—Upon a presentment of the grand jury of the City of Corke for the transporting the titular Bishop of Corke, according to an Act of Parliament in that behalf, the lords justices signed a warrant requiring the mayor and sherriffs of Corke to cause the said titular bishop to be putt on board the first ship that should be bound from Corke to Portugall, which order I enclosed in my letter of the 8th of August last to the then Mayor of Corke, but no account having ever been sent up of the execution of that order, or any reasons being given why the said bishop was not transported, their Excellencies have commanded me to write up to you for an account of that matter, and upon receipt of your answer further directions will be sent downe to you therein; and in the mean time no further prosecution is to be had against the said bishop, which I signify to you by their Excellencies commands, and am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. DAWSON.

5. Reply of John Whiting, Mayor of Cork, to the above, setting forth that on receipt of this letter he had communicated with his predecessor in the mayoralty, Alderman Dring, who stated that he had received the orders referred to, but could find no ship going to Portugal. As regards himself, he had met with the same difficulty, and though he had agreed with several ships to take the bishop on board, yet they all pretended to be “forced to sea unawares,” so that the bishop is still “in as bad a condition to be transported as formerly.”

6. Letter to Lord Rochester, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (in London), from the Council in Ireland, Dublin Castle, 19th of Jan., 170 $\frac{2}{3}$ , that the bishop’s stay in Ireland had been connived at by his late Majesty, upon the condition that he should not exercise any jurisdiction; the grand jury at Cork at last sessions had made presentment to the Chief Justice Pyne complaining that he exercised jurisdiction, and that he had not been transported to Portugal; and therefore the orders had been signed on the 8th of August last for carrying out his transportation, by putting him on board the first ship bound for Portugal.

7. Letter of Lord Rochester, dated Cockpitt, 30th of January, 170 $\frac{2}{3}$ , to the Lords of the Council in Ireland :—

I had the opportunity yesterday to lay before the Queen at the Cabinet Council your lordship’s letter of the 19th inst., relating to the titular Popish Bishop of Corke, and have received her Majesty’s commands to send you directions that your own order of the 8th of August last for the transferring the said Popish bishop to Portugal be put in execution. You will therefore take care accordingly, and some particular directions must be given to the Mayor of Corke to be more diligent in the observing your orders, for that by his own

account to Mr. Dawson, it was taken notice of here, his reasons were very slender for not having done as he was directed.

8. Letter of Joshua Dawson, from Dublin Castle, 9th of Feb., 1703, to the Collector of Customs at Cork, to pay to the mayor of the city the necessary amount for shipping Dr. Sleyne to Portugal.

9. Letter of J. Dawson, on same date, to the Mayor of Cork, conveying the order of council "that you cause the said Popish bishop to be put on board the first ship that shall be bound from Corke to Portugall."

10. Letter of Rowland Davies, Dean of Ross, to Dr. Marmaduke Coghill, in Dublin, from Dawestown, 4th of October, 1703, and endorsed as referred to the "committee on the state of the nation." He had been asked to forward to the castle all the particulars regarding the stay of Dr. Sleyne at Cork; he had also received several complaints relative to the exercise of jurisdiction by the said titular bishop, but the bishop had been shipped for Portugal before anything could be done.

These official documents, hitherto unpublished, leave no doubt as to the lengthened imprisonment and banishment of this venerable prelate for the sole offence of exercising his episcopal authority.\* He died at the Dominican Convent of Buon Successo, near Lisbon, in 1713, aged ninety years.

But it is time that we should take some instances from the sufferings of the parochial clergy. In October, 1712, when the proclamation ordering the laws against Popish priests, &c., to be put into force was published in Armagh, Walter Dawson, a cousin of the Secretary at the Castle, received intelligence that "a Popish Dean of Armagh" was concealed in the neighbourhood of the primatial city. He had him accordingly arrested without delay, and thrown into prison. The official correspondence in the Irish Record Office gives us full details regarding this most singular case. The captive dean was the Rev. Brian M'Quirk, who proved to be a bed-ridden old man, in his ninetieth year, weak of mind, being now in a second childhood, and so poor that he depended entirely for his support on the charity of his neighbours. The brother of the captive wrote to the Government deprecating the inhumanity of this arrest, and urging that it could not fail to bring serious discredit upon the law. A few months later, Walter Dawson again addressed the authorities of the Castle, setting forth that in pursuance of the proclamation he had arrested the Popish titular Dean of Armagh, and had obtained witnesses against him, but that on the 13th of February, before the assizes had begun, his prisoner

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\* For the subsequent history of this venerable Bishop, see "*Spicilegium Ossoriense*," ii. 369.

had died in Armagh gaol; he adds a prayer that notwithstanding this mischance, he may not be deprived of the reward of £50, which he would have been entitled to on the dean's conviction.

A magistrate in Listowel, whose letter of August 13, 1711, was forwarded to the Government, gives a curious picture of the earnestness with which the Catholic clergy in the south laboured to promote piety among the people. A priest, he says, named Bourke, a native of Connaught, was preaching throughout various districts of Kerry. He went barefoot, bareheaded, with a staff in his hand, and he exhorted the people as he met them on the roads, or in the fields, to forsake their vices and lead a pious life. He had a catechism, which he read and explained to them in Irish; and at the end of his discourse he used to intone the "Miserere," and scourge himself with a discipline until the blood trickled down his back. The magistrate hearing that he was followed by multitudes, and was reputed by the people a worker of miracles, sent to arrest him. He escaped, however, and was now continuing the same course in Limerick, where at times as many as 2,000 or 3,000 persons assembled to receive his instructions. The magistrate adds that, as far as he was able to learn, this priest had no object in view except the promotion of piety.\*

One of the most active of the priest-hunters was known by the name of Edward Terrel. In the year 1712, upon his information, two priests, named Patrick McCarthy and William Hennessey, were arrested at Cork, thrown into prison, convicted, and transported. In October the same year he presented a petition to the Castle, setting forth his own zeal for the Gospel and complaining of the remissness of the magistrates. Next month he accompanied the magistrates of Ferbane in search of priests through a very wild country to the house of Mr. John Coghlan, "in a most retired place, far distant from any high road"; they found plenty of books, but the priests had fled. Early in 1713 this unfortunate man's career was brought to a premature close. The Dublin newspapers of the 23rd of May, 1713, announced that "This day, Terrel, the famous priest-catcher, who was condemned this term for having several wives, was executed."

Among the official letters preserved at the Public Record Office, Dublin, there is one addressed by George Macartney, the Sovereign of Belfast, to the Secretary at the Castle, dated from Belfast, March 24, 1707<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub>, and giving some interesting details relative to Dr. Phelim O'Hamill, who was the registered priest for the extensive districts of Belfast, Derryaghy and Drum. This priest had been ordained in 1677, by the martyred primate, Oliver Plunket,

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\* Letter of J. Julian to the Right Hon. the Lord of Kerry, in Irish Rec. Office.

and was now in his 80th year. A proclamation had been issued for his arrest, and as he was not conscious of any crime he wrote at once to the magistrate, stating that he was laid up with sickness, but was quite willing to put himself in the magistrate's hands, and would do so as soon as he was able to proceed to Belfast; "accordingly, he came on Monday last," writes Mr. Macartney, "but being then at Antrim upon the commission of array for the Militia, he stayed in this town till I came home, and hath this day surrendered himself to me. I have put him into our town gaol, and desire you would communicate this account to their Excellencies (the Lords Justices), where I intend to keep him till I know their further pleasure." He then adds that the behaviour of P. O'Hamill had been such since the Revolution, and he had during the disturbances shown such kindness to the Protestants, protecting their property from injury, that the leading Protestants of the country had come forward to offer bail and to solicit his release. "However," Mr. Macartney continues, "the proclamation being positive, and no discretionary power left in us, I would not bail him. Thank God, we are not under any great fears here: for upon this occasion I have made the constable return me a list of all the inhabitants within the town, and we have not amongst us within the town above seven Papists; and by the return made by the High Constable there is not above one hundred and fifty Papists in the whole barony. Favour me with an answer to this, with the Government's pleasure therein." This important letter bears the significant endorsement, conveying the substance of the Lords Justices' reply, "Let him continue for the present where he is."\*

A few years later the Rev. James Hannat, P.P., of Kilclief, was arrested, thrown into prison, and, after two years' imprisonment, sentenced to transportation. This worthy priest had made for himself, in Ballynally, a place of concealment from the priest-hunters, but on one occasion, being closely pursued, he took refuge with a Protestant family of Kilclief, named Stockdale, who concealed him in their barn in a meal-ark. Tradition says that that barn was ever after blessed, and even its thatch was never harmed by the greatest storm. The following letters, addressed to the Secretary at the Castle, preserve authentic details of his imprisonment:—

Downe, Feb. 21, 171 $\frac{2}{3}$

Sir,—I formerly gave you an account that I sent to search for one James Hannat, a priest whom I had reason to believe exercises ecclesiastical jurisdiction in this diocese, and the most dangerous

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\* Public Record Office, Dublin. The letter has been published in full in Benn's "*History of Belfast*" (1877), p. 416.



man in all the country. I am now to acquaint you that he is taken ; and Major Norris and I have sent him to this gaol with our mitimus. The Major and I are desirous to know the sentiment of the Government how we are to have ourselves on this occasion ; and if it be bailable what bail we are to take. I must tell you that the Papists in this country are very much alarmed and disturbed at his being taken, and so exasperated at the man who took him, that I have been obliged to give him arms to defend his house from their insults. The Sub-Sheriff has been with me since the priest's confinement, and told me that he had clapped a new arrest upon him for marrying a couple of our church clandestinely, which crime I leave to the Government to consider whether it be bailable. I wait your directions, and am, &c.

HENRY MAXWELL.

Downpatrick, Nov. 3, 1714.

Sir,—Yours I received of the 23rd of October. There is none in the gaols of the county of Down under sentence of transportation, but one James Hannat, a Popish priest ; he has lain in gaol about fourteen months, and has been about half a year of that time under sentence of transportation. George Lambert, Esq., one of the Justices of the Peace for the said county, and I have used our endeavours to have him put off, and have had him several times at Portaferry, but could get no ship that would receive him. We shall use our utmost endeavours to get him transported as soon as possibly we can, &c.

ROBERT JONES, High Sheriff.

Father Hannat was in due time transported, but the vessel was shipwrecked on the Antrim coast, and he made his way back to labour with renewed zeal among his people. He held in after years the dignity of Archdeacon of Down. The informer who had betrayed him was hated by everyone. The wild justice of revenge even followed him after death, and his body would not be allowed to rest in any of the churchyards of Lecale.\*

The Rev. Michael Plunket, at the beginning of the century, was P.P. of Ratoath, and Vicar General of the diocese of Meath. He had been for a time Secretary to the most Rev. Primate Oliver Plunket, and had spent many years in Rome. Being connected with some of the chief families in Meath, and being besides a man of solid piety and learning, several of the Protestant gentry sought, but in vain, to secure for him some toleration in the exercise of his sacred ministry. The chapel of Ratoath where he officiated was a wretched mud-wall thatched cabin, surrounded by other houses which screened it from public view. Even there, however, he was not secure, and whenever the agents of persecu-

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\*Lavery, "Diocese of Down and Connor," ii. appendix xlviii.

tion visited the neighbourhood, that poor chapel would be closed and the pastor would seek concealment in retired parts of the country. There was a priest-hunter named Thompson who singled out this zealous pastor, anticipating a rich reward for his arrest. Father Plunket, however, was effectively concealed in the house of a Protestant magistrate. A room on the second story was set aside for his use, with bed and fuel and provisions of every sort. The room was constantly kept locked, and it being supposed to be haunted, the servants never cared to enter it. Whenever Thompson applied for a warrant, this gentleman gave the priest timely information, and then he came at night with his servant, and drawing forth the ladder, which was left at hand for the purpose, he entered the room prepared for him. While the storm lasted, he remained there during the day, and if there were any sick to be attended, or any sacraments to be administered, the servant would apply the ladder at night, give the signal, and the pastor would descend, attend his people, and return before the break of day. In 1727, aged 75 years, he passed to his reward. His resting-place at the east end of the old church of Killeghland is still held in reverence by the parishioners, and after the lapse of a century and a half, his memory is still cherished among the faithful as if they, and not their forefathers, had laid him in the tomb.

The memory of the Rev. John Barnewall, P.P., of Ardracran, is also held in benediction. He was a near relative of Lord Trimbleton, and his zeal and holiness added new lustre to the nobility which he inherited by birth. In the district which he attended there were two thatched mud-wall chapels in which he officiated; one at Neilstown, and the other in the valley beneath the old church of Rathboyna. It was only, however, during the lull of the storm that these could be used for the Holy Sacrifice; and while the tempest of persecution raged Mass had to be celebrated on the hills, or other hiding-places; and during the preceding week, word would be whispered round among the people where they would meet the priest on the following Sunday. On one occasion, a set of miscreants, anxious to secure the blood-money which was offered for the seizure of a priest, laid a plan for his capture. They met together in a Protestant house, and sent an unsuspecting messenger to call Father Barnewall to administer the last rites to a dying man. The messenger soon learned from the people where the priest could be found, and Father Barnewall hastened to discharge his duty. In the meantime many were the gibes uttered by the priest-catchers, and great was their rejoicing in the anticipation of their rich reward. A poor Catholic servant girl overheard them in their revelry, and contrived to meet Father Barnewall before he reached the house, and warned him of his danger.

On another occasion, he met face to face a notorious priest-hunter, named Pilot, but ingeniously eluded his questioning, and made his escape. He was clad in frieze, and had his blackthorn stick in his hand, and as he was proceeding to say Mass near Allentown he carried his vestments in a small wallet across his shoulders. The priest-hunter was standing on the road speaking to a Protestant, who knew Father Barnewall well, but on this occasion pretended to be a stranger to him. When Father Barnewall came up, the priest-hunter, half suspecting his disguise, said, "Good morning, Sir." "Good morning," was answered. "My name is Pilot; what is yours?" "Your name (Pilate), Sir, bodes no good to a Christian," was Father Barnewall's reply. His friend now interposed, saying, "Let him pass, let him pass," implying that if it came to blows he was more than a match for his interrogator, and Father Barnewall safely pursued his way.

He had several other hair-breadth escapes, and it seemed almost a miracle that he was so long preserved to minister to his devoted parishioners. On one occasion he was so closely pursued that to ensure his safety a farmer had to build up a rick of turf around him. The martyr's crown, however, was to reward his life-long labour. He was now beyond eighty years old, and was in the discharge of his sacred ministry, when the agents of persecution seized him and led him off in triumph to Navan gaol. Thence, after a few days, he was sent a prisoner to Dublin, and he never more returned to his faithful, sorrowing people. Tradition says he was sentenced to transportation, but the ship being wrecked on the English coast, the mob who laid hold of him treated him with such indignity, that he expired in their hands.\*

In Dublin, the clergy were repeatedly thrown into prison, and subjected to the greatest privations. In January, 1712, the Lord Chancellor addressed the mayor and aldermen of the city, urging upon them the duty of "preventing public Mass being said, contrary to law," and lamenting that the negligence of the corporation, for the past, had produced great disorder throughout the kingdom. Before the close of that year a few Poor Clares from Galway came to Dublin, at the request of the archbishop. They had scarcely arrived, when the agents of the Government surrounded the house, and obliged them to seek a shelter in the private houses of some friends. A proclamation was also issued for the arrest of Rev. John Burke (Provincial of the Franciscans), the archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Byrne, and Rev. Dr. Nary, who

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\* For full details regarding this illustrious Confessor of the Faith, see Cogan, "Diocese of Meath," ii. 263.

were supposed to have been instrumental in introducing this community into the capital.

A few years later a swoop was made by the priest-hunters, and all the priests of the city were thrown into prison. Again, in 1744, on a Saturday morning in February, an alderman, named Aldrich, proceeded to St. Paul's chapel a little after ten o'clock, and finding a priest named Nicholas English in the act of saying Mass, he arrested him, allowing him time only to take off the sacred vestments, and sent him off to prison in a car. The alderman then proceeded to the chapel of the Dominicans, and sent to prison two of the fathers, whom he found there. The other priests at once changed their residence, except an aged Franciscan, named Michael Lynch, and he, too, was seized before evening and thrown into the same dungeon. De Burgo (*Hibernia Domin.* 175, 717), who has recorded this fact, adds that he was himself attached to St. Paul's Chapel, and had said Mass there at nine o'clock on that morning, and it was only a few days previous that he had changed hours with Father English. When Lord Viscount Taaffe was sent as ambassador from Vienna to London, he made an excursion to the land of his fathers. Being in Dublin on a Sunday, he went to Stephen Street Chapel to hear Mass, but found the doors nailed up by order of the Government. The doors of all the other chapels were nailed up in the same way. He wrote to the king, complaining of this vexatious proceeding.

Soon after a terrible event aroused public attention to the sad consequences of such oppressive legislation. It was only in the stables of the back lanes, or in the garrets of ruinous houses, that the people could assemble to hear Mass. On a Sunday morning, in 1745, a number of people were assisting at Mass in an upper story in one of the lanes of Dublin; Father Fitzgerald, a native of Meath, was the celebrant, and just as he had given the last blessing at the close of mass, the house tumbled down, the priest, and nine others, being killed on the spot, while several others subsequently died of the wounds which they received. An order of the Viceroy and Privy Council was soon afterwards published permitting chapels to be opened in the city, in retired places, for the use of Catholics.

Throughout the whole province of Leinster the laws against the clergy were, according to the whims or the bigotry of the local magistrates, rigorously enforced, and the sufferings of the priests from year to year are duly registered in the official papers of the Public Record Office. Thus in 1723 there is a letter of Carteret, the Lord Lieutenant, from London, addressed to the Lords Justices in Ireland, setting forth that an Augustinian friar, named Comin, "was lying for some months in Wexford gaol,"

and that he was under sentence of transportation, and suggesting that since the Spanish Ambassador had made intercession for him, he might be permitted to transport himself to Spain. From Kilkenny, Oliver Cramer, on Oct. 25, 1714, writes to the castle that one Martin Archer, a Popish priest, had been convicted of officiating without taking the oath of abjuration, and had been duly forwarded to Waterford for transportation. From Kildare, the Lords Justices receive intelligence on January 12, 1714, that several writs "against priests and schoolmasters" had been issued in the preceding year, but in vain, for all the culprits had fled, except a priest, named James Eustace, who had now been lying for several months in gaol, and who, whilst awaiting the order for transportation, was kept "in close confinement." So, too, in the County of Wicklow, in the summer of 1714, a priest, named M'Tee, was convicted of saying Mass, and sentenced to transportation. On June 4, 1714, the high sheriff of Wicklow gives an animated description of his labours on the preceding day to suppress the devotions of the Papists at the shrine of St. Kevin, in Glendalough. He had received intelligence that an assemblage of pious pilgrims was to be held at the seven churches there, and that persons from all parts of the kingdom would take part in the "riotous assembly." An armed body was accordingly got together, and several magistrates, accompanied by a great number of Protestants, rode all night, and met at the seven churches at four o'clock in the morning of the 3rd of June, the Saint's Feast. "On approach of our forces the rioters immediately dispersed. We pulled down their tents, threw down and demolished their superstitious crosses, filled up and destroyed their wells, and apprehended and committed one Toole, a Popish schoolmaster." Such was the glorious achievement of their martial cavalcade. The high sheriff adds: "The Protestant inhabitants of this county are unanimous in their inclinations and resolutions, and will exert themselves with all diligence and zeal for his Majesty's service in putting all the laws in every respect strictly in force against the Papists."\*

A priest-catcher named Harrison was particularly active in the west of Ireland. A friar named Father Cunnan was officiating in the open fields, in the neighbourhood of Doocastle, when the congregation was set upon by this Harrison and his band. There being no time to take off the sacred vestments, the poor friar struck off, habited as he was, to Cloonmore, to the house of a Protestant magistrate who had often befriended him. The magistrate, seeing that there was no time to be lost, told him to hide as best

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\* Letter of Thomas Ryves, to the Lords Justices, June 4, 1714; in Lecky, "History of England," ii. 274.

he could, and snatching the vestment put it on himself, and pretending to be himself the runaway, started off by the back door over hedges and fields, the priest-hunters being quickly in pursuit. At length they overtook him and brought him to town before the resident magistrate, who laughed heartily at finding the prisoner none other than his brother magistrate, who explained the matter by saying, "He wished to see how these fellows were able to run."

Father Nicholas Sheehy, P.P., of Clogheen, in the diocese of Waterford, was led to the scaffold at Clonmel, in 1766, under the accusation, indeed, of various crimes, but in reality through hatred of the Catholic church, of which he was a devoted minister. He had some time before been arrested and indicted for saying Mass and exercising the other duties of a priest, but for want of sufficient evidence had been acquitted. He was now accused of high treason, and a reward of £300 was offered by the Government for his arrest. Conscious of innocence he addressed a letter to the Government offering to place himself in their hands for trial on such a charge, on condition that his trial should not take place in Clonmel, where his enemies had sworn to take away his life, but in the Court of King's Bench, Dublin. This condition was accepted, and he was accordingly tried in Dublin, and honourably acquitted, the witnesses who were produced against him being persons of no credit, whose testimony no jury could receive. He was no sooner declared "Not guilty" than his enemies had him arrested on a new accusation. An informer named Bridge had disappeared, and was supposed to have been murdered, and Father Sheehy was now accused of having murdered him. It is difficult to free the Government from the suspicion of complicity with his accusers when they permitted this case to be sent for trial to Clonmel. There were none to accuse him but the same infamous witnesses whose testimony had been discredited in the King's Bench. Moreover, on the night of the supposed murder, Father Sheehy had been far away from the place assigned for the crime, with Mr. Keating, a gentleman of property and of unimpeached integrity. This gentleman no sooner appeared in Court to attest this fact, than a Protestant minister named Hewetson stood up, and accused him of a murder which had taken place in Newmarket. Mr. Keating was himself immediately arrested and hurried off to Kilkenny gaol. In due course he was tried and acquitted, there not being a shadow of evidence against him; but the enemies of Father Sheehy had gained their purpose, for in the meantime sentence had been passed against him, and he had suffered the last penalties of the law. By many Protestants of his own district Father Sheehy was held in the greatest esteem. His last place of refuge was in the house of a Protestant farmer named Griffiths, whose house adjoined the churchyard of Shandrahan, where Father Sheehy's

remains now repose. During the daytime Father Sheehy used to lie concealed in a vault of the churchyard, and at night he entered the house, where a large fire had to be kindled, so benumbed was he from the hardships of what might justly be styled his living tomb.\*

In 1798 some few priests took part with the insurgents, and paid with their lives the penalty of their offence. The hatred, however, of the Orange officers and men was directed against every priest. The illustrious Archbishop Murray was at that time curate in the town of Arklow. As he was one day passing through the streets to attend a sick-call, he overheard an officer telling his men to shoot the Popish priest, and it was only by turning instantly into a shop, and passing out at the rear, that he escaped death. He knew too well that these were not idle threats. A little while before, his saintly parish priest had been murdered by them in his bed, at the age of 78 years. On another occasion, when saying mass in his own mud-chapel, a body of troops, with artillery, were ordered to fire on the assembled congregation, but the terrified people fled in all directions, leaving the celebrant alone at the altar. The Bishop of Ferns, writing to Archbishop Troy on the 24th of June, 1799, states that one of his worthy parish priests, named Father Frank Kavanagh, had been treated most cruelly by a body of the Gorey yeomen. They came to his house and demanded drink and meat. When they had satiated themselves, they drew their swords, and abused him in the most contumelious language, declaring that they would cut off the head of "the old croppy rebel scoundrel." Father Kavanagh made his escape, but they wreaked their vengeance on the curate and servants, on whom they inflicted severe wounds. This fury of the Orange yeomen was not confined to the living. It extended itself to the lifeless remains of the priests who were executed.

From another letter of the Bishop of Ferns to the Archbishop of Dublin, on Sept. 2, 1798, I learn that when the Rev. Philip Roche was hanged in Wexford, after death his body was thrown into the river; and the Rev. John Murphy, when sentence was passed upon him, was whipped, then hanged, and after death his head was cut off, and his body was publicly burnt in Tullow.

All through the dismal period of persecution, the Catholic clergy were not only exposed to the penal enactments of the laws, but they had further to endure all the privations and hardships consequent on the deepest poverty, and in this, too, it was their only ambition to partake of the bread of humiliation with their oppressed and impoverished flock. This extreme poverty extended far into

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\* For the terrible judgments that befel those who encompassed F. Sheehy's death, see R. R. Madden's "United Irishmen," vol. i. p. 84.

our own times. In the funeral discourse on the late venerable Dean Kenny, of Killaloe, whose labours in the sacred ministry extended over a period of 65 years, I read the following words:—"When Father Kenny was ordained, in 1814, there were few churches which were not the merest hovels, there were wide tracts of country without a church at all, and, with the exception of a few main lines of road, the country was traversed by the roughest bridle-paths. There were men living until within the last few years—there may be those still—who had seen the venerable priest, whom we have only known in positions of dignity, attending his sacred duties barefooted in his first curacy of Kilmihill."\*

We may take another instance from the sketch which the illustrious Bishop of Kildare, Dr. Doyle, has given of Father Dowling, who was Vicar-General of the diocese, and for more than fifty years P.P. of Stradbally. He attended sick-calls in a cart without springs, his only cushion being a sheaf of straw. His habitation bore on it the same impress of poverty. When Dr. Doyle held his first visitation in Stradbally in 1819, this aged pastor was still living. The bishop arrived in the town late in the evening, and asked to be shown the residence of the parish priest. He was led to a tottering old house, little better than a ruin, in a remote room of which he found the venerable priest reading his office by the light of a solitary taper.

Time was when the earthen floor was daily worn by his wasted knees; but infirmities now bound him to a chair of unplanned wood. Dr. Doyle, with much humility, remained standing until Father Dowling had finished his office. He described himself as awe-stricken in presence of the saintly priest. At last the following dialogue ensued:—"I heard some one enter; what may be their will?" "A young man to ask your blessing, Father" . . . "My blessing is not worth much, if not worth while to give your name, but such as it is you have it freely." It was a touching spectacle to witness the emotion of the old priest in the explanation that followed, and the agony into which he was thrown, at finding himself unable to vacate the only chair his cell possessed, and offer it to his Bishop. He raised his withered hands to heaven, and fervently thanked heaven that he had lived to see Dr. Doyle.†

✠ PATRICK FRANCIS MORAN, *Bishop of Ossory.*

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\* "Panegyric of the Very Rev. John Kenny, Dean of Killaloe," by the Rev. John Egan (1879), p. 10.

† Fitzpatrick: "Life, Times, &c., of Dr. Doyle" (second edition), vol. ii. p. 523.



# ART. VII.—SIMONICAL CASUISTRY IN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

- 1.—*Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on Church Patronage ; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix.* 1874.
- 2.—*Report of the Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Law and existing Practice as to the Sale, Exchange, and Resignation of Ecclesiastical Benefices. Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* 1880.
- 3.—*Speech of E. A. LEATHAM, Esq., M.P., in moving his Resolution with regard to the Traffic in Livings, in the House of Commons, March 29, 1881.* London: EFFINGHAM WILSON, 1881.
- 4.—*The Ecclesiastical Law of the Church of England.* By SIR ROBERT PHILLIMORE, D.C.L., London: 1873.

COULD the disingenuous aggressor who drew down upon himself the crushing weight of the "Apologia," have anticipated for an instant the evasion, equivocation, deception, lying and perjury that Parliamentary Blue-Books would one day reveal in the Established Church, he would have been sobered into silence, if not into good sense, ere the evil spirit which possessed him should have wrung from him one syllable of the slanderous attack that, with wanton insolence, he made on the veracity of the Catholic priesthood and the integrity of its great defender.

Multitudes of Englishmen know little, and care less, about the traffic in Church livings. Aliens to the Establishment, with no territorial or pecuniary interest in its well-working, its scandals and abuses seem no concern of theirs and are a matter of complete indifference to them. Nay, they turn with impatience from the debates and leaders, and letters and paragraphs, and perhaps do not even notice the wonderful advertisements in the newspapers about them. Nevertheless, the question of Church Patronage bids fair to become, if not directly at least indirectly, one of the burning questions of the day. And, whether as a subordinate and inherent part of the more comprehensive and radical measure of disestablishment and disendowment, or as an independent matter calling for prompt and separate treatment, public attention will be drawn to it early this coming Session as it has not been drawn to it before.

The political tide has turned, and soon will be running high and strong. The weariness induced by the Irish Session of '81

has ebbed away, and the flow of activity has set in with a powerful current. The vague desires of Liberal constituencies for domestic reform have been falling into definite lines. The popular will is making itself felt. But though it may shape ministerial programmes, ministers and others in their turn shape it. And never before was there such an opportunity for the leaders of the people to awake them to a crying need for reform involving great principles, as that afforded by the publication of the Blue-Books which we are about to consider. All the details of what the best and most intelligent and powerful friends of the Establishment call not only a disgraceful and loathsome disease, but actually an incurable one,\* are there brought together. The Select Committee of the House of Lords, and the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the law and existing practices relating to Church Patronage and what is familiarly known as traffic in livings, have brought them into the daylight. Large vested interests and narrow class interests can never again hide them from public view. There they lie, and will lie ready to hand equally for the parishioner and the parson, for the constituent and the member.

Undoubtedly questions affecting the spiritual interests of a nation do not as a rule easily address themselves to the popular apprehension, or touch the popular imagination. A question such as the Land question, on the other hand, wins a ready hearing amongst all classes; its bearings are obvious and patent to all; it concerns the material well-being of everyone; it is essentially a popular question—"terram autem dedit filiis hominum." But the interest of land grievances themselves becomes dwarfed beside that attaching to the scandals of patronage in the Established, once the National, Church of England. Scandals that, far from being merely the corruptions of a sound and useful principle capable of remedy without interference with the mutual and beneficial relations of Church and State, are so manifestly the legitimate and inevitable development of a bad system that the simple disclosures of them cannot be other than a deadly blow to the Establishment.

From the earliest days of its existence the Establishment has been the seat of the mortal disease of simony; a disease that has increased with its growth, thriven on its life, and fed on its decline. Civil and ecclesiastical enactments have been powerless against it. The laws of Edward VI., Elizabeth and Victoria have been as impotent to arrest its course as the Constitutions and Canons of the famous Synod of 1603, confirmed by the King's authority under the Great Seal of England. Simony

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\* "Times," March 31, 1881.

flourishes in spite of all of them. It could not be otherwise. Crown Patronage and lay Patronage are the inevitable accompaniments of an Established Church; and simony is the inevitable consequence of patronage; and perjury—we have it on the word of no less an authority than Lord Coke—is the inevitable result of simony. Now, the evidence of the Blue-Books before us, whilst it shows in an appalling degree the extent of simony, proves likewise, to the letter, the dictum of Lord Coke, “Simony is the more odious because it is ever accompanied with perjury.” It is simony long drawn out, but it is also the gamut of falsehood. From the low, trembling, uncertain sound of evasion it runs up the whole scale, through half-tones and quarter-tones—economy, equivocation, duplicity, prevarication, subterfuge, chicanery and lying, till it reaches the loud brazen note of perjury.

Simony, from apostolic times—*i.e.*, from the days of Simon Magus, its originator—down to our own, has always been held in the greatest abhorrence; a crime, in comparison with which, according to canon law, all other crimes sink into insignificance, *pro nihilo aestimanda sunt*. Lancelottus, the most concise and perspicuous of commentators, as Dr. Phillimore called him, defines it thus:—“*Simonia nihil aliud est quam studiosa voluntas sive cupiditas emendi vel vendendi spiritualia vel spiritualibus annexa.*” In another passage he says:—“*Contrahitur ergo simonia cum quis sacra quodammodo in commercium deducit.*” And elsewhere:—“*Simonia est dare pecunium pro vicariatu vel alia administratione rerum spiritualium.*”\*

In early times, the decrees of canon law were passed chiefly against the abuse of the *spiritualia*—*viz.*, the purchase and sale of holy orders. In later times they are occupied wholly with the *spiritualibus annexa*—that is, with simony in the collation and provision of benefices. But as Dr. Phillimore succinctly demonstrated, there has been no change of view as regards the notion attached to simony and the estimate of its enormity:—“The view of the ancients and moderns has been invariably the same, and that the former have principally inveighed against simony of the one description, the latter against simony of the other description, arises not from any different view taken by the Church as to the nature of the offence, but from the change of discipline which change of time and manners has rendered necessary.”† Again:—“Throughout the whole body of the canon law, whether we look to the text or to the commentators . . . . the prohibition is distinct and explicit,

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\* “Ecclesiastical Law of the Church of England,” p. 1105, vol. ii.

† *Ib.* 1104.

and is unequivocally opposed to all traffic of any description concerning 'spiritualia, vel spiritualibus annexa.'\* It is necessary to bear well in mind these words, "The prohibition is distinct and explicit." The importance of them will appear hereafter, in connection with what immediately follows—viz., that no fact can be better established than that the Church of England retained inviolate all the laws of the Catholic Church, inculcated by canonical jurists, against simony.†

The statutory enactments of Edward VI. and Elizabeth in their provisions "to avoid the detestable act of simony, because buying and selling of benefices is execrable before God," are equally plain with the ecclesiastical laws of the canonists. And in Canon 40 of the Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical, decreed in 1603 by the Synod of London—a canon "universally binding on the clergy," excepting as regards the oath, and "deeply imbued with the soundest principles of the canon law on the subject of simony"—we have the clearest exposition of the discipline of the Church of England in the matter. For the sake of those unacquainted with it, we subjoin it, even at the risk of being tedious:—

To avoid the detestable sin of simony, because buying and selling of spiritual and ecclesiastical functions, offices, promotions, dignities, and livings is execrable before God, therefore the archbishop, and all and every bishop or bishops, or any other person or persons having authority to admit, institute, collate, instal, or to confirm the election of any archbishop, bishop, or other person or persons, to any spiritual or ecclesiastical function, dignity, promotion, title, office, jurisdiction, place, or benefice with cure or without cure, or to any ecclesiastical living whatsoever, shall before every such admission, institution, collation, installation or confirmation of election, respectively minister to every person hereafter to be admitted, instituted, collated, installed, or confirmed, in or to any archbishopric, bishopric, or other spiritual or ecclesiastical function, dignity, promotion, title, office, jurisdiction, place or benefice with cure or without cure, or in or to any ecclesiastical living whatsoever, this oath in manner and form following, the same to be taken by everyone whom it concerneth, in his own person, and not by a proctor:—

*I, N.N., do swear, that I have made no simoniacal payment, contract, or promise, directly or indirectly, by myself, or by any other to my knowledge or with my consent, to any person or persons whatsoever, for or concerning the procuring and obtaining of this ecclesiastical dignity, place, preferment, office, or living [respectively and particularly naming the same, whereunto he is to be admitted, instituted, collated, installed, or confirmed], nor will at any time hereafter perform or satisfy any such*

\* "Ecclesiastical Law of the Church of England," p. 1104, vol. ii.

† *Ib.* 1106-7.

*kind of payment, contract, or promise made by any other without my knowledge or consent. So help me God through Jesus Christ !\**

And this oath, we are assured by one of the greatest living authorities on ecclesiastical law, whether interpreted by the plain tenour of it, or according to the language of former oaths, or the notion of the Catholic Church concerning simony, is against ALL promises whatsoever.† The declaration against simony of 1865, substituted for this oath by 28 and 29 Vict., c. 122, s. 2, and bound to be made by every person about to be instituted or collated to any benefice, in the presence of the archbishop or bishop, or his representative, by whom he is to be instituted or collated, in no way affects the law of simony as it has always been accepted. And the new canon contemporaneously passed by Convocation is precisely the same as Canon 40, already cited, with the exception of the substitution of the declaration for the oath. The declaration of the statute and the canon runs:—

*I, A.B., solemnly declare, that I have not made, by myself or any other person on my behalf, any payment, contract, or promise of any kind whatsoever which to the best of my knowledge or belief is simoniacal, touching or concerning the obtaining the preferment of. . . . Nor will I at any time hereafter perform or satisfy, in whole or in part, any such kind of payment, contract, or promise made by any other without my knowledge or consent.*

All this to the ordinary mind seems perfectly clear and free from ambiguity or subtlety of what kind soever. The declaration appears to be really as little susceptible of misinterpretation as the old oath it superseded, which, so long ago as 1780, the Bishop of Salisbury, in the historic Fytche case, declared to be “as clear as language can make it;” and incapable of causing a moment’s hesitation as to its “true meaning in the breast of any man who, in interpreting the terms in which it is expressed, followed nothing but the genuine suggestions of his own understanding.”‡ And though to a mind accustomed to revel in the play of legal subtleties the expression, “to the best of my knowledge and belief,” may appear to offer a loophole by which a disingenuous man could evade the intentions of the law, to the straightforward Englishman the terms of the declaration would appear to be framed with the direct purpose of guarding the well-known principle of law, that the provisions of an Act of Parliament shall not be evaded by shift or contrivance, by eliminating all possibility of such evasion. Yet if we are to believe learned members of Committees and Royal Commissioners, simony, in spite of the definitions of the canon law, and the

\* “Ecclesiastical Law of the Church of England,” pp. 1108–9, vol. ii.

† *Id.*, 1109.

‡ Burn’s “Ecclesiastical Law,” p. 361, vol. iii.

enactments of statute law, is a confounding will-o'-the-wisp. It is perpetually haunting the rich pastures and flitting about the fertile meadow-lands of the Establishment, yet it ever eludes our grasp. It is visible, but impalpable. It is a term so ambiguous and misleading, that it is both a snare to tender and scrupulous consciences and a shelter for consciences of a less sensitive nature: a plea for invincible ignorance and an incitement to knavery. The bare mention of it begets a sort of mental myopia — worse, it induces positive moral blindness. The unfortunate man in need of a living utterly loses the faculty of interpreting the word in a natural straightforward way the moment he is confronted with it in the declaration. So that, confused and perplexed in judgment and reason, he either shuts his eyes, and hands his conscience over to the tender care and skilful manipulation of his lawyer, and lets an agent go “to market for him;” or, doubting his doubts away, buttons himself up tightly in the coat of secrecy and success, and boldly buys for himself: “*Populus vult decipi, decipiatur.*”

Practically, said the Bishop of Peterborough to Mr. Few—solicitor to the Bishop of London’s Fund, and a man of wide experience in Church matters—practically you have had considerable difficulty in getting clergymen to understand the stringent character of the late oath against simony, have you not?

Undoubtedly, even in the case of men of undoubted piety, and more particularly in the case of the oath, it is quite remarkable how dense they were in seeing what its tenour was; and I remember my father constantly dwelling on the same point, that he had to read it over to them; these were men of undoubted piety, and yet they could not see that what they desired to do was against the oath. Hence one’s objections to the oath. It is bad for the over-scrupulous man, to whom it is a snare; and the unscrupulous man swallows it wholesale.

And, *mutatis mutandis*, that applies to the declaration?

Yes, though men take a declaration with far less hesitation than they do an oath.

Have you not found that the minds even of pious men were confused between the moral offence and the legal offence?

Yes.

They would say, “I do not see anything wrong in this transaction morally; it is not Scriptural simony?”

Yes.

And the confusion between the moral offence and the legal offence is a snare to tender consciences, and a means of evasion to those who are not scrupulous?

Yes.

It is astounding that men in orders, men of integrity, men whose instinct and perceptions of right and wrong have pro-

fessedly been subjected to the strictest discipline and most careful cultivation, should so easily forget the simplest principles of ecclesiastical law, lose their perception of right and wrong, and become hopelessly involved in subtle distinctions between legal and moral offences.

Let us pass on.

Mr. Lee, an episcopal secretary of long standing, is of opinion that the law has been so clearly pronounced as to what is illegal that there would be no difficulty in defining it. A solicitor of twenty-five years' practice and more, and the legal adviser of several ecclesiastical organizations, expressed the strongest objection to the declaration, on the ground of its being a "legal oath or statutory declaration," and consequently incomprehensible to the clerical mind.

You think, questioned the Right Rev. Chairman of the Select Committee, it being a legal oath, persons not of a legal mind may not quite understand it?

Yes ; such persons may be very much embarrassed, or else they may come to the conclusion, which I have often seen arrived at by clergymen, that the whole thing is an absurdity, and that they may get through the matter in the best way they can. That I know to be a *very common* state of mind.

Have you known instances of that kind?

Yes, there have been many instances in which I have been fortunate enough to stop proceedings of this kind, and there have been other cases in which I have not been so fortunate, but in which the proceedings have gone on in spite of every remonstrance.

Nevertheless, when this same witness is pressed as to the character of the clergymen who have applied to him to carry out transactions which he knew to be simoniacal, he is forced to confess that men of *good repute* and *character* who came to him apparently ignorant of the immoral and illegal—for it must be remembered that the clerical mind draws a notable distinction between the binding force of statutory enactments and ecclesiastical decrees—nature of their proposals, had, after he had gone into the matter and pointed out the fact that their proposals involved a breach of the law of simony, carried out the transaction through other instrumentality. And further, in order to show "the state of conscience which prevails upon the subject," he instances the case of a clergyman, likewise a patron, who was in treaty for the sale, not the purchase, of a living. When it was shown him that the purchasing clergyman would have a difficulty in taking the oath, his sole remark was, "That is, of course, his affair." But immediately after telling this, Mr. Bridges, with delicate consideration for clergymen so respectable *in the ordinary sense of the term* that they would be thought incapable of doing

*anything dishonourable*, clears them from all charge of guilt, because of the anomalous condition of the law upon the subject, which confuses their minds about it; "it is treated as an anomalous thing which may be dealt with in an anomalous way." There is no anomaly. The law is now as it was a century ago, "a question of conscience alone; but unhappily, the force of temptation in this, as in other instances of moral conduct, operates on minds not sufficiently tender to the impressions of duty; and leads to the fostering a secret wish that the imposition of the oath could be either dispensed with, or the terms in which it is framed be differently expounded from its *obvious* import. The surprise of an unexpected offer"—we are using the words of the episcopal judge in the Fytche case already alluded to—"of a valuable benefice; the oppression of poverty; the calls, perhaps, of a numerous family unprovided for; and the glitter of comparative affluence; all contribute to induce to the listening to any casuistry which can reconcile interest with duty."\* And vain is the plea of anomaly to-day. There is no escape from the pitiless interrogation of the chairman. Brushing aside technical distinctions, and legal subtleties, and statutory offences, he meets his witness with the broad incontrovertible fact of *secrecy*.

There is no denying it, there is no eluding the fact of secrecy. A solicitor of standing like Mr. Bridges owns that when consulted on these matters "you hardly venture to put the thing down in writing in the first instance for fear you may commit, you do not know to what extent, the person who consults you." Secrecy is the first and last word in all these transactions. "Strictly private," "intensely secret and private," "strictest confidence," "strictest privacy," "involute secrecy," "absolute secrecy"—this is the alphabet of clerical agency. In a word, clerical agency is quite as much the craft of concealing facts as of ingeniously evading the law. "Strict privacy vital" is the motto of the clerical agent: "The strict safeguard of involute secrecy" is the captivating bait with which he allures the unfortunate owner of a clerical conscience into the unwholesome atmosphere of his gloomy den. Mr. Cox handed in publication after publication, list upon list, of such men. One, for example, contained 124 advowsons and next presentations for sale; another 297 benefices for exchange—and "exchange is a mere cloak for the worst transactions that the agents engage in"—or sale. And all these publications are marked "strictly private" or "confidential," or notify that "clients will distinctly understand that in every case the names and particulars of any property in this list must be

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\* Burn's "Ecclesiastical Law," p. 361, vol. iii.



considered as strictly confidential, and not under any circumstances divulged to any but those interested in the purchase;" or that "no benefice can be inspected or communication made with the vendor without an introduction, or instructions from Messrs. Stark;" and that "they would take this opportunity of reminding their clients of the absolute necessity that there exists, whenever a parish is visited, of the object of their visit being kept strictly private;" or that "Patrons desirous of effecting strictly private sales of church preferments are advised to communicate in strict confidence with Messrs. W. Emery Stark, who are enabled from their many years' practical experience, and extensive connexion in every county and diocese, to negotiate successfully and with the strictest privacy the sale of advowsons, presentations, &c.;" or that "the essential feature in the sale of church property is undoubtedly privacy, and this is undoubtedly frustrated if the matter is indiscriminately published about." We have before us the "Private Patron's Gazette" for last November, one of the publications of that purist in ecclesiastical traffic, Mr. Emery Stark: a most instructive work. On the outer cover itself we are stopped by the N.B.—"This Register is intended *solely* for the use of private patrons desirous of selling preferment, and Messrs. W. E. S. trust to the honour of all parties to keep it strictly private, and to treat all particulars given here with implicit confidence." And, returning to our Blue-Books, we find a letter from the same reputable agent, offering for sale the Rectory of Tollard-Royal. Under the superscription, "Private," we read :—

We would call your attention to the following properties in the "Church Preferment Register." We give you the names in the strictest confidence, and will send full details if suitable.

F. 3,450. Tollard Rectory, near Shaftesbury. Immediate possession. Price asked £8,000, but we would submit any fair offer. . . .

The grave moral declension involved in—begetting it and begotten of it—this secrecy lies plainly before us. Mr. Leatham, the member for Huddersfield, who, more than any other man, has striven to put an end to the scandals of patronage and to induce the Government to deal with the matter effectually, and not to leave it to the inadequate treatment of private members, tells us that Mr. Stark is one of those agents to whom patrons and clergymen betake themselves who are anxious to carry out the exchange, or—to put aside euphemism and speak plain English—the sale and purchase of livings with the minimum of illegality. Questioned by the Duke of Cleveland as to the extent of the contravention of the existing law of simony, Mr. Stark said :—

The Commissioners are well aware that the sale of advowsons, with the understanding that possession is to be given, is, according to the law, illegal. Three-fourths of the patrons with whom I have come in contact, and among them clergymen of the highest standing, do not recognize any moral crime in an infraction of the present law of simony, and the consequence is that they freely and unhesitatingly sell and purchase advowsons with the understanding that immediate possession is to be given, not looking upon it as any sin. When I say clergymen of high standing, I have had business with ex-colonial bishops, canons, and other dignitaries of the Church who, of course, would be above suspicion in every way. . . . Three-fourths of my transactions are with immediate possession, and, strictly speaking, they are nearly all illegal.

The Bishop of Peterborough: You say that the clergymen to whom you refer, who offer their benefices for sale, with immediate possession, regard the transaction as in no way sinful; they know it nevertheless to be illegal?—Most decidedly.

Knowing it to be illegal, these clerical patrons ask you to help them to break the law?—Decidedly: and the matter is completed by solicitors of the highest standing in the country. The clerical agent simply introduces the parties. The lawyers draw up the necessary deeds.

You are, of course, aware that a simoniacal transaction in obtaining possession of a benefice voids the benefice?—Decidedly.

These clerical patrons are aware that if these transactions became public, and anyone took proceedings upon them, their benefices would be void?—No doubt.

Is that one of the reasons why strict secrecy and confidence is so largely insisted on?—Secrecy must necessarily be insisted on, the transaction being an illegal transaction, and the punishment being very severe.

Being engaged in an illegal transaction, knowing it to be illegal, and being determined to break the law for their own interest, these clerical patrons naturally wish these matters to be kept as private as possible?—That, of course, is the reason for secrecy; the centre point of simony is the immediate possession.

And here we would observe that Mr. Stark has no doubt about what constitutes simony. It is quite apparent to his mind, as well as that the principle of the law is a right and proper one. Yet, a little while after, when urged on the same point in face of the property part of the question, even he grows confused. He thinks of his clients, debarred by a hard inexorable law from temporal good merely for the sake of a spiritual one, and pity dims his sight.

Church property is so mixed up with the rights of property, that it is difficult to distinguish between rights of property and questions of conscience. And my feeling (he continues) is in favour of a relaxation of the present law; in fact, it seems to me that nothing

could be more strict than the present law of simony with all its penalties. What greater punishment can be inflicted upon a clergyman than to deprive him of his benefice and also of his status?—and yet these laws are systematically evaded by clergymen of the highest character, by colonial bishops, and clergymen of the very highest position, who do not recognize any moral wrong in doing so!

The Bishop, seeing his confusion, fastens on his last words, draws him, though reluctant, back to his original standpoint, and, with relentless irony, holds him to it.

That is to say, there are clergymen of the highest character who do not recognize any moral wrong in breaking the laws of their country?—You may put it in that way. *The law is clear and distinct.* Only this morning, in an interview I had with one of my clients, I pointed out to him that it was an illegal transaction. In all my transactions with my clients, I have always stated that they are illegal transactions. . . .

Notwithstanding that, these pious and good clergymen deliberately break the law?—Yes; men of the highest standing.

It certainly seems that the Right Rev. Prelate was none too severe when he compared these high dignitaries and eminently pious clergymen to the common poacher, who (in the exercise of private judgment) breaks the law because he holds the law to be very unfair. The Rev. G. Venables, however, interposed with the compassionate suggestion, that in point of fact such clergymen say that the transaction is not simoniacal, and at once enabled Mr. Stark to fall back upon the old excuse that “that word simony is a misnomer and misleading, and ought to be no longer used.” But, meanwhile, Archdeacon Palmer remembered the awkward matter of secrecy:—

We may take it as a fact that, as a rule, the persons who deal with you in these matters desire privacy?—Yes.

Then may we take it as your view that their reason for desiring privacy is that they expect to be involved in illegal transactions; that they contemplate the probability of having to break the law?—On the part of the vendor and purchaser undoubtedly that is so.

Not that they have any feeling against sale and purchase within the limits of the law?—No, their object is to get an advowson with immediate possession, and they know that they are contravening the law, and they ask the transaction to be kept private; that is the reason for privacy.

Mr. Jeune: The matter is carried out by the lawyers afterwards?—Yes; my work is simply the introduction of the parties and the arrangement of the price.

I do not understand you to say that when the matter gets into the lawyer's hands there is any agreement actually made that there shall be a resignation?—I suppose that there is a pretty general understanding between the parties that that is to be the case.

Duke of Cleveland : It cannot be an agreement drawn up in a written document ?—No.

Mr. Jeune : There is a sort of understanding not put into writing, and not binding in law on either side, that there shall be a resignation ?—Yes, not a legal document.

It comes to this : there may be a breaking of the spirit of the law, but there is no violation of the letter of the law ?—That is rather a difficult question for me to answer ; that is a question for the Commissioners to decide.

All this seems a very fair sample of casuistry—to call it nothing worse. We continue :—

The Duke of Cleveland : There is nothing illegal patent in the transaction ?—No.

The illegality is concealed ?—It is a matter of honour between the two clergymen.

Archdeacon Palmer : Consequently, if these deeds were registered or advertised in the *Gazette* no breach of the law would appear upon the face of them ?—No.

Rev. G. Venables : How do you enforce completion of the agreement ?—You could not enforce it legally.

Have you ever known cases in which the agreement has not been carried out ?—Very few. The difficulty of the present law is that if you get into the hands of unscrupulous men you are at their mercy ; that is one reason why I would repeal the law of simony.

The unscrupulous men, it is to be observed, are not the men who draw these fine distinctions, but those who having broken the law, basely refuse to be bound by an illicit contract.

The Bishop of Peterborough : Would you repeal the law of simony and put nothing in its place ?—That is rather a difficult question to answer. My view would be that there should be a relaxation of the present law of simony. We have a law as strict as it is possible to make it, short of criminality, and yet it is evaded ; and, moreover, the clergyman is required to take an oath to the effect that he has not paid, or caused to be paid, any sum of money in any transaction which to the best of his belief is simony. The clergyman says to himself, "In my view this is not simony."

The clergyman knows what the meaning of "simony" in that declaration is ; he knows that it is a legal term which means contrary to the law of simony ?—Yes.

Knowing that, these moral clergymen, who first of all ask you to break the law, then take an oath that they have not broken the law ?—Yes.

So that every one of these clergymen of high standing and of high moral character has been guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury ?—It is a question as to whether it is so or not.

Mr. Jeune : They take an oath that they have not broken the law, and they have not broken the law, have they ?—It depends on how the transaction is completed.

The law says, there shall be no agreement?—No collusion.

The law says, there shall be no agreement; and in the case to which you refer there is no agreement?—No; it is merely a moral understanding between them that the resignation will take place.

So that the law is not broken, because a high authority in ecclesiastical law can discriminate between a written agreement and a verbal understanding, or, as Mr. Stark puts it, a moral understanding. Never was anything finer in the way of distinction without a difference. Let Dr. Littledale or anyone else surpass—nay, match—any one of these concrete examples of habitual “evasion” in the Established Church of England with a single one of the most extreme hypothetical, abstract cases of St. Alfonso or any other casuist of the Roman School.

It is, however, when we turn to another class of patrons and agents that the pressure of secrecy grows heaviest. Hitherto we have been speaking of those who, to borrow from Mr. Leatham’s very able and vigorous speech, are punctilious in their disregard of law and in their immorality, and who know how to draw the line somewhere, although not perhaps at perjury. Mr. Stark, and honourable men like him, can “market livings,” “sell and barter” the cure of souls, obtain the best terms for “marketable patronage” in such a way that the Church shall be “ultimately the gainer”—not “morally” it is true, but “materially;” they can enable a patron—anxious, it may be, to make provision for his son, or straitened to meet the results of extravagance\*—to realize the “highest marketable value” of his living, though it be at the cost of inflicting the cruel wrong of an incapable man on the parishioners, who, it is not surprising, resent this “monstrous system of buying and selling the welfare of immortal souls,” and justly ask “what is the purchasing of a living but spiritual domination on the one side and spiritual slavery on the other?” These agents can find out and secure the best “warming-pans,”† that is,

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\* Speaking of the sale of the living of Astbury by the first Lord Crewe to pay the debts of his son, Mr. Herford related that once when this living was about to become vacant, one of the ladies of the Crewe family was allowed to stake it in a bet with one of the ladies of the Egerton family, the decision being made to depend upon a race between two caterpillars.

† *Appropos* of “warming-pans,” Dr. Utterton, Bishop of Guilford, mentioned the case of a very valuable living in his diocese, which had been bought in a great measure as a speculation. It was suddenly vacated by the death of the incumbent; whereupon the owner immediately put a clergyman ninety years of age into it to keep it warm, then took it into the market and sold it for £20,000, having himself given only £8,000 or £9,000 for it. Revolting enough is Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne’s account of the wretched paralytic borne up the Church by two attendants

aged or sick men, physically unfit for the service of the Church, but ready to sell their infirmity to keep a living "warm" as it is called, in order, perhaps, that a marriageable daughter may have a requisite dowry or a useful marriage portion, and so bring about those delightful social relations charmingly suggested by Lord Justice James; all this they can do with such consummate skill that there is not the least danger of an *exposé*. Masters of ways and means, they can baffle every one. "Those who are employed"—we are forced again and again to have recourse to verbatim quotation lest we should seem guilty of exaggeration—"whose business it is to carry these things out, hedge them so carefully round, that it is next to impossible for the Bishop to find a flaw in them." Their silence, if they do not literally gain the connivance of bishops' secretaries. These trusty officers wink at such offences if they cannot condone them. They dare not grapple with them. "I make it my business," said one acting for the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London, Winchester, Ely and Ripon, "to know as little of any of these transactions as I possibly can. Sometimes they are forced upon one's knowledge, but I always take care to keep myself absolutely out of them as far as possible." And though, elsewhere, he acknowledged that the law has been so clearly pronounced as to what is illegal that there would be no difficulty in defining it, he had frequently, when convinced in his own mind that a case was irregular, kept it from the Bishop because he knew that the Bishop could do nothing, and that it would be simply a matter of distress to him that he could take no action. Another secretary, we read, besought the witness, "Do not tell me, do not let me know anything about it," when he was proceeding to acquaint him with a "nefarious bargain." We have not yet exhausted the resources of upright agents. Masters of words, as well as of ways and means, their picturesque and practical advertisements are a veritable *pluvia laqueorum* to the impressionable natures and tender consciences of the clergy of the Established Church. Whilst the possible purchaser is attracted and fascinated by glowing accounts of convenient locality and lovely scenery; of the commodious dwelling and the roomy chambers; of the charming society, real county society; of the propinquity of admirals and baronets; of the parishioners, all of a good class, wealthy and professional men, men most kind

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for his induction, and obliged to drink wine at the reading desk, in order to be able to read himself in; but still more shocking is the ghastly tale, related by Mr. Leatham, of an unhappy candidate who complained "that his chances of preferment were gone: when it was supposed that he had a cancer, he was sounded with reference to four livings; but now that it was known that he only had a tumour, patrons took no notice of him."

and hospitable; of the paucity of labour and the plenitude of pay; of the fewness of souls and the abundance of trout and rooks; of the age and infirmities of the actual incumbent—in one list handed in there were seven clergymen mentioned at 70, three at 71, two at 72, two at 73, two at 74, two at 75, two at 77, three at 78, one at 79, two at 80, one at 82, and one at 87; nor must we forget the Guilford patriarch of 90; whilst the solicited purchaser is exactly posted up in all these important details, the prospective vendor is no less carefully advised of the precise kind of Church preferment wanted to purchase. The views and the accomplishments, the university and the character and the price of the advertiser, are all categorically stated with matchless practical skill. There are moderate views, views evangelical, views *via media*, views not extreme, Broad Church, High Church, Moderate High Church. Locality, for one man, is not so much an object as a nice healthy parish and comfortable residence; incumbent's age, say about sixty, because the gentleman is at Cambridge, preparing for Holy Orders; but interest must be allowed until a vacancy. For another, the incumbent should not be younger than 70; but the poor septuagenarian must be prepared with interest till the vacancy can be claimed. Then we have hilly and bracing localities desiderated, and fen counties objected to; dry and healthy locality indispensable, climate not damp, and sandy soil. Oxford men and Cambridge men, with good characters and highest references, musical, and accustomed to educated congregations, are all waiting to purchase—in the city or the country, in London or a fashionable town, by the seaside or inland, at prices varying from £1000 to £20,000—the cure of souls.

The ingenuity and power of adaptation to circumstances of upright agents appears indeed to be inexhaustible; but there is nevertheless a point at which they stop; they even draw a line. There are "black sheep" in the Established Church as well as elsewhere; and Mr. Stark keeps a list of the "black sheep." He, and honourable men like him, will have no dealings with them. But for all that, the "black sheep" are not kept out of the verdant pastures of preferment. The market of souls is not closed to them any more than to men of the highest standing, ex-colonial bishops, canons, and other dignitaries. The "black sheep" have their own special agents. And they are men of more than Protean endowments; men to whom every conceivable species of trick and stratagem is familiar; whose stock-in-trade includes every kind of sophistry and tergiversation; whose powers of cajolery are boundless; who can wheedle an incumbent into believing the shadow the substance, make him drop his bone for a phantom, yield up the bird in his hand for two in the

bush, to draw him into the slough of simony, and then, scatheless themselves, leave him to his fate; men whose experience and discernment of spirits is such that they can gauge the exact point up to which a bishop should be trusted by his subject. They know, moreover, to a hair's breadth, the amount of persuasion that must be brought to bear upon his lordship "to induce him to suspend all personal considerations as regards views;" and though they would never venture to *dictate* the terms in which he should be addressed, for the good of their clients they must *suggest* a letter, subject to approval, "our experience being necessarily much larger than that of any beneficed clergyman, we are in a position to draw up such a diplomatic letter as has been found in other instances to be successful." In like manner, though far from intending that a patron should ever be written to otherwise than "candidly and faithfully," they are bound to impress upon their clients that "it negatives necessary and cautious diplomacy to interpret such terms as meaning a relation of confidence which would be misplaced." And though their patience is infinite in drawing fine lines to remove the scruples of those who have the happiness to be under their direction, there is a time when discussion must cease, and they must peremptorily assert their authority.

As to 'impressions abroad,' which mean so many worthless reports, they are too contemptible for notice, and if we were once to allow this office to become a medium for correcting such things we might give up all other work. . . . I have no time for many words in answer to your remarks about simony, and must content myself with saying that they have no relevancy to my suggestion upon which you appear to have founded them.

I may also add that the term simony as popularly quoted is simply an insult to ordinary intelligence, and while you have a perfect right to your opinion upon that or any other question, you must be prepared for the opinion of those who claim an equal right to the exercise of their opinion.

If you refer to the clergy who have bought their livings, whether advowsons or presentations, I do not hesitate to say that both socially and by education they are the very best men by whom the Church is served, and (if) the rights under which they purchased are to be infringed, compensation is due to them, or to speak in plain terms, they have been deliberately swindled.

The writer of this letter is a very choice specimen of the class of clerical agents who "are not always of perfectly respectable character." And his career and proceedings are so remarkable, so inconceivable to the ordinary mind, that once more we are compelled to have recourse to literal citation from the evidence



of the Royal Commission. Mr. J. Cox, a member of the Church of England, sometime justice of the peace in Derbyshire, is the witness we turn to. Questioned as to the respectability of these friends of the clergy, he said :—

I know something of the character of the principals of two firms, both of whom are doing, or have done, a large business in this matter. Mr. Workman, *alias* Rawlins, has carried on, and still carries on an extensive business as a clerical agent. He is in Holy Orders. His real name is Rawlins, but he passes under a dozen different *aliases*. One of his first notorious transactions as a clerical agent was with the Rev. N. K., in connexion with a living in the diocese of —. He cheated Mr. N. K. out of £3,000, involved him in simony, and caused him to lose both living and money. Mr. N. K. now works as a day labourer, and is usually in the workhouse in the winter. In 1852, Rawlins, or Workman, was convicted of altering figures on a cheque from £8 to £80, and was sentenced to several years' penal servitude. On coming out of prison, he at once set up as a clerical agent (he was a man of some family and private means), and he bought advowsons and next presentations of several livings, two or three of them, I am told, being openly purchased at auction in Tokenhouse-yard. He issued a monthly organ, "The Church and School Gazette," published for several years at 56, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, and often had some young clergyman to assist him in the traffic as secretary. One of his plans was to advertise in the "Ecclesiastical Gazette," and elsewhere. I am quoting this bit of advertisement from the "Ecclesiastical Gazette" of December, 1869, which contains this sentence, which I ought to have mentioned in speaking of N. K.'s case: "Sequestrations, either threatened or enforced, may in many instances be relieved;" and he also inserted advertisements of loans of money to clergymen moving, &c. Thus, he became acquainted with embarrassed clergy, and got many into his meshes and used them as his tools. His frequent bankruptcy illustrates his character. In 1856 he was bankrupt in his true name of Rawlins, and then consigned to the Queen's Bench Prison for three months. In 1864, on the 9th of June, he was bankrupt in the name of "James Murray Richard Rawlins, known as Richard Workman." In March, 1875, he again passed through the Bankruptcy Court as "Murray Richard Workman," and perjured himself by swearing that he had never before been bankrupt or insolvent. I have referred to the Bankruptcy Court File, No. 71,349, for his last insolvency, and I found that the principal clerical creditors (all unsecured) were the Rev. R. H. Killick, Chadwell, Essex, £3,780; Rev. G. H. Turner, Cambridge-gardens, Notting Hill, £4,000; The Rev. James Whatman, 26, Bridge-row, E.C., for a small amount; Rev. T. S., £1,200, who says that the money was "advanced on a condition which has wholly failed," and that he has "received no satisfaction or security." Among the secured creditors are Messrs. Makrell, Smith, and Hughes for £9,189 5s. 5d., secured on the advowsons of—1. Tarring

Nevill, Essex; 2. South Heighton, Essex; 3. St. Philip's, Liverpool; 4. Newton St. Petrox, Devon; 5. Branksea, Dorset; 6. Upton Snodbury, Worcester; 7. Chadwell, Essex; 8. Patcham, Sussex; 9. Stopsley, near Luton; 10. Doddbrooke, Devon; and 11. Two pieces of land adjoining the Vicarage at Denton. Another creditor was secured for £700 on the advowson of Llanstadwell, Wales. How these advowsons got into his hands may be illustrated by following up one case, most of which information can be got from papers filed at the Bankruptcy Court. In 1871, the Rev. T. S. (then vacating the rectory of E.) paid over to Workman through his solicitors £1,200. He had already placed his rectory of E. in Workman's hands for "exchange," and the £1,200 was given in trust to Workman in order therewith to complete the purchase of a more valuable living for Mr. T. S. Such a living Mr. T. S. never obtained. He could get no redress; he was like N. K., involved in a simoniacal transaction, and his claim to be scheduled as a creditor on Workman's insolvent estate was disallowed by the judge, on the ground that the transaction was illegal, and hence he lost his rectory and his £1,200, and was comparatively beggared. Thus Workman became possessed of the Rectory of E. and presented thereto the Rev. R. Y. Mr. R. Y. has actually allowed Workman to preach in E. Church. . . . Workman has so many *aliases* that Crockford, or the Clergy List, is no real guide to the livings of which he is now patron.

And, again, continuing his evidence on the same subject, Mr. Cox, at the instance of the Bishop of Peterborough, said:—

The principal (if not the sole proprietor) in another energetic firm is a man of notorious character. The firm under which title he works is a recently established, but very energetic one, Messrs. Milward and Co., whom I have referred to already. They advertise largely in other papers besides the "*Ecclesiastical Gazette*." At the time of the late Sheffield Church Congress, they day by day advertised for sale from £2,000 to £10,000, and they prominently advertised in the semi-official guide to the Church Congress. Their principal is the Rev. Samuel Shipley, late vicar of Plungar, Bottesford, near Nottingham. In 1877, he had to leave his benefice on a charge of bigamy, having married a widow lady at St. George's Hanover-square, when his own wife was living with him at Plungar. He also did business as a common usurer on the most disgraceful terms. I hand in the original letters sent by him to an east-end tradesman, answering an advertisement in the *Times*, in 1870, which will show the outrageous nature of his charges.

It is difficult to excuse the Established Church from connivance at the abominable traffic here revealed. And the evil is sapping our national truth. For, deny it who may, there is the relation of cause and effect between the simony details in

these Blue-Books and the terrible increase of popular perjury denounced by Lord Coleridge and other judges at the late Assizes.

For the last time we turn to the evidence of the Royal Commission. The Bishop of Peterborough himself shall close this melancholy exhibition of the issue of Erastian principles :—

I should very much like (he said, resigning his position of Commissioner, and taking that of witness), if the Commission will allow me to relate to them four cases which occurred in my own diocese, in which the bishop was compelled to institute persons who were utterly unfit for the parishes. They are four very remarkable cases, and I should like to have them recorded. The first was that of a paralytic, in my judgment incapable personally of performing the duties of the parish. . . . The second was a case of a man who some years previously had been a notorious drunkard, but his drunkenness and the notoriety of it had occurred beyond the limit of the Church Discipline Act two years, and I was advised that I could not refuse him institution. He was instituted to a parish within four miles of the scene of his previous drunkenness, which made him notorious, and which created a great scandal. The third was the case of a man, 75 years of age, who obtained the appointment to a parish containing two considerable country towns, a laborious parish, and who within six months after he was appointed, asked me to give him permanent leave of absence, on account of physical infirmity, and that man I was obliged to institute. The last case was the case of a man who was obliged to resign his chaplaincy to a gaol because he dared not face the accusation of having been guilty of unnatural vice. That man was presented to a living in my diocese by his father-in-law, who was a solicitor. He came into my study, and I told him that I had no evidence to prove the case, but I was morally certain of the facts, and the man did not venture to deny them to me. I told him that I would endure anything rather than institute him. Happily for me, the man was respectably married, and feared to bring shame upon his family, and would not face a public trial, and he went away and I heard no more of him; but I was apprised that I could not have legally prevented his receiving institution. I merely wish to press upon the consideration of the Commission this fact, that the very day after that man left my study he might have bought a donative, with cure of souls and with a large number of parishioners. He might have bought it in *absolute secrecy*, and could then and there have become the incumbent of the parish of the donative, and I would have had no power, even as much as of asking him, "Why do you go in there?" And that might have occurred in my own diocese, and I might have had the shame and misery of having in the cure of souls in my diocese a clergyman who had confessed to me in my own study that he had been guilty of unnatural and abominable vice. I may venture just to state this further to the

Commission, that it was under the pressure of these four cases that I introduced my Bill upon the subject into the House of Lords.

The Irish Church has been disestablished, and one of the greatest abuses of Christendom swept away, as Sir Wilfrid Lawson reminded the electors of Carlisle the other day; purchase has been abolished in the Army, and now only remains in the State Church of England. For the sake of our cherished characteristic of straightforwardness, surely not an Englishman lives who, after due consideration of the evidence we have briefly surveyed, will not be inclined to pray that disestablishment and disendowment may quickly rid the land of the foul blot of simoniacal casuistry propagating on every side the deadly blight of falsehood and perjury.



#### ART. VIII.—THE CANONIZATION ON THE EIGHTH OF DECEMBER.

ON the eighth day of this last month, the ever-memorable festival of the Immaculate Conception, Pope Leo XIII. decreed the honours of the altar to four beatified servants of God, St. John Baptist de Rossi, St. Lawrence of Brindisi, St. Benedict Joseph Labre, and St. Clare of the Cross of Montefalco. Although the ceremony was performed by the Pope himself, and was followed by the Pontifical High Mass, yet it took place with closed doors, in a room whence the daylight was shut out. Hundreds of troops, and of the Roman police, were under arms at all the approaches to the Basilica of St. Peter, and hundreds more were ready in barracks at St. Angelo, the Holy Office, St. Prassede, and the Serristori. Rome was not unconscious of what was going to be done. But it was no longer as in olden days, when every Roman rejoiced if the Pope rejoiced, and mourned if he mourned. A great crowd of strangers has invaded Rome, who have no true Roman feeling or Roman tradition. On the morning of the eighth of December the newspapers of the infidel party were so noisy and irreverent, and spoke so unworthily of the new Saints and of the Pope, that even the *Opinione* could not help making a protest. Still, many thousands were devoutly expecting the signal which should announce the completion of the solemn work of so many years. Within the walls of the Vatican, the ceremony, though shut up in such a narrow space, recalled more glorious and freer days. The scene was the large hall above the portico

of St. Peter's. The work of its decoration had been entrusted to the Commendatore Francesco Fontana, architect of the Holy Apostolic palaces. The walls displayed imitation Mosaic paneling in a gold ground, with Corinthian pilasters. The whole of the ten windows which look on the piazza on one side, and into the Church on the other, were closed in, and each was changed into a tribune with three tiers of seats, reserved for the *corps diplomatique*, the Roman nobility, and various invited guests. The vast room was lighted by rows of wax candles, between the pilasters of the walls, and all the length of the cornice. Flowers in great abundance, in garlands and festoons, hung from the ceiling and in the walls. Twelve great standards were displayed on the walls, on each of which was depicted some miracle of one of the new Saints, with an explanatory Latin inscription from the pen of the Rev. Father Tongiorgi of the Society of Jesus. The lilies and the star of Pope Leo XIII. were repeated everywhere. About two-thirds of the way down the hall was placed the high altar, midway between wall and wall. At the extreme end of the room was the Pontifical throne; so that the Pontiff, with the Cardinals on either side, occupied a retro-choir, as in the ancient basilicas. The bishops occupied the space immediately in front of the altar outside the chair. Ladies were accommodated in the body of the chapel, in which a free passage had to be kept for the ceremony.

About nine o'clock in the morning, the Pope, vested in *pontificalia*, and accompanied by his court, entered the *Sala dei paramenti*, which is close to the *Sala ducale*, where he was received by the Cardinals and the Bishops assembled. Thence, to the strains of the *Ave Maris Stella*, executed by the Papal Choir to the music of Biordi, he was carried on the *sedia gestatoria* in grand procession to the hall of the Canonization. The Cardinals, Bishops, and Abbots wore the cope and mitre, the various officiating ministers of the Mass bore their appropriate vestments, and the numerous officers of the Papal Court, with the noble guards, completed the imposing array which surrounded the Vicar of Christ. As the procession entered the hall the Papal Choir sang the *Tu es Petrus* of Vittoria.

After the homage of all the members of the hierarchy present, the Holy Father received once more the humble prayers of the promoters of the causes of canonization. Once and twice he puts them off, and orders all to join in prayer for light. The Litany of the Saints is sung, and then the *Veni Creator*. At the third request, the whole audience rises, the postulator remains kneeling, and the Pope, seated on the throne, the tiara on his head, pronounces, in his chair as Doctor of the Universal Church, the following decree, which we here translate:—

To the honour of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, for the exaltation of the Catholic Faith, and the extension of the Christian religion, by the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and our own, after mature deliberation, and many times imploring the assistance of God, by the counsel of our Venerable Brothers, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, the Patriarchs, the Archbishops and Bishops at present in the City, we decree and define that the Beatified John Baptist de Rossi, Lawrence of Brindisi, Benedict Joseph Labre, Confessors, and Clare of the Cross, Virgin, are SAINTS, and we inscribe them in the catalogue of the Saints; ordaining that their memory be devoutly kept each year by the Universal Church, that is to say, that of John Baptist on the twenty-third day of May, of Lawrence on the seventh of July, of Benedict Joseph on the sixteenth of April, as Confessors, and of Clare on the eighteenth of August, among the Virgins. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Then the *Te Deum* was intoned, the bells of St. Peter's gave the signal to every Church in the city, and the canonization was complete. The Pontifical High Mass followed, with all the usual ceremonies.

In the evening large numbers of private houses were illuminated. All the afternoon, and at stated hours throughout the octave, devotions and panegyrics in honour of the newly canonized took place at different Churches. Crowds thronged to St. Peter's, to St. Augustine (in honour of St. Clare, who was an Augustinian nun); to Ara Cœli, out of devotion to St. Lawrence; to St. Mary in Cosmedin, of which St. John Baptist had been a Canon; and to St. Mary dei Monti, where lie the relics of St. Benedict Joseph. To this latter, in particular, came a great throng of French pilgrims, who were addressed by the Bishop of Arras and Père Picard.

A canonization is a fact of very great importance. It is an occasion on which the Supreme Pontiff pronounces, in the most solemn manner, on the law of Faith and Morals as carried out in the person of a mortal who has passed through the temptations of life and been judged by God for his eternity. There is no ground for doubting that the Church (and therefore the Pope, who has all the infallibility, even when he speaks before the Church, which Christ has promised to the Church herself) is infallible in the Canonization of a Saint. The consequences of a possible mistake would be too disastrous. A human being whom the Pastor of all the faithful had declared to be in the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, would be in hell. A life and career which the supreme earthly Judge had pronounced to be not only blameless but heroic, would have been judged by the Eternal Judge to be sinful, and worthy of everlasting death. A man or woman whom the Pope, after the most searching exami-

nation, had proposed to the faithful to be honoured and prayed to as one sharing in the Table and Kingdom of Jesus Christ, would be really the slave of the demons and the companion of the lost. Doubtless, to pronounce upon Heroic Sanctity is to pronounce on a "fact," and not on a doctrine. But there are occasions when the prerogative of pronouncing infallibly on doctrine would be nugatory without the gift of pronouncing on a fact. The Church could not guard the integrity of the Sacred Scriptures unless she could, without fear of error, pronounce on this or that version of the Scriptures; she could not contend against heresy without being able to condemn infallibly a given heretic or a given book. And it is evident that the prerogative of "holiness"—her power of teaching what holiness is, and of promoting holiness in her children—would be of comparatively little use unless she could, inerringly, pronounce on the lives of the servants of God. There is, probably, no force in this world, putting aside the holy Sacraments, which is more powerful in drawing men to the service of God than the example of the Saints. But the power of a Saint's life comes from two sources: first, that his career is, beyond all doubt, a true and certain rule of virtue; and second, that he is always a living being, standing before the throne of God. But neither this force of example nor this stimulus of sympathy would be possible—taking into consideration all men and all ages—were it possible that the Church could err in defining the "sanctity" of a Saint. And, therefore, we cannot doubt that the infallibility of the Church in canonization is included in the promise that the gates of hell shall never prevail against her and that our Lord will be with her Pastors to the consummation of the world.\*

The Canonization, then, of four Saints, on the 8th of December last, is an incident of very grave moment. It is likely—or, rather, it is certain—to have a twofold effect. It will tell on the servants of God, and it will affect God's enemies. It is a lesson and a stimulus to all ranks of Christian men and women; it is a proclamation of fresh supernatural forces, engaged on the side of Christ, against this world and the powers of darkness. It is

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\* The following passage from the well-known work of Benedict XIV. will be interesting to our readers at this moment:—"I myself, who for so many years discharged the office of Promoter of the Faith, have seen with my own eyes (if I may so express it) the Holy Spirit assisting the Roman Pontiff in the definition of causes of canonization. In some cases, when all seemed to be going on prosperously, difficulties, unperceived before suddenly came up and kept the cause back. In others, difficulties which seemed so insuperable that the cause was on the point of being stopped, were removed in the most unexpected manner by the discovery of fresh evidence, and the cause was concluded in triumph."—*De Beatificatione et Canonizatione Servorum Dei*, lib. i, cap. 44.

true, no doubt, that all of the four newly-canonized have been long venerated in the Church. It is some twenty years since St. Benedict Joseph and St. John Baptist de Rossi were beatified by Pius IX. One hundred years have elapsed since St. Lawrence of Brindisi, was pronounced blessed by Pius VI.; while St. Clare of Montefalco has been honoured with a Mass and Office by the Order of St. Augustine since the middle of the seventeenth century. But it is true, nevertheless, that the providence of God, in reserving their canonization to these days, has also reserved for these times its significance and its effect. The solemn act of canonization differs from every act of which they have hitherto been the object; and so also will the issue of that act differ from all that has happened before.

This article is not intended to be a sermon. But whilst pulpits are resounding with praise and exhortation, and whilst solemn triduums are drawing crowds to many a Church in Rome, France, Italy, and Spain, there are so many aspects of the late Canonization which may well interest a thinker and a Christian that we make no apology for dwelling on it. There can be no doubt that the prayers and merits of the Saints have moulded the course of history. Slowly, with many a partial check and local failure, the power of Christ's passion, touching the world at every point where a Saint's heart is found, works on, moves masses, sweeps down pride, crushes might, and baffles science. A man who can see no further than the horizon of his own life may doubt the truth of this. The observer who stands where he can look back through history can make no mistake in the matter. And those who have no leisure or capacity for the philosophic discussion of history may take for granted that the stone which the builders rejected and do reject, on whomsoever it falls it grinds him to powder. No one but those who take the merest "naturalism" as their guide in judging consequences, can fail to understand that a Saint, and the canonization of a Saint, are matters vastly more important, in the long-run or the short, than a new republic, a new minister, or a new war.

It so happens that this company of the newly canonized includes the name of one who, in his career and spirit, stands utterly alone among all recorded Saints. The significance of the canonization of St. Benedict Joseph Labre can hardly be over-rated. It is chiefly to him that we propose to direct attention at the present moment. But first let a word be said about each of the other three.

St. Clare of Montefalco, who comes first in the order of time, was a humble nun, who lived all her life in her native town, and died there in 1308. Montefalco is a little town not far from Assisi, lying between Assisi and Spoleto. Her life, from her very



infancy, was one of amazing and supernatural austerity. Its details recall in a very striking way the life of St. Catherine of Siena, who was born forty years after her death. But the two Saints differed utterly in one point. St. Catherine had a mission from God which led her into the world of politics and of war; St. Clare never, as far as is known, left the little town of her birth, and the Convent in whose struggling beginnings she had a share. But the marvellous feature of the history of her canonization is that the present Pope, as we gather from his own words, looks upon her as a defender of the Church and of Rome, who is worthy to be named in the same sentence with St. Catherine; and that he looks to her for help in the present calamities of the Holy See, almost as confidently as to the holy Virgin of Siena herself. At the solemn publication of the decree of her canonization, in the palace of the Vatican, on the 11th of September last, he said, "Not less dear and consoling to us is the memory of the Blessed Clare of Montefalco. We remember with delight how, when we governed the Church of Perugia, we twice visited her sanctuary, and twice offered the Holy Sacrifice on the altar where her mortal remains repose. We venerated the precious and incorrupt relics of the illustrious Virgin, and particularly her heart, so famed for the wonderful marks of Our Lord's passion. And now that we are set over the Church Universal, our veneration for her has redoubled, and our trust in her is full and entire. Without doubt we may justly count on her powerful protection from Heaven. It is not the first time that God has made use of a humble virgin in the accomplishment of His inscrutable purposes for the good of the Church, and of her visible head. But yesterday the glories of the heroic Catherine of Siena were celebrated throughout Italy, on the occasion of her centenary festival; it was she who was the instrument by which the Roman Pontiffs, after a long exile, were brought back, *free and independent, to Rome, their true seat.*" These previsions of the Vicar of Christ are confirmed in a very curious manner by the fact that the incorrupt body of St. Clare, lying in its crystal case in the Church of the Convent at Montefalco, appears to be endowed with a miraculous consciousness when trouble is at hand for the Church. These signs were remarked as long ago as the times of the Reformation in Germany. There seems no reason to doubt that, on more than one occasion, the portion of dried blood which is preserved with the body, has liquefied and seemed to boil up with greater or less violence and continuousness in proportion as the trial to come was more or less severe. But what has recently happened to the body itself is still more curious and striking. Our readers are possibly aware that after "beatification" and before canonization, at least two new and incontestable

miracles are required. St. Clare was never formally beatified. As she died more than a hundred years before the decree of Urban VIII., it was admitted by the Roman Congregation that, in her case, long-continued public veneration was equivalent to "beatification." It was on September 13, 1850, that Pope Pius IX. decreed that, the heroicity of virtue having been established, the discussion of two miracles might now be taken. Now, Pope Pius had himself been Archbishop of Spoleto, the diocese in which Montefalco is. In the year 1831, his attention had been called to a very remarkable occurrence. It was the year, it will be remembered, in which the "Young Italy" party were doing their best to stir up the population of the Romagna. Spoleto itself had been occupied by 4,000 insurgent troops, and its Archbishop, though his sweetness and prudence disarmed them at last, had tasted the first-fruits of his life-long struggle with the revolution. It was reported to him, during this year, that the incorrupt body of St. Clare had moved one of its feet and turned aside its head—as if to express its horror of the impious attempts against Christ's Vicar. Whether this miracle was proved, or even juridically examined, we do not learn. It is set down, however, in the report presented by the postulators of the cause when, in 1851, they renewed their instances for proceeding to canonization; and its truth seems to follow from what is about to be related. On May 27, 1847—a few weeks before the date of a celebrated proclamation in which undoubtedly Pius IX. sounds the first note of his forebodings of 1848—the nuns of the Convent of Montefalco were in their choir about eight o'clock in the evening, and were reciting the office of complin. The "urn" or crystal case, in which was the incorrupt body of St. Clare, is placed, it should be observed, in a recess in the thickness of the wall of the choir, and the recess is enclosed by wooden doors, usually kept fast shut by a little bolt which shoots into the stone at the base of the niche itself. Suddenly the sisters heard a noise as if a bolt had been drawn, and they saw, to their amazement, the door of the recess fly open of its own accord. The same evening, after complin, two or three of the sisters went to look at the holy body. They found that the body had undoubtedly moved. The head had slipped off the pillow or cushion; the crown in one part no longer touched the cushion, though the marks of its having pressed upon it before were perfectly plain; the veil had opened as if the head had moved, and the tunic was slightly creased, as it would have been had the shoulders been bent. Moreover, a small gold crucifix, which had stood on a little base prepared for it, had fallen down and lay across the hands. Seven weeks later, on the 17th of July—the very day on which the troops of Radetsky occupied

Ferrara, and Austria did the precise thing Mazzini was longing for—the urn or reliquary of the body of St. Clare was found to be close to the iron grille which protects it. The sister sacristan had been accustomed to brush and dust the glass frequently; she found she could no longer even get her hand in; there was not a finger's breadth between the grille and the surface of the glass. There could be no doubt that the urn had moved; and it had to be forcibly pushed back to its ordinary position. Now these may seem to be small matters. But what is great and what is small? The supernatural universe is mightier than the world of Nature. Phenomena of the unseen world are indefinitely more notable than those of earthly matter and force. A miracle does not generally stir the world of politics, of letters, or of science; but it marks the nearness of God, and it sets in motion the only irresistible human force—the prayer and the suffering of human hearts. The alleged supernatural occurrences of the 27th of May and the 17th of July were inquired into with all the rigour of the Roman Congregations when there is question of canonization. First of all, the Ordinary—that is, the Archbishop of Spoleto—went into the whole matter juridically, summoning witnesses and discussing every probability of mistake or deception. Then began the Pontifical process, which was that of the Ordinary over again, but far more strict and searching. The mere letter appointing the commission, with its reiterated directions and minute provisions to secure authentic testimony, contains more than fifteen separate headings. The commission took the testimony of no less than fifty-five distinct witnesses on oath, among whom were medical experts, and a jury of ladies, who, under the direction of the medical men, took the holy body out of the reliquary and carefully examined it. The process occupied thirteen months, and the report is 400 pages in length. The miraculous moving of St. Clare's incorrupt body was considered to be proved beyond doubt. On the other miracle necessary for canonization we need not here dwell.

St. Lawrence of Brindisi, a Capuchin, was one of the great heroes of the Catholic reaction against Luther. From the year 1596, to the day of his death in 1619, he was almost incessantly occupied with religious and political missions of the first class. He was sent by Paul V. to the Emperor Rudolph and the Archduke Matthias, to secure their good-will and efforts in the Catholic cause. He cheered on the army of the Emperor in the war against the Turks—a war on which the fate of Eastern Europe depended. In more ways than one—by his preaching, his controversy, his courage and holiness—he may be said to have preserved Austria to the Church. He was the soul of the

Catholic League, and visited Philip III. of Spain in order to induce him to take part in it. His preaching secured the Catholic cause in Saxony and the Palatinate. He was known in every town of Italy, from Venice to Brindisi itself. His life presents a striking picture of the times—the Turk threatening in the East, the heretical spirit striving for Germany, Henry IV. in France, and the seeds of heresy taking root in half the towns of Italy north of Rome. It was to such men as St. Lawrence and B. Peter Canisius that it was owing that the tide so speedily turned and the new era was commenced by the convocation of the Council of Trent. St. Lawrence was throughout the devoted and unwearied servant of the Holy See. No other authority would have made him visit sovereign princes, with the powers of Apostolic nuncio, or intervene in European wars and imperial councils. But it was enough for him; and in his poor friar's brown habit, without anything but what he carried about him, he changed kingdoms, strengthened kings, stopped wars, and reformed whole populations. He was beatified by Pius VI. in 1783.

John Baptist de Rossi was the Vincent de Paul of Rome in the eighteenth century. A Genoese by birth, he studied at the Roman College, and after his ordination gave himself up to the spiritual service of the people of Rome. He preached to the cattle drivers in the Campo Vaccino; he founded refuges for poor girls, and for pilgrims; he visited and catechized in the prisons. The streets called the *Bocca della Verità* and the *Montanara* knew him well for many years. The Church of St. Mary in *Cosmedin*, of which he was a Canon, which had been deserted before his time, could hardly contain the crowds of the poor who flocked to his confessional. The revenues of his canonry he gave up to the fabric of the Church and to the establishment of a fund to keep up the organ and to pay the organist. When at length a stroke of apoplexy struck him down in the midst of his labour, he was found to have died so poor that the hospital *La Trinità* had to bury him (1764). After a process which lasted from 1781 to 1859, he was declared Blessed by Pope Pius IX. in the latter year.

By far the most remarkable feature of the great ceremony of December the eighth was the canonization of St. Benedict Joseph Labre. This "holy poor man" has been virtually venerated as a Saint, especially in France, almost ever since he died. From a merely human point of view, the details of his life are, in many ways, repulsive. His vocation was literally unique. In canonizing him, the Church has laid down one of these landmarks which keep morality in its place. It is absolutely necessary to study and to understand why she has raised to her altars the beggar who had no need to beg. Even "mode-

rate" organs of opinion in Italy and France have remonstrated with the Pope for so far presuming on the piety of Catholics as to present for their homage such a life as his. The truth is that the world is fast losing sight of some of the foundation truths in which virtue, even in the natural order, must rest, in order to be virtue at all.

Mendicancy is, no doubt, an exceptional vocation. The general law is, that a man must work if he wishes to eat. But this law, and similar laws, are rather transcripts or expressions of what must generally happen, than true laws of nature or of God. It is nearly always true, for instance, that a sturdy beggar is an idle and good-for nothing fellow. Similarly, it is true, in general, that a man who withdraws himself into absolute solitude, is a misanthropist or a lunatic ; and that a man who condemns himself to perpetual silence is either a fanatic or an imbecile. But mendicancy, absolute solitude, and complete silence may, for all that, be praiseworthy and even heroic. The reason is easily seen when we consider for a moment what is the measure of human actions. Good and bad, morality and immorality, must not be calculated by the rule of visible usefulness or of profit to others, whether temporal or spiritual. A man's being is made, first of all, for God ; his duty to God consists above all in the intensity and continuousness of the direction of his heart towards God ; and whatever best promotes his heartfelt love and worship is the best for him. (Whether this rule of action is not also the best measure of one's *ultimate* usefulness to one's neighbour, is a question we do not pause to discuss, though there can really be no question about it.) In exceptional instances, then, a man can love and adore God best, and can come nearest to Him, by adopting extraordinary means—such as intense suffering, total withdrawal from the world, or the life of a beggar. Such means are usually extremely painful to the flesh or humiliating to the spirit, and the repugnance of nature results (if the person is rightly and prudently advised in adopting them), in a very intense heat of Divine love. With most persons the opposite result would follow. Just as the powerful forces of Nature—steam, or electricity, or water—if they act under the right conditions, produce great and beneficial results in speed or motion, but if there is anything wrong about the conditions they are proportionately calamitous and disastrous ; so these strong applications of our Lord's cross to human hearts either make those hearts heroic in holiness, or degrade, harden, and ruin them. Both of these results are before our eyes every day. Numbers of the ordinary poor and wretched exemplify the latter ; the former finds its expression in the lives of such saints as Benedict Joseph Labre.

St. Benedict Joseph was French by race and birth, and Catholic

France, whilst she rejoices at his canonization, looks for seasonable help in his intercession. The little town of Ammettes, where he was born, is near Boulogne, and was in the diocese of Boulogne until the re-arrangement of the country by Napoleon. It is now in the diocese of Arras. Many of our readers may remember the superb fêtes which were organized in 1860, when the Saint was beatified, by Mgr. Parisi, then Bishop of Arras. We may look for equally splendid manifestations of faith from the present Bishop, Mgr. Lequette, and from his people. The Bishop has never flagged in his devotion to the cause. By word and by sacrifice he has promoted the canonization: a pastoral letter, in June last, moved the whole of his clergy and diocese to take part in the work; and he was in the loggia of the Vatican when the voice of Leo XIII. gave the decisive decree which raised the "holy poor man" to the altars of the universal Church. At Ammettes, the house in which he was born is still in existence; and in 1860 a great pilgrimage, conducted by the late Bishop, flocked to visit it as a sanctuary. The Saint was not what is technically called of gentle birth. His father was a trader; but there is no doubt the family were well off. The children were well brought up, liberally educated, and carefully looked after. Benedict Joseph—his two names probably owe their origin to the fact of his having been born in the month of March, and during the octave of St. Benedict—went through the ordinary grammar-school studies, not only with the exemplary piety and wonderful maturity of Divine wisdom which we so often see in the childhood of saints, but also with a great liking for study itself. But when he was sixteen, a change came over him, and his vocation began to declare itself. Benedict was not to be a student. It took some little time to make this clear to his friends. His uncle, a good and learned parish priest who took great pains with him, was puzzled, naturally, to find him losing all taste for Latin and mathematics. And afterwards, various worthy professors, in different monasteries where he made experiments in the life of austerity to which God called him, were scandalized at his apparent inability to bring his thoughts to bear on rhetoric or logic. For he went into and out of several monastic houses in search of his vocation. At the age of eighteen he presented himself at the gate of La Trappe; but the Trappists told him he was too weak and delicate to think of such a life as theirs, and he had to go home again. He then tried a Carthusian monastery. The Carthusians sent him back to learn plain chant and a "little logic." He made the attempt, not very successfully, and was received as a postulant; but in five months' time he began to be so troubled, perplexed, and

agitated, that the Father Prior dismissed him in all haste. He made another attempt on La Trappe, but met with no better success. He next thought of the Cistercians, and was actually received as a novice at Sept Fontaines. But in six months, what with illness and mental trouble, he was reduced to a skeleton, and had to be sorrowfully dismissed. As he was leaving the kind monks of Sept Fontaines, very sad, and not knowing where to turn to lead that austere life to which he felt himself called, yet with a "*fiat voluntas Dei*" on his lips, God gave him one of those sudden and decisive illuminations which not only the saints, but ordinary inferior persons who have taken all fitting human means to understand His will, are sure to have vouchsafed them when the moment has arrived. Benedict heard an interior voice, which plainly ordered him to lead such a life as St. Alexis led; to abandon friends and country, to adopt all the rigours of poverty and mendicancy, and to wander about the world from one shrine to another. When this voice was heard in his heart, peace fell upon him and his troubling ceased. But it is not to be wondered at that others did not at once accept his extraordinary vocation. More than one of his confessors refused, at first, to allow that it could be God's will for him to beg and not to work. One, whose name is mentioned in the process of his beatification, told him to go and get work; to engage as a servant; to find out some one who would employ him. Benedict obeyed; he went from one to another; but no one would engage him. He looked so wretched, so ragged, and so thin, that every one turned away from him in dismay. Another confessor—this was at the celebrated Sanctuary of Loreto—treated him as a reprehensible vagrant, and told him he could not in conscience lead such a life without an inspiration from God. Then Benedict, doing violence to his humility, was forced, by his command, to tell him all the circumstances of his heavenly illumination on leaving Sept Fontaines. Others spoke to him strongly about the dangers of a roving life in the world, and advised him to take shelter as soon as possible in a cloister. One kind person, at Loreto, was overcome with compassion at the terrible life he was leading, and recommended him to stay altogether at Loreto and serve Masses in the Church; or to become a Camaldolese on the neighbouring mountain. But Benedict knew what God wished him to do; and he persuaded all his confessors with little difficulty that he was right. For it must be borne in mind that he was well aware of the obligation which every Christian has, to submit interior inspirations to the judgment of confessors, or other prudent and learned men. He did this in the beginning of his wonderful vocation, and he continued to do it till the day of his death.

This man, who was called to live the life of a poor beggar, was brought up in comfortable circumstances—gently, kindly, and carefully; he was fairly educated; he was not unacquainted with literature; and he had a circle of good, kind, and what we should call respectable relations. He had the gentleness, modesty, and politeness of true humility and charity. Even in his rags he had a certain air of distinction, and more than one witness speaks of the fineness of his hands, an index of refinement which is seldom false. He was by no means strong, and apparently very sensitive. All through his life he seems to have had extraordinary sensible devotion to our Lord's passion, to the Blessed Virgin, and to the Saints. Some touching stories are related of his kindness to other children when he was himself a child. At the age of fifteen he lavishly exposed his life daily when an epidemic visited his native place. He had a marvellous gift of comforting those who were in sorrow. Though a beggar himself, he thought continually of the poor, and gave away to his brother beggars nearly all that was given to him. He keenly felt how repugnant his rags and dirt must have been to those who came near him; and this sensitiveness must certainly have been one of his greatest mortifications, although we read that in reality few, or none, ever perceived anything offensive; but he displayed the greatest anxiety to keep out of people's way, to move off when any one came, and to hide and bury himself out of sight.

Prepared thus in body, in heart, and in mind to feel in all their sharpness the thorns of the thorny crown destined for him, Benedict was led by the Holy Spirit to his vocation. He abandoned his home and his parents for good, after his repulse from the Cistercian house of Sept Fontaines, when he was twenty years old. From that time forward his parents and his family must have lost sight of him altogether. No allusions to his relations or his home are met with during the rest of his life. God called him to wander as a mendicant, but his wanderings were to be pilgrimages. To the end of his life, which lasted twelve years after his leaving Sept Fontaines, he went from sanctuary to sanctuary. He first went to Loreto, thence to Assisi, and thence to Rome. At Rome he spent, perhaps, more time than at any other single place; but it was his wish and desire to visit Loreto every year of his life, and we read that he actually did visit that greatest of Mary's sanctuaries no less than eleven times during the twelve years. The list of his visits included Rome, Loreto, Assisi, Fabriano (where rests the body of St. Romuald), Bari (which possesses the relics of St. Nicholas), Naples, Alvernia, Einsiedeln (whither his devotion drew him twice), and places, not named, in Germany and on the frontiers of France. His journeys were the journeys of a true pilgrim. He



seems generally not to have travelled by the roads, such as they were, but to have made his way across country, with only a general notion of the direction of the place to which he was going. His last journey from Loreto to Rome took him more than three weeks, the distance being about 100 miles. During these journeys he was often overtaken by storms, by snow, or by floods, and had to lie in the forest, or shelter on the mountain for days together, far from the dwelling of men. When he arrived—ragged, weary, and weak with privation—at the shrine for which he was bound, his first thought was the church; indeed, it was his practice to remain in the church or before the shrine simply the whole day, from the moment the doors were opened until the church was cleared and the doors shut at night. And it generally happened that he lay down to rest on the steps of the church itself, or sat near the door with his head leaning in his hand, till the morning came round again. When he did not rest at the church door, he took refuge under an arch or a wall. When in Rome he used frequently to spend the night under the ruined vaults of the Colosseum—a solitary watcher in that most haunted precinct of the whole world. A portico or the warmth of a bakehouse was a rare luxury with him. Sometimes the kindness of the good people, full of faith and Catholic understanding, would force him to spend the night within the walls of a house; then he chose the garret or the cellar. He bade his hosts lock him up as a vagrant is locked up; and the bed, if bed there were, was very rarely slept upon. His food was hardly human food. The very dole of the poor—the soup, the fragments of bread, and the scraps of meat—were too good for him. He would give away his portion to his mendicant friends; and he tells us himself, in words which were never meant to be known save to one man, how he lived. “I feed myself,” he said, “on refuse and the things I find thrown away in the streets—orange-peel, cabbage-leaves, decayed fruit, anything that is cast out of the windows as useless. I only eat what is sufficient for the day, and at night nothing. If I find nothing, I ask for alms. If nothing is given me, I go into the fields and eat green leaves and drink the water I find.” His pious friends often asked each other where and when he took his meals. They ceased to wonder when they at last observed that about mid-day he would leave the church, where he had been spending the long hours of the morning, and seek his dinner in the gutters and the middens of the neighbourhood. Some one disturbed him at his prayers one day, and through charity begged him to come to dinner. “Dinner!” he said; “I dine in the street.” When he did sit down to table, it was less to eat than to obey or to gratify the kindness of his friends. He had a sort of pain in accepting

ordinary food. "The poor should eat bits," he used to say. With a wooden basin, broken at the edge, cracked and mended with wire, he would take his place in the rank of the poor people awaiting the distribution at the door of a convent or a great house. If he was late, he would kneel down where the distribution had been made and gather up in his hands the spilt soup mingled with dirt, for his own meal. His clothes were even worse than his food. It does not appear that he had made any vow of poverty, yet his real poverty was greater than that of a Capuchin. His clothes were mere rags. In this country any one who knows the poorer quarters of a large town knows what raggedness is. The marvels of shapelessness, misfit, oddness, and decomposition, which sometimes are perilously held together over the breasts and limbs of the poor little boys of our schools are well known to priests and teachers. But it is not so common to see a grown-up man in such a plight; and when we see such a one, the feeling is that a Christian country is to blame for allowing such a sight to be possible. St. Benedict Joseph chose, of his own accord and by God's vocation, to go about the world in rags so desperate, that in this country at the present day he would have been forcibly taken to the poor-house; not that his clothing was not sufficient for modesty, for no one could be more scrupulous on such a point than he, but simply because people in these days cannot bear the sight of extreme wretchedness, and cannot understand the Divine calling of evangelical poverty. But undoubtedly the most remarkable feature in the vocation of St. Benedict Joseph was that he was not only poor and ragged, but that he chose and cherished personal dirt. It is impossible to describe, in this place, this voluntary cross and affliction of noisome uncleanness by which God willed that he should purify his heart and give it more completely to Himself. No instructed Catholic, it need hardly be said, will for one moment shrink from admitting it. No excuse whatever is needed for it. Putting out of the question annoyance to others, on which we shall remark presently, dirt or uncleanness is, as far as morality goes, simply indifferent. Whether a man, in order to detach his heart and to love God, washes or abstains from washing; whether he gives up alcohol or abjures soap; whether he lies on a hard bed, or never puts on a clean shirt; these things are indifferent; they may all be good, and they may all be vitiated by vanity, selfishness, or laziness. No doubt the presumption, in regard to one who is dirty, is that he is lazy, gross, and inconsiderate of others. But it is only a presumption, and the truth may be very different. And it is to be feared that there is a very strong presumption against the most of those who cultivate with such a loud-tongued devotion

the virtue of cleanliness ; a presumption that they are clean because it is a bodily luxury to be clean and to be considered clean. But the matter is too simple to require discussion. Some of the saints, like St. Bernard, St. Francis de Sales, and St. Philip Neri, have been characterized by extreme love of cleanliness ; others, like many of the ancient hermits, and St. Benedict Joseph, have been called by a different way. They were all saints, not because they were clean or because they were dirty, but because they loved God in a heroic way with all their hearts. It is true that it cannot be pleasing to God to annoy one's neighbour. Let it be observed that St. Benedict Joseph was most careful on this point. He kept out of everyone's way. But the truth is, explain it how we may, there was no annoyance to others resulting from his extraordinary vocation. Many persons, it is true, knowing how the case stood, were disgusted, and would not go near him. But, on the other hand, many persons—and more, as he became better known at Loreto and in Rome—did their very best to induce him to lodge with them and to eat with them ; and we never hear of any manifestation which was calculated to make it unpleasant for them. For some time before his holy death he lodged in the Ospizio dei Poveri, at Rome ; he rarely used a bed, but when he did, it is attested that no mark was ever left behind that could be attributed to the special cross which he bore for the mortification of his flesh.

Such, in a brief sketch, are the characteristic features of the career of a Saint whom Leo XIII. raised to the altars on the eighth of December last. It is only the truth to say that so remarkable a canonization has never been made by the Church. There have been no examples in the history of sanctity of a life such as that of St. Benedict Joseph. During his life he was often likened to St. Alexis, who, in the early centuries of Christianity, left his home and wandered over the world in poverty. We have few details of the life of St. Alexis, and we cannot therefore tell exactly what his spirit was. That he was poor and that he had left all his honours and comforts behind, and that he wandered as a stranger—this we know ; but the poverty of St. Benedict was of a type so extraordinary and complete that we find nothing in the life of St. Alexis with which to compare it. The venerable Gregory Lopez, in the sixteenth century, left his native country, crossed the ocean to Mexico, and lived as a hermit in various places, practising extreme poverty. But St. Benedict was no hermit ; and besides, he was, by his own deliberate profession, a beggar ; in which he distinctly differs from one who merely practises holy poverty. The Venerable Claude Bernard, converted by St. Francis de Sales in the year of the Saint's death, parted with his wealth, and was called "the

poor priest." He begged and lived with beggars; but chiefly as a means to further good works. The Venerable Father Libermann, almost in our day, practised holy poverty so far as to become a mendicant, lodging in a garret and consorting with the poor; but he, too, had a further end and purpose in his view. May of the great saints, like St. Ignatius, have at some period of their lives begged from door to door, and lived like beggars. But perhaps no one has ever made it a *vocation*, like St. Benedict Joseph. It is not even true to say that his vocation was that of a pilgrim. To make pilgrimages was part of the command which God laid on him; but it is apparent to the most casual student of his history that these journeyings were only occasions for the practice of the hardships and humiliations of a mendicant.

To canonize one who was by profession a beggar is certainly a very marked lesson for modern society. It is not, perhaps, so much that under modern police systems mendicancy is put down by the law. It has always been recognized, even by the Popes themselves, that begging ought not to be indiscriminately allowed. The sturdy beggar not only cheats the charitable, but also cheats the really poor. In England, and also in France, though the law is formally against public begging, yet as a matter of practice, if the beggars are modest and judicious, begging is allowed to go on. The law, and the Charity Organization Societies, put just sufficient pressure on public begging to prevent it from becoming a public nuisance, but not to prevent the tramp tribe from flourishing and doing harm to the deserving poor. There is no doubt that public opinion in England, at least of the majority—though the noisiest part of the community express opposite views—is in favour of a moderate toleration of begging; and this because there is a confused feeling that it is not all the deserving poor who are looked after by the relieving officer or housed in the union. But the public mind of a Protestant country like this is made up on two points at least; first, that no man should beg when he can work; secondly, that the sight of a ragged and wretched beggar is not only unpleasant, but, to use a vague and favourite word, "demoralizing."

It is against these opinions, unchristian when absolutely stated, that the present Canonization may be expected to tell. To be a beggar, for a time or for life, for a further purpose, or as a final vocation, may be lawful and may be heroically holy. This is the Gospel teaching. The very meaning of the Incarnation is that the Lord of all things humbled himself to ask food and a shelter from His creatures. If mendicancy truly sanctify the heart of the mendicant, then his fellow men must permit him to beg, and must help him. This very statement of the principle shows how

rare such a vocation may be. In certain religious orders, it is true, begging is permitted and commended. In these cases, each vocation is examined and tested by well-understood methods. But the vocation of a beggar who is independent and alone must be proved by time and by hard rebuffs; it must approve itself to confessors of various degrees of learning and of different characters; it must stand the test of opposition from good men, and it must be accompanied by all the virtues of a Christian life. Therefore it is sure to be rare, and most rare. But it is not so rarely that it is lawful for a time or for a purpose. And when Christians have reason to suppose that a beggar stands before them who is called to be a beggar by Christ, they are bound to supply his moderate needs and to give him the scanty means of continuing to live and to follow his Master. That he is able to work is nothing to the purpose. There are many ways of working. A mendicant who prays and suffers will bring more blessings on the people who help him and on his fellow-countrymen, than the man who tills the soil, melts the ore, or sails on the sea. That he robs the helpless poor is not true either. The little he takes is as nothing; and he does many a good turn both to rich and poor, like St. Benedict Joseph did.

But, perhaps, the strongest feeling which evangelical mendicancy or poverty has to face in these countries is, that the poor have no right to harrow our feelings or disgust our sensibilities by the exhibition of their wretchedness. This, it is to be supposed, is the meaning of "demoralization," in this connection. To witness wretchedness is to tolerate it; and to tolerate it is to sin against the materialistic Gospel which ordains that the last end of man is placed here below, and consists in rational enjoyment of the good things of this world. It is quite time to make a solemn and loud protest against the worldliness that would shut up the poor out to sight. It must be clearly understood that the duty of giving is not the only duty which a Christian has towards the poor of Jesus Christ. The law in this country provides that no one need die of starvation. With whatever drawbacks, the nation supports its poor. But if we had swept all the necessitous and wretched into workhouses and refuges, and if we freely paid our poor-rates and our subscriptions, then we should have reason to be sorry for what we had done. We require the poor quite as much as the poor require us. They are intended to be in the place of Jesus Christ, and to be at once a lesson, a motive of devotion, and a stimulus to detachment from this world. The lesson they preach is that money and comfort are precarious and transitory. Our devotion or compassion to a poor man or woman is devotion to our Lord Himself. The service of our hands and the sensibility of our hearts are owing to the poor; they are a part of our

worship of God. Personal intercourse with misery is good for us. It disturbs our sense of wellbeing and ruffles worldly comfort ; it stirs us up to give our hearts more entirely to God, and to care less about having and getting, about enjoying and holding fast. The sight of the hunger of little children, of the hard and cheerless lives of women, of the dreadful sufferings of those whom disease has taken hold of, of the infinite varieties of pain and the endless forms of wretchedness, are very effectual in helping a man out of his selfishness. These things are inexplicable and confounding on any theory of nature alone, or of an existence that ends with death. Poverty and suffering keep God present to the hearts of those who minister ; and whilst hope in the future never fails, there is earnestness, devotedness, and unworldliness in the present. Blessed are they who understand the poor and the needy !

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#### ART. IX.—THE LAND LEAGUE AND THE LAND ACT.

*The Land Law (Ireland) Act, 1881.*

THE year which has just closed will be long remembered as an eventful epoch in the history of Ireland ; not so much by its striking and sensational incidents, as by its association with the great measure of land reform which it is the object of the present article to elucidate and discuss. The State trials, the gigantic growth and ultimate suppression of the Land League, the coercion bills, and the arrest of the popular leaders, may sink into oblivion ; but the Land Act must, for good or ill, continue for an indefinite term to regulate the future fortunes of the country. It places the agrarian population in an entirely new position ; and on the use made of this position will depend the prosperity of the farmers, the harmonious relations of classes, and the welfare of the entire community. Eviction has been rendered impossible, tenant-right recognized to the fullest extent, and an undefined proprietary right conferred on the occupier, who must now, for many purposes, be regarded as the real owner of the land, subject to the payment of an annual sum.

So completely are the old ideas of landlord and tenant swept away by this measure, that we can only compare the change to the crossing of a mountain ridge, whereby in a few steps we find ourselves in a totally new country, bounded by a fresh horizon. Our dim eyes cannot, indeed, pierce the mists that veil the distance ; but they can just decipher on the arms of the sign-post—To the Valley of Contentment—To the City of Sedition—To the Desert of Famine—To the great Plain of Destitution. On the choice now made of those branching roads depends the ultimate destination of the people of Ireland in one or the other of

those allegorical habitations. The year 1881 furnishes a new point of departure for the tenant farmers of the country. The acrimonious past is, if they choose, completely obliterated ; and they have it in their power to start on a new career with advantages which have never been hitherto bestowed on any agricultural community. Still, it must be remembered that many of them, even with the legislative boon of secure tenure and moderate rent, are very far from being placed in a position of even comparative comfort. The improvidence of perpetual subdivision has reduced the area of many holdings below what is capable of supporting a family, and the incubus of debt still remains to paralyze the energies of some of the farmers. Notwithstanding these material difficulties, if landlords and tenants alike loyally accept the measure as a final settlement of this vexed question, and manfully set to work to develop the resources of the soil, there is still hope of better things, and a contented and happy Ireland would seem to be within the bounds of possibility. If, on the contrary, the present concession is seized as a vantage ground for fresh and more vigorous agitation, if political aspirations and dreams of national independence usurp men's minds, it is not difficult to foresee a long period of struggle and strife. Before we conclude we shall have to consider the dangers which stand in the way of the Land Act as a measure of true reform ; but we must, in the first place, briefly record the circumstances under which it was passed, the reception which it met with, and the decisions which have already been given by the gentlemen entrusted with its execution.

In order to give any adequate idea of the conditions under which the Land Act of 1881 was presented to Parliament, we must go back rather more than two years to the time when the formidable organization of the Land League usurped the government of the country, and compelled or seduced the tenants to submit to its brigand authority. The establishment of such a body was rendered possible by the melancholy circumstances of the time, for it will be within the recollection of our readers that a grievous calamity befel the agrarian population of Ireland in the autumn of 1879. The exceptional inclemency of that season, the incessant rain and absence of sunshine reduced the harvest to less than one-half of its average amount. The blow fell with deadly effect on a people whose resources were already enfeebled by three bad years ; and famine was, during the early months of 1880, averted only by the strenuous efforts of public and private charity. From all parts of the world subscriptions flowed in for the relief of the suffering poor ; and so successfully were these funds administered that no single instance was recorded of death from actual starvation. The very extremity of distress was, however, experienced in many localities, and the sufferings and privations endured by

the class of small farmers were such as no words could adequately describe. Empty stomachs do not tend to produce political contentment, and material discomfort has always been a potent ally of revolutionary doctrine. Ireland in 1879 was no exception to this rule, and the country was well prepared, by hunger and privation, for the favourable reception of seditious counsels. These were supplied in no stinted measure. From the month of June, when the anti-rent agitation was first formulated by Davitt and Parnell, until the suppression of the Land League more than two years later, a flood of sedition was poured into the ears of the peasantry by the industrious propagandists of this new revolution. To the released convict, we believe, is to be ascribed the ingenious idea of making political capital out of the visitation of Providence; and Irishtown, a wretched village in Mayo, enjoys the questionable fame of being the place where the anti-rent doctrine received its first distinct promulgation. Mr. Parnell, however, ran him close for first honours; since, on June 16th, at Milltown in Galway, we find the member for Meath enunciating, in a very complete form, the subsequent doctrine of the League. "Keep a firm grip of the land if you can pay no rent," was his advice at this meeting, where banners were displayed bearing the inscriptions, "Down with the Land Robbers," "The Land for the People," &c. &c.

These early demonstrations are only of importance as fixing the commencement of this Communistic movement, and showing how completely the plan of campaign had even thus early been settled in the minds of the prime movers.

It was not until October, when the Home Rule Convention had collapsed, that the National Land League was formally started on its baneful career. Its professed objects were that only a *fair* rent should be paid, that no one should take a farm from which another person had been evicted, and that combination should be promoted among the tenants to secure these purposes. These, however, by no means exhausted the real objects of its founders. It is now abundantly clear that the chief aim of the astute organizers of the League was political, and not social. The "Home Rule" party was threatened with disruption; that cry was becoming discredited with the country by the absence of achievement, and new tactics were absolutely necessary if the people were to be retained in unquestioning obedience. The sufferings of the farmers furnished a new fulcrum on which to rest the political lever. The barren cry of Home Rule was for a time abandoned, and the living reality, "The Land for the People," was blazoned on a thousand banners. There was nothing abstract or difficult of comprehension in those words. They appealed to the cupidity of 600,000 tenants, many of whom were, or considered themselves, aggrieved by rack-renting landlords. The doctrine was presented in specious



colours, and its morality was not too curiously examined by those who would largely benefit by its practical application. But how was this to help the "National" cause? and why are we to attribute to Mr. Parnell far-seeing designs upon the unity of the Empire, when there was, in truth, so much in the condition of the people to arouse the sympathies of the hardest-hearted politician? We will answer the latter question first, and it is an easy task, for Mr. Parnell has himself openly avowed that, "I would not have gone to this work if I had not known that we were laying the foundation in this movement for the regeneration of our legislative independence." He is not given to hasty or ill-considered utterances; and, moreover, his subsequent action has been consistent with this frank declaration of policy. His anxious desire to frustrate the operation of the Land Bill, both in Parliament and after it became law, is only to be explained by his own confession that he had ulterior views, and by the absolute necessity of fostering the spirit of discontent if any political object was to be gained through the action of the Land League.

The answer to the other question, How was the agitation to help the "National" cause? opens up one of the most anxious problems of the future. We cannot ignore the fact that English rule is unpopular in Ireland. A *plébiscite* on the simple issue, "Union or Separation," would undoubtedly result, in three out of the four Provinces, in an extraordinary majority for the latter. In this majority would be found, practically, the entire body of tenant farmers; while the minority would be almost exclusively composed of the owners of land, who have, indeed, been occasionally stigmatized as "the English garrison." Now, whatever tends to increase the feeling of hostility towards this "garrison," tends to make their permanent occupation of the country less secure; and, if they could be only bought out, or driven away, the hands of the disaffected majority would be considerably strengthened. This seems to have been the subtle motive of the agitators in seeking the abolition of landlordism. But there was also another way in which the "National" cause might be helped forward—namely, by disgusting England with the burthen of Irish government; and this result has, without doubt, been partially achieved. The forcible retention of a struggling child, although it costs a strong man little effort, seriously impairs his power of doing any useful work; and the position of Ministers and Parliament is somewhat similarly embarrassed by the engrossing attention required by Irish affairs. If the situation could only be rendered quite unbearable, if Ministers would lose their tempers, and declare to Ireland, "You are not worth the trouble of keeping! Go, and set up for yourself!" the object of Mr. Parnell would have been won as completely as if gained on a hard-fought battle-field.

In this manner, Irish discontent and English inconvenience—the two forces threatening the union—were intensified by the Land Agitation ; and though they have not acquired sufficient strength to overcome the forces of cohesion, yet they have contributed to that end ; and at some future time their influence may be felt as a powerful auxiliary in favour of some scheme of National Separation. The tendency of the agitation in this direction is, at all events, quite sufficient to furnish a clue to Mr. Parnell's ulterior motives. A futile effort was made in November, 1879, to check the movement, by the prosecution of Davitt, Killen, and Daly ; but the Government, seeing how hopeless was their chance of obtaining a conviction, abandoned the trials. These abortive proceedings gave fresh confidence to the agitators, who now found themselves above the law, through the popularity of their doctrines. With untiring energy, skill, and perseverance, did the Land Leaguers develop and mature their ingenious system. Meetings were held every Sunday in various parts of the country, in order to disseminate the doctrine and cement the organisation of the League. Branches were founded in every remote village, from Donegal to Cork, and paid emissaries instructed the local bodies in the "principles" on which they should act. Funds were raised by the voluntary or enforced subscriptions of the members, and the landlords had the mortification of knowing that the unpaid rent flowed into the coffers of their enemies. The material resources were further recruited by an American begging-tour undertaken by Mr. Parnell during the winter, in the course of which he sought to rouse the sympathies of his hearers by unmeasured and indiscriminate abuse of his political opponents. The platform, however, was not in the meantime deserted. The education of the masses was continued, Sunday by Sunday, until the greater part of Ireland was reduced to a condition of anarchy. The mournful state of the country, at the close of the year 1880, can only be ascribed to the action of the Land League, assisted by the pressure of general want. The cardinal principle of the League was, as we have seen, to strike against rent ; for, whether the order is to pay "no rent," or a "fair rent," does not seem to matter much if the standard of fairness is the opinion of the payer, an opinion which he is ready to uphold by irrefragable arguments. The advice given to the tenants was sometimes in one form, sometimes in the other, according to the extent to which the speaker had imbibed the principles of communism. A "strike" against rent is not a happily chosen expression. The term is borrowed from a totally different transaction, where men decline to work unless they obtain some concession from their employers ; but men on strike do not—and this would be necessary to render the

cases analogous—insist on retaining forcible possession of the master's tools, or the master's manufactory. The Irish tenant, on the contrary, who violates his contract, and refuses to pay rent, has not the slightest idea of surrendering possession of the farm. That part of the contract, being beneficial to himself, is to be scrupulously observed; while the rest is repudiated as oppressive and unjust. This is, of course, not moral, nor is it legal; but morality was obscured by self-interest, and the processes of law were very soon paralyzed by combination and violence. The whole fabric of the organization was founded on plunder, and supported by terrorism. A sufficiently large number of the tenants were ready to listen to any scheme for the abolition of rents, and to go any lengths to achieve success; and those who were averse to bare-faced robbery, allowed themselves to be easily coerced into submission. It is said that the tenantry on an estate in Meath actually formed an association for the purpose of friendly intimidation. The house of each, in turn, was nocturnally visited by the rest, with the usual accessories of blackened faces, firing of guns, &c., and the terrified inmate, having been dragged from his bed, was compelled to swear that he would pay no rent unless a substantial reduction was allowed. The agent, or landlord, should be hard-hearted indeed, if he continued to demand a full rent after hearing of such an interview; but, unfortunately, in the majority of cases, the outrages were only too real, and the progressive increase will be rendered apparent by the following table, showing the numbers of agrarian crimes, of the several classes, for each month of the fatal year 1880:—

*Agrarian Outrages in 1880.*

Month.	Against the Person.	Against Property.	Against Public Peace.	Threatening Letters.	Total.
January . .	23	20	34	37	114
February . .	17	10	31	39	97
March . . .	8	8	24	43	83
April . . .	10	14	19	24	67
May . . . .	6	29	19	34	88
June . . . .	14	16	28	32	90
July . . . .	3	15	24	42	84
August . . .	11	22	26	44	103
September .	10	49	44	65	168
October . .	15	63	36	155	269
November .	23	73	124	341	561
December . .	39	107	239	481	866
Total . . .	179	426	648	1,337	2,590

The note appended to these figures in the Statistical Return presented to Parliament is in these words: "The Peace Preservation Acts all expired on 1st June;" and the reader cannot fail to be struck by the rapid manner in which the figures in the several columns increase from that date; so much so, indeed, that almost 80 per cent. of the outrages of the year took place in the later half. It may be mentioned that the 179 outrages in the first column included eight homicides and twenty-four cases of firing at the person. The 426 against property comprised 210 incendiary fires and 101 mutilations of cattle; and among the 648 against the public peace are to be found sixty-seven cases of firing into dwelling houses, and 239 crimes of intimidation other than threatening letters, which are placed in a column by themselves.

The condition of the country at the close of 1880 may be described as one of utter lawlessness. The crimes which we have tabulated were as a rule unpunished, juries disregarded their oaths, and, whether from fear or favour, refused to convict even on the clearest evidence. Many persons, hitherto esteemed as benefactors of their country, went about guarded by constabulary, in terror of their lives. Intimidation was triumphant, and the fulfilment of legal obligations exposed honest men to the most odious forms of persecution. The courts of law were powerless to protect the rights of the subject, for no one could be found hardy enough to risk his life by serving a writ. In a word, society was disorganized, and violence and rapine reigned in the place of law and order.

Two incidents of the year cannot be passed over in silence, the State Trials and the Reports of the Commissions. Mr. Parnell and his associates were, on the 28th of December, placed on their trial for seditious conspiracy, and a more dreary uneventful proceeding never dragged its slow length along under the dome of the Four Courts. It was a foregone conclusion that the jury would disagree, and the flagging interest was not sustained even by the presence of the principal "traversers," who were permitted by the form of the prosecution to attend to their "duties" in Parliament while the trial was proceeding.

The Reports of the two Commissions dealing with the condition of Irish land were of more permanent importance than these shadowy State Trials; since the recommendations of both were of such a nature as to render it imperative on the Government to introduce a measure of Land Law Reform.

Parliament, at its meeting on the 6th of January, 1881, thus found itself charged with two heavy responsibilities, the suppression of crime, and the amendment of the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland. The Government naturally placed

coercion before reform, and thereby aroused a perfect storm of indignation in the Irish party below the gangway. For eleven nights the Debate on the Address was continued, the only theme being the condition of Ireland. This was an agreeable foretaste of the protracted sittings that would be necessary before the Government measures were forced through the House. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable in the History of Parliament than the conflict which took place over the Coercion Bills. Twenty-one sittings (one lasting from Monday afternoon to Wednesday morning, forty-one and a half hours) were occupied in debating the Bill, of four clauses, for the Protection of Person and Property; and nine nights were devoted to the Peace Preservation Bill, which was almost equally short.

Absurdly protracted as these debates were, they might be still going on, except for the exercise of arbitrary power on the part of the Speaker; supported, it is true, by the leaders of both parties in the House. The abuse of freedom of speech led to the introduction of "urgency," whereby, in effect, the Prime Minister was constituted a Parliamentary Dictator. This was not carried without the most vehement protest on the part of the Irish Members, thirty-six of whom were, on one occasion, "named" as "disregarding the authority of the Chair," and forcibly removed from the House.

It is with pain that we recall these humiliating and disgraceful scenes; but they must necessarily be taken into account in considering the circumstances under which the remedial legislation of the Session was undertaken. These circumstances were fraught with evil augury for the success of Mr. Gladstone's measures of conciliation. The country was demoralised, the active Irish party in Parliament was defiant and dissatisfied. It was self-evident that no measure of justice which reasonable men could concede would satisfy the communistic cravings of the peasantry, or win over to loyal co-operation the minds of their representatives. Vast as were the benefits which it was proposed to confer, by the Land Bill, on the tenant-farmers of Ireland, it was instantly apparent that it would fail to satisfy their demands. Mr. Parnell declared that it gave nothing more than the Act of 1870, and characterized it as a "miserable dole," and a "half remedy." The Marquis of Hartington, in reply, openly charged him with desiring to defeat the Bill, in order that the agitation might continue.

With the Parliament history of the Bill itself we do not intend to deal. In the course of the discussion, which occupied forty-nine nights, some important Amendments were introduced; but the main principles of the Act, as it now stands on the Rolls of Parliament, are identical with those embodied in the Bill pre-

sented by Mr. Gladstone on the 7th of April. The subject that immediately concerns us is the effect of the measure, both proximate and remote; and, in order to form any judgment on this difficult question, it has been necessary to review, at some length, the social and political circumstances under which the Bill was introduced. At the risk of being tedious we shall recapitulate the principal features of this important crisis in the affairs of Ireland.

In the first place, the great mass of the tenants had repudiated their obligations, and resisted the payment of rent by an organized system of violence and intimidation. Secondly, the Land League had spread over the entire country, and assumed paramount authority over all dealings between landlords and tenants. Thirdly, Coercion Acts had been passed against the wishes of a large majority of the Irish members, and, after having been passed, were permitted to remain practically unused. Fourthly, the loyal classes were discouraged and discountenanced by the Government, whose inaction left them a prey to every form of social tyranny; in fact, the first object of the Land League—"to bring landlordism to its knees"—had been partially achieved; so far, at least, that the Land Bill received a more active support from that section of the community than from the class which it professed to benefit. Lastly, the small phalanx of Irish members who recognized Mr. Parnell's dictatorship, and, presumably, shared his views, looked with aversion on the proposed settlement of the tenants' grievances; because any settlement would cut the ground from under their feet, destroy the agitation, and indefinitely postpone the more ambitious project of national regeneration.

We must now briefly describe some of the principal changes effected by the Act, which are of course professedly in favour of the tenant. These will, we fear, sound somewhat revolutionary to the ears of English readers, accustomed as they are to consider property in land as standing on no exceptional footing, and conferring the same rights of disposition and ownership as the possession of a house in a town, or a purse full of gold pieces.

The Act of 1870 fell short of transferring to the tenant the actual property of any part of his holding; it merely gave him a liberal compensation both for "disturbance" and "improvements" when his occupancy was determined. The present Act—although it still shrinks from a legislative declaration of right—assumes the existence of a "tenancy" which is defined, in terms perhaps intentionally ambiguous, as "the interest in a holding of a tenant and his successors in title during the continuance of a *tenancy*." It is not a little remarkable that an expression, on which the operation of the Act principally depends, should be defined with such

slovenly carelessness as to include in the terms of the definition the very word which it is attempted to define. But there can be no doubt that, whatever the definition means, a valuable property is conferred on the tenant by the Act which may be sold, or bequeathed, or enjoyed in perpetuity by the tenant and his successors, if the "fair rent" fixed by the Commissioners is duly paid. No term of previous occupation is required; if a tenant-at-will was admitted on the 21st of August, the day before the Act received the Royal Assent, he became, in twenty-four hours, entitled to all the privileges of perpetual occupancy. This may be necessary and even just, having regard to the peculiar conditions of Irish land tenure; but it must be recognised at once as a very extraordinary limitation of the rights of property. Ejectment in the old sense of the word, *i.e.*, arbitrary, capricious resumption by the landlord of the tenant's farm, has been in recent years of rare occurrence; and the Act of 1870, by giving heavy compensation for "disturbance," made the game too expensive to be generally indulged in. Ejectment, however, for non-payment of rent, though unknown to the common law of England, does not seem in its nature at all unreasonable. No code founded on the civil law permits the hirer of land to retain possession unless he fulfils his part of the contract by paying the agreed stipend; and no attempt is made by the present Act to do away with this remedy. It, however, removes any hardship which was formerly associated with this remedy, by making it impossible for the landlord to impose an excessive rent on a "present tenant." The ejectments which figure so prominently in all recent discussions on Irish land tenure are actions founded on the non-payment of rent; and, in the majority of cases, they constitute the legal machinery for enforcing payment, without being pursued to the stage of actual eviction. Much misapprehension seems to prevail on this important point; and even Mr. Gladstone, who ought to possess some degree of familiarity with the subject, confounded *ejectment* with *eviction* when he described the former as a "sentence of death upon the Irish peasant." This "sentence of death" generally consists in a formal recovery of possession by the landlord when the tenant is reinstated either as a caretaker, or under a fresh agreement, without prejudice to his right of redemption on payment of arrears, interest and costs.

As if to emphasize the creation of valuable tenant-right by the recent Act, its first section confers on the tenant the power of selling his "tenancy for the best price that can be got for the same;" a power, it must be observed, which he will be slow to exercise except in the last resort, and with a view to emigration. Its importance, however, is not to be estimated by the extent of its application. There is an unmistakable significance in

giving the place of honour to free sale of an undefined interest as indicating that every tenant, whether he has effected improvements or not, and whether his occupation has been long or short, is henceforward to be deemed a joint owner with his landlord. It amounts, in fact, to a practical extension of the Ulster custom to the rest of Ireland without the restrictions prevailing in the Northern province. The essential feature of the Ulster custom is the tenant's right of selling his interest, practically controlled within reasonable limits by the landlord's power of raising the rent. On some estates, indeed, the custom is more definite, and prescribes the maximum amount to be received by the tenant; but where this limit does not prevail, where the tenant can sell for the full competition value, and the landlord possesses the power of indefinitely raising the rent, there necessarily arises a conflict between these antagonistic rights. So long as the relations of landlord and tenant rested on mutual forbearance and good feeling no serious evil resulted from this theoretical imperfection; but now that they are placed, so to speak, at arm's length, the beneficial working of the custom is destroyed by the attempt to give it the force of law. Moreover, in its extension to other parts of Ireland by the first section of the late Act, the price of the tenant right will be practically uncontrolled, while by the subsequent sections the landlord's power of raising the rent is confined within rigid limits.

The next provision that it is necessary to notice is that contained in the sixth section. It deals with the subject of "Compensation for disturbance," and substitutes for the scale contained in the Act of 1870, one much more beneficial to the tenant. For example, seven years' rent may be granted by the Court to a tenant whose rent is under £30; whereas under the earlier Act, the seven years' allowance was limited to a £10 valuation. A corresponding liberality is shown throughout the scale, and the limit of £250, which was formerly placed on the amount of compensation, is now abrogated. As the former was, in practice, prohibitive, it may be assumed that henceforward we shall hear no more of capricious eviction. We now come to the cardinal provision of the Act—that which provides for the fixing of a Fair Rent. This, as will appear from the sequel, is the key of the position, round which the battle was most desperately contested and obstinately renewed. The difficulties, indeed, in the way of a satisfactory settlement were almost insuperable. Once the fatal economic step has been taken of interfering in matters of contract between man and man, there is nothing to check the progress of paternal control until it ends with the assize of bread and the fixing of labourers' wages.

To the test of competition, rent, like the elements on which its



calculation depends, must ultimately be brought. It is vain to reduce the rent of the "present" tenant if a dozen men are anxious to give him more than the capital value of the remitted rent as the price of his tenancy. The purchaser enters into occupation and has to pay—whether it is called rent or interest does not matter—more than his predecessor paid before the reduction. This is what makes the outlook so hopeless in Ireland, because to temperate, impartial, and far-seeing men the temporary nature of the relief is clear to demonstration. Let us now examine how Parliament has dealt with this problem. The first sub-section of the eighth section in its final form is as follows:—

The tenant of any present tenancy to which this Act applies, or such tenant and the landlord jointly, or the landlord, after having demanded from such tenant an increase of rent which the tenant has declined to accept, or after the parties have otherwise failed to come to an agreement, may, from time to time, during the continuance of such tenancy, apply to the Court to fix the fair rent to be paid by such tenant to the landlord for the holding, and thereupon the Court, after hearing the parties, and having regard to the interest of the landlord and tenant respectively, and considering all the circumstances of the case, holding, and district, may determine what is such fair rent?

This provision confers a certain privilege on "the tenant of a present tenancy to which this Act applies;" and we cannot, perhaps, more simply indicate the extent of its application than by enumerating those who are excluded from its benefits:—

(1.) Tenants holding leases—and these are supposed to amount to about 150,000—are, by Section 21, bound to conform to the terms of their agreements; but at the expiration of their leases they will become present tenants, and may apply to the Court under this Section. (2.) Future tenants are excluded altogether from this "fair rent" clause. Future tenancies, however, will be, for some time to come, of rare occurrence; for they can only arise when the landlord, at the passing of the Act, held the land in his own occupation; or, if there was at that date a subsisting tenancy, where the landlord recovers possession and re-lets after the 1st of January, 1883. If the landlord purchases the interest of a present tenant in exercise of his right of pre-emption, and re-lets within fifteen years, the new tenant is also, for some inscrutable reason, to be deemed a "present tenant." (3.) A numerous class of tenancies are also excluded from the operation of the Act by Section 58, on the ground that they do not give rise to the evils which it is intended to remedy. Such are, for example, tenancies which are not agricultural or pastoral in their character; demesne lands; town parks, pasture lands, lettings in con-acre, &c.

Subject to the foregoing limitations the great body of Irish

tenants are empowered by this Section to apply to the Court to fix a fair rent; and this judicial rent is to be incapable of alteration for fifteen years.

At the end of the statutory term the tenant can again apply to have his rent reduced, or may continue to hold from term to term, according to the statutory conditions. This is certainly Fixity of tenure at Fair rent; but there is this further precautionary provision, which is due to the astuteness of Mr. Healy, and is commonly known as "Healy's Clause":—

No rent shall be allowed or made payable in any proceedings under this Act in respect of improvements made by the tenant or his predecessors in title, and for which, in the opinion of the Court, the tenant or his predecessors in title shall not have been paid or otherwise compensated by the landlord or his predecessors in title.

There can be no doubt that natural justice revolts from the idea of an improving tenant being taxed for his industry. On some estates it is well known that if a tenant built a barn, or even showed signs of increased comfort, his rent was immediately raised. This, in our opinion, is odious tyranny and unjustifiable spoliation. Let us, however, calmly distinguish such cases from those of ordinary agricultural improvement; and in order to make our meaning clear we shall take the two simple cases of a tenant spending £100 in building a house, and the same sum in drainage. In the former case the increase in the value of the holding resulting from the expenditure can never be more than £100, and the tenant's interest in his improvements is represented at most by that sum. But in the case of drainage (and the same reasoning applies to every species of agricultural improvement) £100 may turn twenty acres of land, practically valueless, into a farm worth £20 or £30 per annum, the selling value being increased by four or five times the amount of the judicious expenditure. Now, whence does this increased value proceed? The answer is obvious: partly from the money expended by the tenant, partly from the inherent qualities of the soil. And it would seem only equitable that the owner of the soil should have some share in the development of its potential powers. Nature, finely apostrophized by Chaucer as—

The Vicar of the Almighty Lord,

works hand in hand with man, and sometimes repays tenfold a slight expenditure of effort. We are not in favour of confiscating the results of toil and energy, but we wish to point out the difference between those improvements which a man *creates*, and those which *result* incidentally from his labour. The former are his, and his alone; the latter should be attributed partly to him and partly to the owner of the land.

The Act, besides the provisions already referred to, contains many others which may eventually prove highly beneficial to the tenants, especially those relating to the purchase of their holdings and the reclamation of land. Advances of public money for these purposes are authorized to be made to the tenants on liberal terms; but it seems doubtful whether the fascination of ownership will in many cases outweigh the temporary burthen of an increased annual charge. The public purse is also rendered available for the promotion of emigration and the payment of arrears of rent. The former scheme seems thoroughly unpractical, and the latter is so fettered by conditions that it will not, we think, furnish a solution of that very difficult problem.

On the 22nd of August the Bill received the Royal Assent, and as some months should necessarily elapse before the Commission could enter on its duties, a clause had been inserted by which it was provided that any application made to the Court on the occasion of its first sitting should have the same operation as if made on the day when the Act came into force. As "the Court" includes both the Civil Bill Court and the Land Commission, there may be some difficulty in holding that where a tenant allowed his Quarter Sessions to pass by without making application, and afterwards applied to the Land Commission, he was entitled to claim the benefit of this Section. Assuming, however, that this point is decided in his favour, the retrospective effect of the Section enables any evicted tenant, whose period of redemption had not expired on the 22nd of August, to apply to the Court for a judicial rent, and it also holds out a bait for early applications by ante-dating the order for a reduction of rent.

The foregoing sketch of the provisions of the Act is far from being complete. There are many subjects comprised in its sixty-two sections on which we should desire to dwell more at large; but since the present interest is fully absorbed by the question of the settlement of judicial rents, and the working of the Courts is practically confined to that topic, we shall not allude further to subjects of minor importance, but pass directly to the consideration of events subsequent to the passing of the Act.

In most agricultural communities the grant of such a charter would have been hailed with vehement demonstrations of joy and gratitude. Ireland, not usually backward in shouting or bonfires, received the gift in sullen silence. Under ordinary circumstances, we feel sure that the country, from one end to the other, would have been kindled with enthusiasm; but the discipline of the Land League had become so perfect that the farmers dared not express their opinions except at the dictation of the local branch. It was not long before the order from head quarters as to the reception of the Act was circulated through

the country. The *mot d'ordre* beyond question was, that no one should appeal to the Court without the express sanction of the League. Mr. Parnell had determined to discredit the Land Bill and keep the agitation alive; and, above all, to prohibit any individual action on the part of the tenants in appealing to the Court for a selfish settlement of isolated cases.

Shortly after the prorogation of Parliament, the vacancy in the representation of Tyrone, caused by the promotion of Mr. Lytton to a Commissionership under the Act, afforded to Mr. Parnell an opportunity of attacking the Government, and making repeated declarations of his future policy. The Home Rule candidate was at the bottom of the poll, and did not even divide the Liberal vote to such an extent as to secure the return of a Tory. Still, Mr. Parnell was probably well satisfied with the result of his campaign, since it enabled him to publish to the world the views expressed in the following extracts:—

Within the last eighteen months the Land League had gained the farmers 20 per cent. reduction, and in the next year they would obtain 20 per cent. more; but even that would only bring rents to the proper basis to enable the landlords to be bought out.

After frankly confessing that he and his party were endeavouring to root the landlords out of the land, he continued:—

Irish landlordism was one of the principal props of English misrule in Ireland. Well, we have nearly cut and hacked that prop in two; and before many months have gone by, I think we shall have cut it away altogether.

With much more in the same violent strain; and on a subsequent occasion he said:—

The great principle of the Land League was that the land of Ireland did not, and ought not, to belong to the landlords, but to the people; and in order to carry out that principle as far as it was possible, they offered to the landlords a compromise in order to obtain a peaceable solution of the question. They offered to give them whatever value they could prove the land of Ireland had when the waters of the Flood left it! And if they could carry out that programme—and they had partially carried it out by the Bill just passed—they would reduce the rental of Ireland from 17 millions to about two or three millions a year.

We have here a distinct and settled policy on the lines which we attributed to Mr. Parnell at the commencement of this article—the abolition of landlordism as means to a national end; and Mr. Parnell's motive in discrediting the Land Bill and keeping up the agitation will now be clear—almost to his dupes. He feared that the vast concessions made to the tenants by the measure would have the effect of tranquillizing the country,

stifling the agitation, and "rooting the landlords in the soil," thereby undoing the labour of years, and indefinitely postponing the separate national existence of Ireland. He was too astute, however, to oppose his influence directly to the working of the Land Bill. The tactics which he adopted were at once to influence the imaginations of the farmers with hopes of fresh conquests; and, by the sedulous propagation of false principle, to render them dissatisfied with the actual benefits conferred upon them. With this object he undertook the preparation of "test cases," carefully selected, for the moderation of the rents, so that when the Court, as he expected, refused to make any reduction, he might appeal to the platform agitation with some proof of disappointed expectations. With the same purpose, and also to show the unanimity of Ireland, he called together the National Convention, which met in Dublin on the 15th September, and which endorsed his policy and obeyed his will in a very remarkable manner.

This assemblage of 1,500 delegates from every branch of the Land League was one of the most significant proofs, if proofs were wanting, of the universal sway which the League exercised over the country, and the total subserviency of the League itself to the authority of a master mind. For three days this monster parliament, we cannot say debated, for they were all of one mind, but delivered speeches on the Land Act, the programme of their future action, and the resolutions which had been presented for their adoption; and during those three days this heterogeneous assembly was controlled and directed by its president as perfectly as a docile steed by the delicate hand of his mistress.

The crownless harp and the stars and stripes adorned the hall in which they met, and these emblems of the dead Ireland of their ancestors and of the land of their adoption, fittingly symbolized their yearnings for the past and their hopes in the future. With the present no one had the hardihood to express even a qualified contentment; and the monotonous burthen of every speech was agitation, disloyalty, and dismemberment. These were indeed the texts on which they spoke, as is apparent from the resolutions which were submitted for their nominal consideration, the first and third of which were as follows:—

1st. That this National Convention, assembled by the will of the people of Ireland, and acting in their name, declares at the outset of its proceedings, that the cause of the political and social evils which afflict and impoverish our country, is to be found in the detestable system of alien rule, so injurious and oppressive to our people; and that this Convention solemnly declares its full conviction that Ireland can never be either prosperous or content until her people enjoy the right of national self-government—a right which

they never forfeited and never abandoned, and for the restoration of which they will never cease to struggle with all their power. 3rd. That this Convention, standing by the original programme and fundamental purpose of the Land League, declares that no settlement of the land question can be satisfactorily effective or practicable which does not abolish landlordism root and branch, and make the tiller also the owner of the soil. That the Land Act, proceeding from the opposite principle of maintaining a joint proprietorship of landlord and tenant in the land, cannot be accepted as a just or a wise, and still less a final settlement of the question, and that its radical insufficiency and many defects prevent it from being regarded as even a temporary remedy of a satisfactory character. That this Convention solemnly pledges itself accordingly to a determined adherence to the principles of the Land League till all its aims have been fully accomplished, and binds itself to maintain the same solid combination against landlordism which has worked such magnificent results in the last two years.

In this declamatory verbiage there is evidence of a settled design to resist the Land Act, and to continue the agitation; and, as these resolutions were accepted by 1,500 representative delegates from all parts of Ireland, it is not surprising that the renewal of the platform campaign met with an enthusiastic reception. In vain did the Irish Bishops, assembled at Maynooth, declare to the people of Ireland "that the new Land Act is a great benefit to the tenant class, and a large instalment of justice, for which the gratitude of the country is due to Mr. Gladstone and his Government;" in vain did they earnestly exhort their flocks "to avail themselves of the advantages derivable from this Act." The power of the political organization, the county convention, the Sunday platform, counteracted their beneficent intentions. The active forces of lawlessness assumed a new vigour. Every form of violence and intimidation was now directed against the operation of the Act, as they had been against the payment of rent. "Boycotting" spread to such an extent that, in the county of Roscommon alone, more than 400 cases of this intolerable persecution had been reported to the authorities. The Act intended for the benefit of the tenant-farmers of Ireland evoked, at the beck of "the leader of the Irish people," more hostility than was ever shown to the most stringent measure of coercion. Under the influence of an unhealthy frenzy, the largest measure of reform ever offered to any community was ignominiously spurned. The lines of Wordsworth were prophetic in their description of

The exasperated spirit of that Land  
Which turned an angry beak against the down

Of its own breast, as if it hoped thereby  
To disencumber its impatient wings.\*

Was it to be endured that an irresponsible demagogue and a tyrannical association should stand between the people and the gifts which were offered to them? The Ministers and Parliament had devoted incessant and untiring energies to framing this Message of Peace; and now it seemed that, by the factious interference of a seditious organization, it was to be rejected untried. Mr. Gladstone, however, is a dangerous man to cross; and we have no doubt that it was with well-matured plans that he went down to Leeds, in his own words, "to speak plainly and explicitly on the subject of Ireland." In that great centre of Liberal opinion, he foreshadowed the action of the Government in the following sentences:—

We are determined that no force, and no fear of force, and no fear of ruin through force, shall, so far as we are concerned, and as it is in our power to decide the question, prevent the Irish people from having the full and free benefit of the Land Act. And if, when we have that short further experience to which I have referred, if it should then appear that there is still to be fought the final conflict in Ireland between law on the one side and sheer lawlessness upon the other; if the law, purged from defect and from any taint of injustice, is still to be refused, and the first condition of political society to remain unfulfilled,—then I say, gentlemen, without hesitation, *that the resources of civilization are not yet exhausted.* (Cheers.)

The solemnity of this warning must have been sadly marred for those who remembered the mocking words of Biglow:—

Is our civilization a failure,  
And is the Caucasian played out?

And the Tory orators found much food for merriment in the "resources of civilization." By the Irish party, however, the seriousness of the crisis seems to have been intuitively grasped. Mr. Parnell, far from being daunted by the imminence of the combat, flung down his gage of battle with unconquerable spirit. At Wexford, on the following Sunday, he answered Mr. Gladstone's pronouncement with his usual violence, and more than his usual ability. He seized on the admission that the Government had "no moral force behind it," as a proof that English rule was a miserable failure. He dwelt on the inconsistencies of Mr. Gladstone in conceding the Act of 1881; and twitted him with his politeness to the Boers when he found out the quality of their marksmanship. Both in vituperation and

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\* Wordsworth's "Excursion," Book iii.

logic the victory seemed to rest with the Land Leaguer; but Mr. Gladstone was ready with a reply for which no one, least of all the member for Cork, was at all prepared. On the 13th of October, within a week of the speech at Leeds, Mr. Parnell was arrested under the Coercion Act, and lodged in Kilmainham Gaol. No event within the memory of the present generation created so profound a sensation as this uncereemonious dealing with "the uncrowned king of Ireland." His quondam subjects had come to regard him as too powerful to be touched by the British Government, a feeling justified, perhaps, by the immunity which he had hitherto enjoyed. His immediate followers did not hesitate to ascribe the action of the Prime Minister to personal animosity and mortified vanity; and if such a charge could be sustained, we should join in condemning the abuse of political power in avenging private insult. Without, however, going so far as to deny that the Wexford speech hastened the catastrophe, we should be sorry to attribute to base personal motives what is perfectly explicable as a political necessity. Mr. Gladstone's answer to the imputation, had he condescended to make one, might have been to this effect:—"The Land Act is a Message of Peace, which will work incalculable benefits for the Irish tenants. Mr. Parnell stands between the people and the Land Act; therefore Mr. Parnell must be removed"—a train of reasoning fully justified by subsequent events. It is a pity, however, that the "reasonable suspicions" of the Chief Secretary could not have been aroused as to some less shadowy crime than that described in the following curious language:—

Inciting other persons, wrongfully and without legal authority, to intimidate divers persons with a view to compel them to abstain from doing what they had a legal right to do—namely, to pay rents lawfully due by them.

Yet this was the crime charged in the warrant under which Mr. Parnell was arrested; and on Mr. Forster's "suspicion" that this formidable offence had been committed the liberties of Her Majesty's subjects were made to depend. Necessary as we believe the arrest to have been, and approved, as it undoubtedly was, by the voice of public opinion in England, we cannot ignore the fact that it signalized the utter collapse of constitutional government in Ireland. Other arrests, scarcely less important, followed in quick succession. Mr. Sexton, M.P., and the Secretary of the Land League, joined their President the next day, and Messrs. O'Kelly and Dillon the day after. Mr. Healy was stopped at Holyhead just as he was about to put his head in the Lion's Mouth; and a warrant was perambulating Dublin in search of Mr. O'Connor, who was saved by being on a visit of condolence



to his chief in Kilmainham, where the officers never dreamt of looking for him—an incident which reminds us forcibly of a remark of a witty Irish judge on the Connaught Circuit, who said that the only place in Mayo where life and property were safe was in the dock at Castlebar! Proclamations and arrests followed fast and furious; meetings were prohibited or dispersed; Mr. Forster's mind seemed suddenly to have assumed a condition of chronic suspicion, and the Executive showed by their activity a firm determination to annihilate the Land League. The expiring effort of that body took the shape of the remarkable "No Rent Manifesto," which was signed by the principal "suspects" in Kilmainham, and was addressed to the Irish people. With the solemnity of a death-bed exhortation the executive of the Land League warned "the tenant farmers of Ireland from this time forth to pay no rents under any circumstances to their landlords, until the Government relinquishes the existing system of terrorism, and restores the constitutional rights of the people." It supplied the Government with precisely what they wanted, an authoritative declaration, on the part of the Land League, of its illegal aims; and justified the proclamation of the 20th of October, which declared the Irish National Land League to be an illegal and criminal association, and warned all subjects of Her Majesty to disconnect themselves therefrom. In the meantime the effect on the country of these repressive measures was anything but hopeful. Riots in Dublin, riots in Limerick, anarchy and confusion everywhere: sullen resistance to law; open and seemingly universal sympathy with the victims of arbitrary government! The shopkeepers put up their shutters, the houses displayed mourning emblems, and various public bodies vied with each other in condemning the arrests, and expressing approval of the principles of the League.

It was under these painful circumstances that the Irish Land Commission entered on its labours; and we cannot but commiserate the trying position in which it was placed, as the administrator of a great popular measure in the face of a great popular tumult. There can be little doubt that both the Commissioners and Sub-Commissioners were affected by the attitude of the country, and by the knowledge that if rents were not substantially reduced so as to satisfy the demands of the tenants, their Court would be flouted as the Civil Bill Courts had been before. Their jurisdiction was founded, not on abstract right, but on conciliation, and their first duty was to justify their own appointment, and ensure the success of the Land Act.

By a coincidence which cannot be ascribed entirely to chance, the Court of the Land Commission was opened in Dublin on the

very day on which the Land League was proclaimed ; and Mr. Justice O'Hagan, in an eloquent address, manifestly intended as a bid for custom, explained to the farmers all the advantages placed within their reach. He defined a "fair rent" to be "that which might be fairly paid, and yet permit a tenant, not deficient in those qualities of industry and providence which are expected in any walk of life, to live and thrive." This definition spread through the country like wildfire, and excited vague expectations of an agricultural millennium. The conditions of "industry" and "providence" were ignored or forgotten, while the "live-and-thrive" doctrine was accepted as the standard of the new Court. A general impression was produced in the minds of the tenants that, no matter what was the size of their farms or the quality of their land, they were somehow to be raised to a condition of ease and comfort. This was, of course, a delusion ; but it was a delusion which brought the tenants flocking into the Court that they might "live and thrive." On the first days of the sitting there was scarcely any business to be done. A few formal applications being disposed of the Court generally rose, after a couple of hours, although the "first occasion," originally limited to eight days, but subsequently extended to the 12th of November, offered exceptional advantages to the applicant. There had been no lack of advertisement, and the Commissioners had even taken the somewhat questionable step of circulating, in a popular form, a summary of the provisions of the Act, calling attention to the benefits conferred on the tenants. Still, two months had elapsed since the measure had received the Royal Assent, the "first occasion," as originally fixed, had almost expired, and only some 2,000 of the 600,000 tenants of Ireland had shewn any intention of availing themselves of the Act. This apathy, however, was replaced by activity when it became apparent how the word "fair" was to be interpreted by the Court. Instead of perishing through inanition, it was threatened with fatal repletion. "Originating Notices" poured in by thousands, and after the first actual decisions of the Sub-Commissioners, the eagerness of the tenants was further stimulated. So tremendous, indeed, was the rush at the last moment, that on the 12th of November the three Commissioners were obliged to sit separately for thirteen hours to "record" notices for the fixing of rents. It was midnight before they desisted from their labours, and they had then accomplished the feat of formally recording upwards of 12,000 applications, which brought the total number received since the opening of the Court to upwards of 42,000.

This preliminary success, achieved by the suppression of the Land League and the liberal interpretation of the Act, was in itself a source of embarrassment. A vast number of cases had

been recorded, but the actual work of determining the rent remained to be done. What machinery was available for this Herculean task, and what hope could be entertained of speedy performance? The examination of witnesses, and inspection of farms in 40,000 cases (the number has since been enlarged to more than 50,000), would necessarily occupy the existing Sub-Commissioners for years to come; and in the meantime the relations between the parties to these untried actions must continue to be of a most unsatisfactory character. There is, indeed, reason to believe that, in a large number of instances, originating notices have been served by the tenants for the mere purpose of gaining time. The difficulty may be partially met by increasing the number of Sub-Commissioners; but it is doubtful how far competent persons can be secured for this temporary and disagreeable duty. It was hoped also that, after the decision of a few cases, voluntary settlements out of Court would be generally resorted to; but this expectation has not been extensively realized. In many towns the great majority of the cases "listed" have been postponed, so as to enable the Sub-Commissioners to keep their appointments at the next town of their circuit. The great pressure of business is also attended with this danger, that the important work of valuation may be performed in a hasty and perfunctory manner. The most serious aspect, however, of indefinite postponement is presented by its unfavourable influence on the social problem. If Ireland is to be pacified by the Land Act, the result can only be attained when the acrimonious process of litigation shall have come to an end, and of this there seems at present but a remote prospect.

The work of the Land Commission in Dublin has been hitherto of an uninteresting and technical description. The three Commissioners have been chiefly employed in determining whether, in particular cases, there was a "subsisting tenancy," in ordering substituted service, in extending the tenant's time for redemption, and in the ministerial duty of recording applications. We shall therefore pass to the Courts of the Sub-Commissioners, as the centres of paramount interest, where the subject of "fair rent" received its practical exposition.

On the last day of October two district Courts commenced their sittings—one for the north-east in Belfast, the other for the north-west at Castleblayney, in the county of Monaghan. It is with the latter that we are for the moment more immediately concerned, as to this Court belongs the distinction of having given the first judgment under the new Act. It was a case important in itself as exposing some of the worst evils of Irish land tenure; but still more important as a revelation of the views of Sub-Commissioners on the subject of fair rent. The procedure of

these Courts is so uniform that a description of this case will serve as an example of the method generally adopted.

Patrick M'Atavey, the tenant, was until recently a railway porter in Manchester, his wife working the farm, assisted by occasional remittances from her husband. The landlord was also an absentee, the management of the estate being conducted through an "office." The farm in question consisted of 10a. 1r. 38p. of poor land, held at a rent of £8 16s. 2d., the Poor Law valuation being £6. The north-western Sub-Commission devoted the greater part of two days to the hearing of this case, in which they ultimately reduced the rent to £6 6s., which differed by only a few shillings from the valuation. After the solicitor for the claimant had opened the case in a discursive speech, treating of the history of the farm, and the antecedents of the M'Ataveys for several generations, evidence was called on the part of the tenant to show that the present rent was excessive. This consisted of the testimony of a professional valuer, who had five years before given a fraudulent valuation to the "Office," and that of neighbouring farmers, who will no doubt expect reciprocal action on the part of M'Atavey, when it is their turn to be plaintiffs. The tenant himself then deposed that he "could not live as he did abroad and pay the rent," that he had only a profit of 7s. 4½d. on one field of corn, that he had been forced to sign an agreement ousting the Ulster custom, &c. The landlord's rebutting evidence was then entered into, from which it appeared that the claimant had refused £100 for his interest, or nearly twelve years' purchase of his "exorbitant" rent! The next day the Commissioners drove six miles to make a personal inspection of the farm, and on their return heard more evidence; and finally pronounced the decision which we have already mentioned, without giving any reasons, or alluding to the principles on which their judgment was founded. It may be mentioned that the announcement of the judicial rent was greeted with applause, and that a band paraded the streets in celebration of the popular victory; and also that the Government valuation, to which the rent was practically reduced, had included a part only of the holding in question—a fact which seems to have transpired only after the judgment had been pronounced. We have dwelt in detail on this case, not only for the purpose of indicating the *modus operandi* of the Sub-Commission Courts, but also to show how perfectly uncontrolled the Sub-Commissioners seem to be in the exercise of their discretion. An appeal nominally lies to the head Commission in Dublin, but no materials exist in such a judgment on which it is capable of review. So long as the legal Sub-Commissioner abstains from principles, and the agricultural members of the Court from figures, their position

would seem to be impregnable. Lord Campbell once advised an incompetent Indian judge to give no reasons for his judgments, for that his judgments might be right, but his reasons would be sure to be wrong. We wish that we could come to the conclusion that the judgments of the Sub-Commissioners "might be right," for the uniform course of their decisions, in all parts of the country, and under all circumstances, points to a settled determination to bring rents down to the level of the popular demands.

The same occult principle which guided the north-western Sub-Commission to a reduction of M'Atavey's rent by 25 per cent., also inspired the Belfast Court in the decision of their cases. The rents of fifteen tenants of Mr. Crawford, although, according to Professor Baldwin, "many of the farms were in a neglected, and a few in a shameful state," were reduced in the same proportion, the former rental of £640 17s. 4d. being now represented by "judicial rents" amounting to £472 14s. 6d., while the Government valuation of the fifteen farms is £446 1s. The deterioration of the land which the tenants allowed in these cases ought of itself to have disqualified them from obtaining relief, the neglect being the more inexcusable as their farms were above the average size of holdings in Ireland. It is one-sided justice that gives the value of improvements to the tenant, and throws the loss through deterioration on the landlord. Neglect and bad farming are too often sufficiently manifest; the "improvements," however, are occasionally of a somewhat visionary character. For example, among the recent claims under this head we find "putting on a new roof in the year 1841," "digging up the drains made by the landlord;" while one ingenious fellow, having erected a new "slated" house, "top-dressed the land with the old mud cabin."

On the 8th of November, two new Sub-Commissions opened Courts at Limerick and Claremorris, and it was quickly apparent that the Ulster reductions would be fully maintained in the south and west. In the first case at Limerick the rent was exactly halved; although there was no evidence of a recent increase, there were no improvements, the land had been continuously meadowed for twenty years without ever being manured, and the landlord and tenant "were equally apathetic and unimproving." But there is no use in multiplying instances. The fact of a universal reduction is admitted; and, unless we could produce the secret instructions of the Sub-Commissioners, we should be unable to prove that the close approximation of the judicial rent to Griffiths' valuation was in some hundreds of cases anything more than a coincidence. It may, however, be of interest to our readers to compare the total reductions, in a large

number of cases taken from the several districts. We must exclude the four Sub-Commissions recently appointed for Donegal, Tyrone, Sligo, and Kerry, since their decisions are not as yet sufficiently numerous to furnish us with materials. Taking thirty-five cases from each of the older Sub-Commissions the results will be seen by a glance at the following table:—

	Valuation:	Old Rent.	Judicial Rent.	Reduction.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
North-east . .	782 12 0	1,095 9 7	815 17 6	279 12 2
North-west . .	381 4 0	450 12 2	373 6 4	77 5 10
South . . . .	892 12 1	1,422 8 7	1,112 15 0	309 13 7
West . . . .	213 1 1	324 9 11	199 9 7	125 0 4

There are several very significant facts brought into prominence by the foregoing figures, the first of which is the practical uniformity of the reduction. The bog land of Mayo and the golden vale of Limerick are subjected to very similar treatment. Next we have to notice the vast difference, in value and rent, between the holdings in the west and north-west, and those in the north-east and south. The average judicial rent payable by the thirty-five Connaught tenants amounts only to £6, while in Limerick (South) it stands at more than five times that sum. The most remarkable circumstance which attracts our attention is, however, the close agreement of the figures in the first and third columns. If we set aside the southern Commission, whose cases were in many respects peculiar, notably from including the market gardens of Limerick, we find a quite remarkable coincidence between the valuation and the judicial rent. For the thirty-five cases in each of the three districts, North-east, North-west, and West, making 105 cases in all, the valuation amounts to £1,376 17s. 1d., and the judicial rent has been fixed at £1,388 13s. 5d. Now the cases are not selected, they are taken in the order of decision; those only being neglected in which the particulars were not completely furnished. This extraordinary agreement of the judicial rent with Griffiths' valuation would be a singular proof of the accuracy of both valuations if they had been made under similar circumstances; but we need only refer to Professor Baldwin's remarks on Griffiths' valuation, reported in the *Freeman's Journal* of the 1st of December, in confirmation of what is well known, that agricultural conditions have been entirely changed, and that the earlier valuation is now no test whatever of the present letting value of land. The conclusion which we are forced to adopt is that the present valuation by the Sub-

Commissioners is in the main determined by the figures of the earlier valuation. This, unfortunately, corresponds with the aspirations of the tenants at the beginning of the rent agitation. The most charitable hypothesis which we can suggest in explanation of this coincidence is, that the Sub-Commissioners adopted a standard of "fair rent" considerably below the mercantile value of the land; and there is nothing in the Act to prevent their doing so. But if that is the case, and their grounds of decision are not unlikely to be subjected to Parliamentary inquiry, it raises an unanswerable claim on the part of the landlords to reasonable compensation in respect of the difference.\*

If the rents of the struggling farmers on ten or twenty acres of poor land had been exceptionally treated, we should have assented to the natural conclusion that they had been grievously rack-rented; but where we find "strong" farmers, whose rents were £100 and upwards, and who are presumably above the influence of landlord domination, applying to the Court and receiving reductions of twenty and thirty per cent., we are compelled to recognize the working of a predetermined system. It would be easy, if we were so inclined, to adduce examples of manifest injustice in the decisions of the several Sub-Commissions; but we are not here concerned with the consideration of individual injuries. Our aim has been, and we have endeavoured, to perform our duty without partiality, to present to our readers in a general view the administration of the Courts as they bear upon the relations of landlord and tenant. The result of this administration has been, so far, to interpret the Act with easy generosity in favour of the Irish tenants. Large gifts have been bestowed upon them to inaugurate and popularize the new system; but hitherto without any appreciable effect on the angry spirit of the country. It is, perhaps, too soon to expect the beneficial results of the measure to become apparent. A few short months are not sufficient to test the operation of a great measure of social reform; and there may be persons who still hope that the peasantry will ultimately abandon agitation, make the most of the Land Act, and acquire habits of industry and thrift. These blessings certainly lie within their reach, and it is with feelings of despair that we see, day by day, fresh proofs of their determination to reject them. The

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\* The following observations were made by one of the Sub-Commissioners at Downpatrick on the 15th of December:—"I now say, in the presence of my colleagues, that the principles on which we have proceeded in determining a fair rent, were laid down before we set our feet on a sod of land, and before we commenced our labours in the Court House, Belfast, and that they have not been deviated from a hair's breadth." Before reading this singularly naïve utterance, we had arrived at the same conclusion from the study of the actual decisions.

times are critical ; if the reformation is not swiftly made, it will become more and more difficult. The choice of branching roads—to revert to the illustration with which we commenced—is a final step, and determines with inexorable certainty the ultimate destination of the people. Can nothing further be done to direct them into the path which leads to peace, contentment, and prosperity? The choice has, we fear, been already made, and some fatal steps taken on the track that knows no returning footsteps. Humanly speaking, society is incapable of sudden conversion. The anarchy and confusion of one year are linked to the slumbering discontent of the past by natural causes, as certain as those which connect the thunderstorm with the tropical heat which precedes it.

The prospect is, we must admit, gloomy in the extreme. Let us glance for a moment at the actual state of society in Ireland. The two classes which constitute the bulk of the population confront each other in a deadly conflict. All the kindly relations which are the groundwork of civil society are extinct. An army of police and military cannot maintain the semblance of order. Coercion cannot subdue or conciliation pacify the “exasperated spirit of the land.” Murders and outrages of the most detestable character follow each other in swift succession, and the malefactors who commit them walk abroad in open day unpunished though not unknown.\* One of the most savage and cowardly murders which the annals of agrarian crime, even in Ireland, can furnish, was perpetrated within the last few days near Rathdowney, in the Queen’s County. Its circumstances illustrate so fully the remarks which we have just made that we need not apologize to our readers for describing its fearful details. A poor man of the name of Martin Rogers was induced by the extremity of distress to undertake the service of writs on the tenants of Mr. Whitley, at Graigue Ganon, in the Queen’s County. He had but one hand, and was in bad health, and was glad of an opportunity to earn a little money even at the hazard of his life. Having reached Rathdowney, he lodged his writs with the constabulary for safe custody, and the next day, rashly declining all protection, went alone to execute them. He served three, apparently without molestation, but on his way to the fourth house, he was set upon in a deep lane and pounded to death with

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\* It must be observed that during the recent Winter Assizes, juries, even in agrarian cases, have performed their duties in a more satisfactory manner than has been the rule for some years. In a large number of cases, convictions were obtained by the Crown; and, in general, the acquittals and disagreements were, if not justifiable, at least capable of explanation, without resorting to the painful solution of a universal conspiracy against law and order.



stones. No pity for a one-armed man found a place in the hearts of the murderers. Humanity was cancelled in their breasts by his violation of the agrarian law, and they took his life with as little compunction as if he were some noxious reptile. There is no reason to suppose that the perpetrators of this foul deed were better or worse than the great mass of their fellows. That they were no hired bravoos or professional murderers is perfectly clear, but simply some of the inhabitants of the townland who considered themselves grievously outraged by the service of legal process. The agent of an estate in the County Clare recently called on the tenantry to pay their rents on a certain day. Only three responded to the summons, when the following colloquy is reported to have taken place. "Have you brought the rent? Yes. Will you pay? No. Will you pay any rent. No. Will you go to the Court and have a fair rent fixed? No." Yet the houses of these three men were fired into that night to warn them against holding communication with the enemy.

A more ghastly story is told by the agent of Lord Kenmare in the *Times* of the 7th of December. Three of the tenants were rash enough to pay their rents. Their punishment followed, as a matter of course, and in a form so savage as to suggest the idea that the country is reverting to barbarism. A crowd assembled, and with fifes and drums marched to the houses of the condemned men. They were successively led forth, and, in the presence of their families, two of them were shot through the legs; while one, whether from accident or design, received the charge in a vital part of his body.

These dismal narratives give some idea of the quality of the crime which disgraces the country, and of the unrelenting fury with which the peasants pursue those who disobey the edicts of the Land League. For the deplorable extent to which such outrages prevail, we must refer to the Return of Agrarian Outrages published in the *Dublin Gazette*, and to the charge of Mr. Justice Fitzgerald to the grand jury of the winter assizes at Cork. The returns in the *Gazette* give a total of 520 agrarian crimes reported to the police in the month of November, the corresponding number last year having been 561. There is here a slight decrease, but it is, unfortunately, more apparent than real, because in all the more serious forms of crime there is a marked increase; while the diminution in the number of threatening letters and milder methods of intimidation must be ascribed to the practical abandonment of legal rights.

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, whose charge twelve months ago on the same circuit created a profound sensation, drew a mournful picture of the state of society in the four counties—Cork, Limerick, Kerry, and Clare—comprised in the winter assizes

over which he presided. We need not follow him through the details of crime which disgraced these counties during the preceding four months. It must suffice to state, that in every county there was a considerable increase on the figures which he commented on last year, the gross result being 1,062 indictable offences, compared with 606 in the corresponding period of 1880. After carefully analyzing the returns presented to him, he continued :—

The general deduction from the statistics which I have laid before you seems to be, that in many and large parts of the four counties which constitute the Munster Winter Assizes Commission, life continues to be insecure, or is rendered so miserable as to be worthless. Right is disregarded, property is unsafe, and the spirit of lawlessness and disorder, marked by an insolent defiance of law and authority, continues to prevail. It is only by the aid of an overwhelming military force that the process of the law can be executed. The humbler classes continue to be oppressed by an odious tyranny.

He asserted that the list of outrages which he had before him revealed a state of things which, “if suffered to continue unchecked and unrepressed, threatens the very existence of the fabric of society.” After referring to a passage in his charge of the year before, in which he had said that all well-thinking persons were ready to make any sacrifice if, by so doing, they could restore peace and prosperity, he continued :—

The sacrifice has since been made and consummated by the Legislature in a measure so large and unprecedented, that even the most sanguine advocate of tenant-right could not have anticipated it twelvemonths ago. But has the public obtained the fruits in the restoration of peace and order? Certainly not in Munster.

These records are sufficiently disheartening; but no statistics can adequately represent the change which has come over the spirit of the people. The devotional reverence of the Irish, and their childlike affection for their pastors, used to be proverbial. The altar was sacred; the voice of the priest was listened to with equal attention in counsel or condemnation. Now, this seems to be changed. If a Pastoral excites disapprobation, if the father of his flock warns them against erroneous courses, they resent it in a manner which would be scarcely decent in an ordinary meeting. Forgetful alike of the sanctity of the place, and the duty which they owe to their spiritual fathers, they rush from the Church, or drown the voice of the preacher in a chorus of irreverent noises. We trust that such occurrences are rare, and that the Irish people have not, in general, so far forgotten their traditions of piety as to

suffer what they deem their temporal interests to outweigh the sanctions of religion. Still, such incidents as we have alluded to are full of significance, and may be the first fatal indications of that communistic spirit which has for some years been so zealously inculcated.

What remedy remains to be tried? What further resource of civilization, whether in the direction of conciliation or repression, has the English Government in reserve?—or will they, having tried simultaneously what we consider mutually destructive remedies, abandon the struggle, and calmly wait for the catastrophe? Their position at present resembles that of two men in a boat, pulling in opposite directions: the boat goes round and round, and meanwhile drifts to the falls. A Select Committee of the House of Lords recommends the partial suspension of trial by jury; a section of the newspaper press clamours for martial law; and the Solicitor General of the late Government suggests the trial of Irish murder cases at the Old Bailey. Not one of these proposals approaches the real difficulty, the deep-seated evil which threatens the existence of society. The most conscientious jury in the world cannot convict without evidence, and a drum-head court-martial is scarcely an appropriate tribunal for enforcing the payment of rent. The perpetrators of many outrages are widely known, yet no one will come forward to denounce the criminals. The population of the district thus become the accomplices of every local crime, and the first step towards the suppression of such crime would seem to be to render it locally unpopular. Now all the agrarian outrages in Ireland spring from one very simple and very sordid cause, cupidity. In their cupidity, therefore, should the peasantry be punished for the crimes which it incites and protects. Whenever an agrarian murder, or injury to property, took place under circumstances from which it might be inferred that the criminals were shielded by the people, the townland should be heavily fined, and compensation made to the relatives, or to the injured person. We do not pretend that this would effect a rapid, or even a very general improvement: all that we venture to hope for is, that some such measure would have a tendency to enrol increasing numbers in the army of order.

The situation is indeed most embarrassing, and its difficulties have been increased tenfold by two mistakes. The first consisted in the weakness of conceding the Land Bill to agitation and outrage; the second in attempting to combine conciliation with coercion. Any further concession, especially in the direction of separate legislation, would be regarded in Ireland as a virtual abandonment of the Union; while the repression of crime by Act of Parliament seems utterly hopeless.

What is, then, to be the end? The problem will, we fear, work itself out, and quickly too, if the Government is unable to cope with the social disorders of the country. The Land League, although nominally suppressed, is winning a slow but certain victory. The gentry are being driven from the country, many of them ruined. The Land Courts and the No-rent Manifesto are working together to extinguish landlordism; and what then? Let us suppose that rents have been abolished, and that the Irish tenant has become an absolute proprietor, with unlimited powers of subdivision. If the magic of property does not alter his nature, he will exercise those powers until Ireland is parcelled out into five-acre farms. The tendency of peasant proprietorship has always been in the direction of excessive subdivision, but in Ireland, for various reasons, that tendency will be practically unresisted; and the average size of the farms will be just what will support life, and no more. No conditions can be imagined less favourable to the development of industry, or the production of anything but half-starved human beings. Each "proprietor," in the state of society which we have supposed, would live, or die, upon the produce of his own plot of ground; there would be no surplus for markets, no rearing of improved stock, no stimulus to produce anything better than the ordinary. The cities and towns would dwindle away. There would be no employment for capital, and even the railways should cease running, for no one would require to leave his own immediate neighbourhood. Commerce would, of course, perish, and the noblest harbours in the world would be void of sails. This is the state of things which would inevitably result from the reduction of society to the condition of primeval simplicity; and the abolition of landlordism would ultimately lead to the greatest poverty of the greatest number.

In these gloomy anticipations we shall be glad to be contradicted by actual events. The crisis is, indeed, one of extreme gravity; but, inasmuch as it is a crisis, there is still room for hope. The Land Act has been passed, and cannot be recalled. Its provisions are in themselves neither impolitic nor unjust; but they have been, unfortunately, applied at the wrong time, and administered under the influence of panic. Had such an Act been passed in 1877 it would have wrought nothing but good. Had it been postponed till the country was in a healthy condition its administration would have been vastly facilitated. It has, however, now been made the foundation of a new system, and it is the duty of all right-minded men to accept that Act in a liberal spirit, since by its influence alone can be achieved what they must earnestly desire—the pacification of Ireland.

## Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals.

### ITALIAN PERIODICALS.

*La Civiltà Cattolica*, 19 Novembre, 1881.

*The Schools in Italy.*

THE *Civiltà Cattolica* of November 19 contains much interesting matter respecting the schools in Italy. It points out, in the first place, that the increasing public depravity and the instrumentality of the existing school system in bringing this about are beginning to excite uneasiness in the minds of all, even in those of Liberals and unbelievers. All unite in saying that the future destinies of Italy depend mainly, not on the generation which is now declining, but on that which is springing up. Now, the oligarchy which for twenty years has tyrannized over the nation has, amongst its other usurpations, been guilty of the most odious of monopolies, that of education, and has spared nothing to model the rising generation after its own likeness—that is, to bring it up without God and without law; never reflecting that this vicious progeny will be its own chastisement, and the gnawing worm which will consume all the fruits of its own successful villainy. The lamentations of Catholics over this state of things can be easily understood; but that the evil should have become so palpable and menacing as to extract bitter complaints from the very enemies of the Church is a fact which demands notice. The writer selects for exemplification two Liberal journals, the *Gazzetta d'Italia* and the *Vedetta Gazzetta del Popolo*, a Florentine newspaper. The first of these, which, be it observed, no one can call a type of modesty and purity, expresses its indignation in no measured terms concerning the cause which led to a late miserable occurrence, the suicide of a young teacher of the communal school at Segni. The school inspector, who had vainly sought to seduce the poor girl, turned her and her sister out. Left homeless and destitute, she, in a fit of despair, threw herself into a well. The Minister of Public Instruction contented himself with depriving the inspector of his office. “Lay your hands on your hearts, fathers and mothers of families!” exclaims the *Gazzetta*. “Is deprivation sufficient punishment for this gentleman?” The *Vedetta*, a journal remarkable for its Voltairianism and its servility to every dominant party in succession, is nevertheless still more outspoken, for it does not scruple to attack the whole system of school appointments. It taunts Government—that is, the successive Liberalistic Governments of every shade—not only with giving very inadequate remuneration to the teachers engaged in primary instruction, but with making a very bad selection. Allowing themselves to be guided by the “grotesque criterion of politics,” they have filled the schools with men who had shouted at a demonstration, who had supported a candidate of theirs, or had done them some

audacious and disreputable service, and with a tribe of degraded priests, *bon vivants*, sensual livers, immoral men; to such as these the delicate charge of instructing youth and inspecting their instructors has been committed; while the career has been closed to excellent young men, well qualified for the office, only because they did not enjoy Governmental favour. "The most sane part of the nation," this journal proceeds to say, "the fathers and mothers of families," who watch over their children "as a treasure confided to them by God, are beginning to cry out, 'Your schools frighten us!'" This is strong, considering the quarter whence it proceeds. The *Gazetta d'Italia* also does not disguise its fears that facts similar to that of Segni may occur elsewhere, in the case of other poor girls removed far from the protection of their families in order to seek a livelihood. It is pitiable, indeed, to reflect on the shoals of young women who, leaving honest manual labour, obtain—who can say how?—their diplomas, and crowd into the schools, where they receive the most scanty pittance, and are quite under the control (one may say, at the mercy) of masters often such as the *Vedetta* indignantly describes. It is a significant fact, and one which is well known, that the personal appearance of these young girls is often much more taken into consideration in engaging them than their qualifications as teachers; and advertisements may be seen in the newspapers desiring the candidates for situations as mistresses in the communal schools to send in their likenesses as a preliminary.

But the Liberal press does not limit itself to declaiming against the immorality and incapacity of schoolmasters; it has a word to say about atheism and irreligion.

And it is just at the moment [says the *Vedetta*] that the Onorevole Baccelli chooses to go and preach the abolition of all religious teaching in the schools of the people. A man of his ability, who could do so much good; the representative, as Minister, of millions of men who have a religion—a faith—from whose lips ought to fall maxims of the highest wisdom; this man thinks he can do nothing better or more useful than to go and declare war against God, in the name of the Government. The Onorevole Baccelli wants to depose God, as he might one of his own delegates. He wants to drive from the schools the Supreme Being, the basis of morality, as if he were an unruly scholar, an individual holding subversive opinions, a Krumir. The Onorevole Baccelli wants to eradicate from the conscience of youth—every man who has a heart can judge how opportunely—even the pure and sublime sentiment of a mysterious God, the *Deus absconditus* who made Isaias tremble, as if the soul of youth, which is continually turning with eternal aspirations to the universe, could find satisfaction anywhere save in the Infinite. As for me, I must plainly say that between the humble village schoolmaster—an upright and worthy man, who, amidst the straits and isolation to which he is reduced, speaks of God to his scholars—and a Minister, who takes twenty-five thousand francs a year from a nation of Christians to preach official atheism, it does not seem possible to hesitate as to which to accord the superiority. Suicides [he continues] are multiplying—suicides of masters, suicides of scholars. The system is becoming contagious; and one might almost say that the children go to school to learn how to kill themselves.

The journalist concludes by demanding that God should be left in the schools, and the vicious men, who lay snares for virtue, give scandalous examples, and corrupt youth, should be expelled from them. When this energetic remonstrance appeared in the *Vedetta*, the echo of the infamous speech, at Milan, of the Minister of Public Instruction had scarcely died away. In an assembly of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, he had made a blasphemous attack upon the Catholic Catechism and denounced a courageous young teacher because, in the face of the whole assembly, she had maintained the necessity of teaching it in the schools. Baccelli has threatened to banish all dogma from them, substituting "experimental science," to which he looks for training up "generous and strong patriots." "It is of course impossible," observes the writer, "for a Minister by a simple decree to abrogate an existing law." As the law now stands, elementary instruction, both in the lower and the higher grades, must include religious teaching. But of what practical avail is the law in so many of the schools, where, as a matter of fact, atheism is taught? Take the following as a specimen:—In a large commune of central Italy the schoolmaster is a youth, not yet five-and-twenty. He teaches the Catechism because the municipality bids him do so; but, when the lesson is finished, he tells his scholars that all which they have been learning is a pack of lies and inventions, and then he gives the boys his own private creed, the first article of which is, "That man is free to choose the religion which he finds the most convenient and profitable for him." Do the Liberals really desire, the writer proceeds to ask, that education should fashion worthy men, and that the schools should no longer be national seminaries for places of punishment or of vice?—that it should no longer be necessary to cry out in the Chamber, with the deputy Toscanelli, "Handcuffs! we want handcuffs! first the handcuffs, and then the spelling-book; first the carabineers, and then the schoolmasters!" If so, let them cease to fear liberty; let them have done with that shameful tyranny by which they have confiscated, for themselves alone, that most holy and inviolable of liberties which God has accorded to fathers of families. Let them, for once and all, restore freedom of teaching, which shall liberate parents from the infamous obligation of sending their children to schools which, as the *Vedetta* says, "frighten" them. Nay, they frighten not a few fathers belonging to the ultra-Liberal party, and in high position, who place too much value on the innocence of their children to content their associates by sacrificing it. Even as early as 1873 Bonghi exclaimed in the Chamber, "I see very many who say much more evil of the Frati than I do, who yet send their own children to the schools of the Frati." And two years later, the deputy Liroy complained that many of his colleagues sent their sons and daughters to the schools of religious orders—nay, even to the Jesuits—rather than to the Government schools. Is it possible, then, asks the writer in the *Civiltà*, that there should be found Catholics sufficiently blinded by ludicrous pretensions, or intimidated by human respect, to throw their children, without a shadow of remorse, into those black holes, where, according even

to such a journal as the *Vedetta*, a poisonous air is breathed. He knows well by what difficulties they are often encompassed; but let them do all that lies in their power, and spare neither exertions nor expense where the eternal interests of the children, of whom God will one day require an account at their hands, are at stake. Let them act as they would in times of pestilence; and, at any rate, use for the preservation of their families, from moral corruption, the same care and precaution which they would certainly adopt to shield them from infection if the plague surrounded their dwellings.

### FRENCH PERIODICALS.

*Revue des Questions Historiques.* Oct. 1881, Paris.

*Lanfranc et Guillaume le Conquérant.* Par M. Albert du Boys.

WERE the writer of an historical monograph in our own language to begin his essay with some such paragraph as the following: "Our hero, after a brilliant academical career in his own country, came to England and settled in Penzance, but soon left that town, being ambitious of earning laurels in the great metropolis; scarcely, however, had he started on his journey, when already in sight of Windsor Castle, he fell among thieves," we should be inclined to say that, unless our author had done himself a grave injustice, he must surely lack that quality of inexorable carefulness in little things which the historic muse requires of her votaries. It is pretty much in this style that M. Albert du Boys introduces Archbishop Lanfranc to us in this article:—"At the beginning of his journey (from Avranches to Rouen), and close to the Risle, he was attacked by brigands." The Risle is more than a hundred miles from Avranches. It need not, therefore, surprise us to find that this blunder is followed by others, and worse. After telling us how the traveller was tied to a tree, our essayist proceeds, "He wanted to say some prayers; but, strange to say, he did not know literally and by heart the prayers most recommended by the Church;" that is to say, we presume, not even the "Paternoster," nor the "Miserere." Very strange! Then follows blunder upon blunder with a rapidity that takes away our breath, for the traveller on being unloosed did not ask for "a monastery," but for the meanest and poorest monastery within reach, his object being to escape the fame he had already learned to despise. Neither when he found Herluin was that holy abbot, "having an oven built," he was constructing it with his own hands, being very poor. Neither did Herluin, on learning his visitor's purpose, turn to Dom Roger and say, "Brother Roger, go and get the rule of the convent, and come and read it to this traveller," for prime had not been said, and it was the rule to observe strict silence between compline overnight and prime next morning, never violating silence but under extreme necessity. Neither did Lanfranc swear to keep the rule; the rule forbade swearing. And so on, and so on, page after page. All these blunders are on the first page.



M. du Boys next tells us that Herluin made his postulant undergo a noviciate of three years. He perhaps might have done so had Lanfranc been a pagan; but three days, or, at the utmost, three weeks, would be nearer the truth, for Le Bec was famous for short, and in cases like this extremely short, noviciates.

Even the story about the mal-correction of Lanfranc's Latin is wrongly told by M. du Boys. It was not the abbot, but the prior, who fell into the mistake; for the abbot knew too well of what sort Lanfranc's scholarship was to make himself so ridiculous. Nor was the word *docere*. It might have been *regina*, *pastorem*, or what not. The remainder of the first section of the article—there are nine of them—bristles with errors of varying degrees of gravity; but their enumeration would weary the reader. We will, therefore, omit two pages and resume our examination with the second section.

Speaking of the Conqueror's consecration to the kingly office, M. du Boys says, "*L'élection des grands et les acclamations de la foule, c'était le vox populi. Le couronnement par le ministre des autels était le vox Dei*"—a curious version of, perhaps, the most trite proverb employed in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; a proverb which made *vox populi* and *vox Dei* not two things but one, and understood by *populus* not the peerage, and not the crowd, but precisely the class which lay between the two, to the exclusion, however, of the clergy. Then M. du Boys confounds consecration with coronation, and imagines that the Conqueror caused his consecration to be repeated; a very serious error. Kings were never reconsecrated, but were solemnly crowned over and over again, and notably at the three festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost, not only in England, but in Germany, in France, and probably in Ireland.

Later on in the essay we are told that, in accordance with the *ad interim* accommodation arranged between the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in the year 1072, the latter took an oath of obedience to the former. This is precisely what he did not do. Lanfranc dispensed provisionally with the oath, without prejudice, however, to his successors, and contented himself with a written profession. Then M. du Boys seems to think that there were already churches in western Christendom of gigantic proportions as compared with Lanfranc's cathedral at Canterbury; but he has not given us their names; nor does he offer any authority for the statement that the western front of Lanfranc's church at Le Bec was flanked with towers. The probability is that they were not.

To enumerate all the mistakes in our essayist's account of the miracle wrought at the Confessor's tomb in honour of St. Wulstan would extend this notice far beyond its due limits; we must, therefore, leave it. But the most marvellous thing about these and other errors in matters of detail, some of them of great historical importance, and most of them of great moral interest, is not their number but their perversity. Thus, eye-witnesses of the consecration of Abbot Herluin's later church inform us that the Conqueror was not present at the ceremony, and suggest some

characteristic and noteworthy reasons for his absence; but M. du Boys knows better, and assures us that not only the prince but his wife and family were there. Here, again, blunder follows blunder with almost atrocious perversity, until we are constrained to doubt whether M. du Boys has not written his whole article at second-hand. He cannot even bury Herluin in the right place, but lays him to rest in the church instead of the chapter-house.

One of the sweetest pictures in all history is the picture drawn by Eadmer of the aged primate of the Britains consulting, we might almost say, his young friend—a friend between thirty and forty years younger than himself—upon the claim of St. Elphege to a place in the calendar; but this peculiarly charming and peculiarly edifying consultation has been converted into such an angry dispute that an unwary reader must assuredly feel thankful, by the time he gets to the end of M. du Boys' account, that the archbishop and the abbot did not come to blows. Mistakes like this are sure to occur if Catholic writers abroad, instead of discovering for themselves the truth in original sources, are content to trust too implicitly in such matters, to the authority of English Protestant historians of however high name.

It does not astonish us to find that M. du Boys is not particularly strong in canon law, or in what may be called ecclesiastical politics. Thus he gets into sad trouble about Duke William's marriage, and seems to think that the "Court of Rome" was in the eleventh century inspired by a somewhat different aim from that which she now obeys. In those days *elle ne cherchait pas à attirer tout à elle*; because, forsooth, Alexander II. declined to give a decision upon the boundary line of the province of Canterbury on the ground that, the question mooted being one which local tradition could decide, that particular detail—a detail unessential to the controversy to which it appertained—had better be settled where the local tradition could be learned. Later on in the essay he informs us that when Napoleon I., in his anxiety to reinstate the Church in France, had recourse to the Pope, he, without knowing it and without wishing it, put it into the Pope's power to stretch the exercise of his prerogatives to the extremest limits of his *plenaria potestas*. Then follows something about the invasion of the domain of dogma by a certain "movement," and then something about *les doctrines romaines* which, thanks to Napoleon III., triumphed at the Council of the Vatican.

It is hard to tell where to stop in this thankless examination. Of course M. du Boys quite mistakes the drift of a statement assigned to the Conqueror on his death-bed about his *jus hæreditarium* and the Crown of England; for writers of approved merit—nay, many and even most of them—have failed to understand it; but even here, as elsewhere, M. du Boys seems determined to outstrip his predecessors, and, failing to make their mistake about the Conqueror's *jus hæreditarium* greater than he found it, contrives notwithstanding to invent a blunder of his own, and transforms the Conqueror from King of the English into King of Great Britain! In perfect harmony

with this is the grave assurance that it is quite a mistake of Mr. Freeman's to imagine that in his official relations with Ireland Archbishop Lanfranc was performing the functions of viceroy to his Britannic Majesty William the Conqueror. Mr. Freeman may have made a few mistakes in his time, but he never made that!

It may be well to remark, in conclusion, that Lanfranc and William the Conqueror did not flourish in the tenth century, but in the eleventh.

M. R.

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## GERMAN PERIODICALS.

By DR. BELLESHEIM, Cologne.

### 1. *Katholik*.

The September and October numbers contain two articles by Dr. Joseph Pohle on the new theory of "space," recently so much talked of in Germany; according to which, space does not consist of three, but of four dimensions. Professor Zöllner, of Leipzig University, the celebrated astrophysicist, is the chief propounder of this theory; as by it he hopes to explain the spiritistic phenomena he has been studying in connection with Slade and other mediums. Dr. Pohle refutes the theory very successfully as destructive of the first principles of physiology by denying intercourse between the senses and the outer world, and as robbing even mathematical axioms of their absolute value. The October number contains also the first part of a long article on the various opinions lately advocated by Catholic and non-Catholic authors concerning the persecution under Nero. The opinion, held generally up to the end of the seventeenth century, that Nero was the first Emperor who persecuted the Christian religion, was attacked by Dodwell in his "*Dissertationes Cyprianicæ*." Dodwell limited Nero's persecution to the City of Rome (Gibbon still further restricting it to the Jews—excluding all Christians), and contended that they were so persecuted, not for religion's sake, but as having set fire to Rome. This view was recently introduced into Kraus's "*Realencyklopädie der christlichen Alterthums*;" the present inquiry into the question is therefore very opportune. The writer cites and criticizes almost every Latin and Greek author who has mentioned the matter. That Nero did not persecute, but rather protected, the Jews is unanswerably testified by Josephus ("*Antiq.*" xx. 8, 11), who tells us "that Nero admitted an embassy of the Jews to audience with him, forgave them what had occurred, and permitted that the building of a wall near the temple of Jerusalem might be continued, in order to gratify his wife." Poppea Sabina, however profligate, was intimately connected with the Jews, as she had adopted their ceremonies and practised them. Her influence in the Imperial Court accounts for the Christians being persecuted by the Emperor from hatred of their

religion. An immense number of witnesses, heathen and Christian, are cited by the author of this article.

2. *Historisch-politische Blätter*. The issues of September 16 and October 4, contain critical articles on the ninth and tenth volumes of Dr. Onno Klopp's work, "The Downfall of the House of Stuart in Relation with the General Politics of Europe." The ninth volume deals mainly with William's endeavours to unite all the European Courts against Louis XIV., and to secure to the House of Hanover succession to the English throne. Dr. Klopp bases his work on the despatches of the Imperial ambassadors residing at the Court of St. James, Mr. Hoffmann and Count Wratislaw. It is curious to hear that King William unreservedly admitted the Imperial ambassadors to a confidence, which he did not extend even to Lords Rochester and Godolphin. Whoever, therefore, wishes to become acquainted with the secret politics of William III. ought to consult neither the London State Paper Office, nor the British Museum, but the important despatches sent from London to Vienna by the Imperial ambassadors. Lord Macaulay was fully justified in complaining of the want of documents in English archives referring to the year 1701; the reason being the confidence with which King William treated the Emperor's diplomatic agents and his distrust of his own ministers. The tenth volume is occupied with the years 1702 and 1703 and the beginning of Queen Anne's reign. One great mistake is corrected by Dr. Klopp, the mistake of thinking that the Electress Sophia of Hanover had endeavoured by every means to secure for her House the English succession. And as to Queen Anne, Dr. Klopp shows that she sought to keep the English crown for the descendants she hoped she would have in the course of time; in this way would she be remedying the wrong she had done to King James, her father, by accepting the crown of England in opposition to him. Dr. Klopp's history of the fall of the Stuart dynasty is one of the most noteworthy historical works that has appeared during recent years in Germany; compiled, as it is, from unpublished and trustworthy manuscripts in the Imperial archives of Vienna. It may be doubted, however, whether all his deductions are quite sound; since he has obviously little kindly feeling for the Stuarts and a great deal for King William. And as to William's treatment of Catholic Ireland, I should suppose Dr. Klopp is decidedly wrong, since King William is known to have been one of the most cruel persecutors of the Church in that land.

3. The *Stimmen aus Maria Laach* contains an article on the history of the Ruthenian Church, written by Dr. Pelesz, of Vienna. We earnestly recommend this exhaustive work to English divines, since Dr. Pelesz has been enabled, by his familiar acquaintance with the Slav languages, to treat very thoroughly a most intricate period of ecclesiastical history. In our days of the great Slav movement the work possesses especial interest for the scholar.

## Notices of Books.

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*Cardinal Newman ; the Story of His Life.* By HENRY J. JENNINGS.  
Birmingham : Houghton & Co ; London : Simpkin & Marshall, 1882.

THE writer of this short, popular, and handsomely-printed life of Cardinal Newman has performed his task in a way that calls for little criticism. He professes to have endeavoured to write without, on the one hand, concealing that he himself is a Protestant, or, on the other, giving offence to Catholics. The book is certainly as fair as one could expect from a non-Catholic. It is, in fact, largely made up of the Cardinal's own autobiography, of descriptions of his books, and of narratives of facts. The three points of his career which it is hardest for a Protestant to discuss fairly are his secession from the Anglican Establishment, his controversy with Kingsley, and his attitude in reference to the opportuneness of the definition of the Pope's infallibility. On all these subjects Mr. Jennings is really honest, and, in the main, trustworthy. He needlessly mars the effect of his narrative of the Kingsley episode by printing paragraphs from that gentleman's widow, and from the late Dean Stanley, to the effect that Kingsley was really right in his ideas about the attitude of Catholics towards truth, though he was unfortunate in his method of proving it. Mr. Jennings, moreover, has inserted one page which is really offensive and utterly inexact. We refer to the passage beginning on p. 47, in which the writer elaborately puts forth the view that "the structure of Dr. Newman's mind not only enabled, but encouraged him, to" yield credence to things which "shocked men of sober sense," and, in fact, to be "what many people would call" superstitious. The great Oratorian has himself answered these unworthy imputations. It can be no more superstitious to believe in ecclesiastical miracles than in the miracles of the Bible. There is also a copy of scurrilous verses on Mr. Newman's first journey to Rome which might well have been left out. These are, however, perhaps the only passages we can reasonably blame in a book which will doubtless be welcome to many. A good photograph, a fac-simile of the original of "Lead, kindly Light!" and two very ordinary woodcuts, are intended to add to the attractions of the work.

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*The Excellences of the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*  
Translated from the Italian and abridged by FREDERICK IGNATIUS ANTROBUS, of the same Congregation. London : BURNS & OATES. 1881.

A VERY serviceable work, or rather series of works, might be written on the Rule, the *œuvre*, and the special genius of the various Religious Orders and Congregations of men and women which adorn the Church.

Of the chief amongst them some of the greater features are more or less imperfectly known. In most cases some account of them may be found in the lives of the Saints who have instituted them. But for souls who are feeling their way after a vocation, for those who seek their own edification in the study of God's works in His Church, not to speak of the legitimate curiosity of the general reading public, something more express and detailed is wanted.

The work which Fr. Antrobus has translated supplies just such information about the Congregation of the Oratory, and would be a good model for members of other religious bodies to follow. The work entitled "*Pregi della Congregazione dell' Oratorio di S. Filippo Neri*," was written by Fr. Francesco Agnelli, who died in 1749, at the age of eighty-one, in the Oratory of Savigliano. He did not print it himself, but the MS. fell, after his death, into the hands of the Fathers of the Chioggia Oratory, who published it in 1825. The twelve Excellences, or "*Pregi*," which the author treats of, as characteristic of his Congregation, in the twelve chapters forming the book, are the following:—1. The exalted end of the vocation of the Oratory. 2. Avoidance of Ecclesiastical dignities. 3. Charity. 4. Interior mortification. 5. Obedience. 6. Discretion and prudence in the government of the Congregation. 7. Esteem of Virtue. 8. Detachment from possessions. 9. Detachment from relations. 10. Chastity. 11. The good name which the Congregation of the Oratory enjoys. 12. The power of the Congregation to expel its subjects, and the freedom of its subjects to leave it.

It may be asked—Fr. Antrobus naturally remarks in his preface—in what way do charity, purity, detachment, &c., as practised under the protection of St. Philip, differ from the exercise of the same virtues in any other institute?

He answers:—

It has been remarked that in the great Religious Orders there are Saints, each one of whom represents to his spiritual descendants a different kind of Sanctity. There is a preacher, a missionary, a theologian, or a novice carried off in the first bloom of his religious life. Here are so many types upon which a religious may form himself according to the special bent of his character. But in the Congregation of the Oratory we do not find this variety. When St. Philip was burning to go to the Indies to preach the gospel in the hope of perhaps gaining the martyr's crown, it was revealed to him that his Indies were to be in Rome. The same is to be the case with his children. Wherever Providence may have placed them, there they are to remain, to do their appointed work, there to live and die. It is a life singularly deficient in accident, and entirely devoid of all character of romance. There is to be but one type for the sons of St. Philip. They are, each one of them, to seek to reproduce the life of their Father. The Excellences are to partake of the spirit of the Founder, to imitate his distinctive traits. Each virtue is to present itself steeped in his genius (*Pref. p. vi.*).

Accordingly, the exercise of these specially Filippine virtues is illustrated throughout from the holy Founder's practice, from the lives of his first companions and other Oratorians famous in after times

for holiness, from the Rule, and from the customs and observances of the Congregation.

Fr. Antrobus is not without hopes that such a study of the "Filippine" spirit may lead to the formation of new Congregations.

The peculiar circumstances of our times, he writes, give a certain character of opportuneness to the present publication. The hostility which in the present day unfortunately prevails to so great an extent in many countries against the Church and her ministers, the malignity of the attacks upon her, and the persevering misrepresentations of the spirit and lives of the clergy, render unity in action on their part more than ever to be desired. The wish expressed by more than one of the members of the episcopate, and, what is to us still more important, the desire of the bishops of our country, published in the decrees of the Fourth Provincial Council of Westminster, held in 1873, to see the *vita communis* practised among the secular clergy, lead to the hope that further acquaintance with the spirit of the Institute of St. Philip may conduce to a gradual development of the Oratory, and that, as has been so often seen in its history, two or three priests agreeing to live together and to observe the Rule, may in time come to form a new Congregation, and thus in many of our populous centres our holy Father may find new homes in which to do his own work of sanctification, through prayer, frequentation of the sacraments and the daily word of God (Pref. p. ix.).

While, however, the book is primarily adapted, as Fr. Antrobus seems to indicate, to the members of St. Philip's Congregations, and secondarily to the souls specially under their guidance, it is evidently not unfitted for general spiritual reading. It contains lessons of spirituality which apply to all, and lessons conveyed in a homely, yet persuasive way, characteristic of the school from which they come, and peculiarly attractive and efficacious.

Among incidental matters of interest in the volume is a note on Fr. Thomas Somerset, mentioned in the text as an instance of the favour and affection shown to the Oratory by Pope Clement IX., who sent him as internuncio to the Court of Charles II. We think our readers will thank us for giving the note entire :—

This Father Thomas Somerset was probably the first English son of St. Philip. He was a son of Henry Somerset, first Marquess of Worcester, famous for his devotion to the royalist cause and his defence of Raglan Castle, who became a Catholic. His son chose a voluntary exile in early youth, in order to preserve his faith untainted. He studied for many years in Perugia, and then repaired to Rome, where he received marks of honour from both Innocent X. and Alexander VII., and was made Canon of St. Peter's. But the impression formerly made upon him by the virtuous lives of the Fathers of the Oratory at Perugia was so great, that he renounced all his dignities and entered the Congregation in that city, where he became distinguished for his great humility and charity. During his mission to England he might easily have fulfilled his ardent wish of giving his blood for the Catholic faith, had not Charles II. constrained him to fly into Flanders, himself providing him with a passage thither. From thence he wrote an affectionate letter to his beloved Fathers at Perugia, detailing all he had done and suffered, and expressing his longing desire to return amongst them to end his days in the bosom of the Congregation he so much loved. But God ordained otherwise. He was attacked by a mortal disease at Dunkirk and died there in 1678, aged 78 (p. 293).

Fr. Antrobus's translation reads well, and has avoided the fault, often found in translations from the Italian, of reproducing the diffuse and wordy style to which that language lends itself. We are glad to notice also that he has furnished his book with a very full and carefully compiled index. Without going so far as the Roxburghe Club, which is said to have passed a resolution to the effect that the publication of a book without an index should be an indictable offence, we could earnestly wish the practice were universally followed.

We wish Fr. Antrobus's book all the success which we should expect from its intrinsic merit, as well as from the wide influence the Fathers of the Oratory have won for themselves in England; and we repeat, that it will be one important merit of the work if it stimulates members of other religious bodies to produce similar treatises.

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*Introduction to the Study of English History.* By SAMUEL R. GARDINER, Hon. LL.D., and J. BASS MULLINGER, M.A. London: C. Kegan Paul, 1881.

WE took up this book with pleasant anticipations. We lay it down with disappointment. Its authors are undoubtedly among the most diligent and accomplished historical scholars that England possesses just now, and their volume is admirably conceived. But it fails in some particulars where success was of the utmost importance. Let us explain what we mean.

Messrs. Gardiner and Mullinger aimed at producing a work which should, in the first place, indicate to students of English History the books that it would be well for them to study; and which, secondly, should initiate them in the art of understanding that connection between cause and effect which is the necessary preliminary to all sober criticism of actions and persons. And so, in Part I. of this Introduction, Mr. Gardiner gives us an attempt to trace the life of the English nation; while in Part II. Mr. Mullinger presents what we may call an annotated list of authorities, carefully distinguishing, as he tells us, the contemporary sources of information for each period from those of later times, and seeking "to be strictly impartial and simply to place before the reader the main conclusions of the most recent and approved criticisms." Now, that the work of both these eminent scholars is, in many respects, of high excellence, we gladly testify. But each of them appears to us to have fallen into errors which greatly detract from its value.

First, as to Mr. Gardiner. His sketch of the life of the English nation seems to us to have been written under the influence of a theory which has obscured for him in a singular way the meaning and force of facts; a theory which is the peculiar product of the nineteenth century, and according to which he has measured the men and events of former ages. The practical effect is that (to borrow a phrase from one of the Dean of St. Paul's admirable essays) he has peopled past history with phantasms, and coloured it with lines which belong to our own days. That theory is, apparently, that the political organism which we call a nation develops according to laws as necessary and undeviating as



those which regulate the growth of a physical organism. "Everything flows naturally from that which precedes it," he writes in one place (Pref. p. xvii.). And, again, "History is the record of change, of the new circumstances into which communities of men are brought, and of the new ideas called forth by those circumstances, and by which circumstances are in turn moulded" (p. 1). Now, if history were nothing more than this, we for our part should say that history was no more worthy of study than an old almanack. If "everything flows naturally from that which precedes it," the high moral value of the records of the past, as philosophy teaching by example, is gone. And in truth the moral element hardly seems to enter into Mr. Gardiner's historical judgment. This comes out curiously in what he tells us about the so-called Reformation. He apparently cherishes it as a first principle, that the rationalising movement of the last four centuries (which, to be sure, is a movement steadily towards materialism, and away from those ethical conceptions which are impossible without a spiritual background)—Mr. Gardiner, we say, cherishes it as a first principle that the movement, the first decisive outbreak of which in the public order is to be found in the time of Henry VIII., was "an emancipatory movement" (p. 120), that it was a movement in the direction of individuality (p. 108). He regards Henry VIII. as being, in truth, what Gray's poetic fancy pictured :

——— the majestic lord  
That broke the bonds of Rome

(p. 107), and pronounces "his conception of a national church to have been large-minded and generous." But what are the facts? Mr. Gardiner in a previous page (p. 106) is obliged to own that the separation from Rome "sprang from a purely personal and even a sensual motive. Henry threw off the authority of the Pope simply because he was tired of a staid and elderly wife and had fallen in love with a flighty young woman"—a singular beginning of a movement in the direction of spiritual freedom and individuality, unless those words are employed in a very peculiar sense indeed. It is absolutely clear, beyond all possibility of doubt, that Henry, in separating himself and his kingdom from Catholic communion, was actuated solely by lust—lust of woman, lust of lucre, lust of power. It is as clear that the effect of that separation was to break down the last feeble restraints upon regal absolutism, and in particular to reduce the spirituality of England—from the archiepiscopal pander who disgraced the throne of St. Thomas down to the humblest parish priest—to a worse than Egyptian bondage. It is really an insult to the understanding of his readers when Mr. Gardiner represents Henry VIII. or Elizabeth as "warring against a tyranny which claimed the right of crushing all independence of judgment under its heel." They were simply warring against a power which was the only possible check upon their own. Nothing is idler than to hold out either of these sovereigns as being in any sense champions of religious freedom. The whole battle between them and the Holy See turned upon the question of the royal supremacy; and that question meant this: whether the spiritual or the secular power should be supreme in the domain of religion. This has been stated with

much perspicuity and force by a writer whose claims to be heard upon the subject Mr. Gardiner would be the first to recognize. And we cannot do better than put before our readers the following extract from the late Professor Brewer's recently published "*English Studies*":—

Every man who cares to read the histories of those times feels at once that [the Royal Supremacy] is the question—this is the keystone of the Reformation; all other topics dwindle into insignificance beside it. This is the real point at issue between the advocates of the old and the new system; this, and not purgatory, not pilgrimages, not transubstantiation. . . . This has spread its broad shadow across the range of centuries. It has fallen like a thing of evil on Romanists and Puritans alike. If it brought More and Fisher to the scaffold in the reign of Henry, it wrung the hearts and wasted the life-blood of Cartwright and the Puritans in the reign of Elizabeth. If it hung like a sword over the heads of the Tudor bishops, and prevented all relapse to Rome, it equally drove out from the pale of the National Church every conscientious Nonconformist who was a zealous Protestant in everything with the exception of this one Article. It kept the Church obedient to the Sovereign, and to the first principles of the Reformation. . . . No distinction [between civil and religious crimes] existed at the time in the mind of either Sovereign or of people; the King, as spiritual head of the Church, assumed to himself the right of punishing [religious] offences, not as contrary to the laws of the State, but as contrary to what he was pleased to determine was the law of God—offences as much against his spiritual as against his temporal power. He never stopped to consider how far this or that creed might be exercised or condemned, and its asserters brought to the scaffold as rebels or as heretics. That was a distinction first set up by the subtle statesmen of the reign of Elizabeth, when persecution for religion was growing unpopular. It had no place in the mind of Henry. The passing of the Six Articles, and the punishment of those who transgressed them, the persecution of Tyndal, and the death of Frith and Barnes, all show this. When he transferred to himself the supremacy of the Church, he transferred with it all the powers which the Church had ever exercised for the punishment of heresy or disobedience to its authority. If the Pope was the Bishop of Bishops, so was he; if the Pope could of himself determine controversies of faith, so did he. Whether the doctrine of purgatory, or the sacrament of penance, or the worship of saints were or were not to constitute part of the creed, and of the teachings of the Church of England, depended upon the King alone. It is true that he did not administer the sacraments and ordain priests and bishops; but if any man had questioned his power to do so, he would have incurred the penalty of high treason. "A bishop," says Cranmer, "may make a priest by the Scripture, and so may princes and governors also, and that by the authority of God committed to them." In common with other Reformers, Cranmer looked to all the spiritual functions as absolutely dependent on the will of the King, as temporal commissions, like those of any other magistrate (p. 302-329).

We really have hardly anything to add to this account of the Anglican Reformation from the pen of a Protestant writer, who, by common consent, was better versed in its history than any other scholar of his age, or indeed of any age. It is enough to show how misleading it is to speak of the ecclesiastical policy of the Tudors as emancipatory. It was indeed emancipatory as regarded themselves, for it freed them

from the last restraints which hung loosely enough upon their authority. But it was not emancipatory as regarded the people. For them it simply substituted King Henry for Pope Clement, Queen Elizabeth for Pope Pius, as supreme governor in matters ecclesiastical. Henry VII. had overthrown well-nigh all the civil liberties of his subjects. Henry VIII. crushed the spiritual power—he found it reduced to a shadow—which in earlier ages had been strong enough to curb the license of Norman and Angevine. It was the finishing stroke of Tudor absolutism, bringing as it did the consciences of men into captivity to the royal authority. And this was why Catholic and Puritan alike resisted it unto death. The truth is that the whole history of our country, from the accession of Henry VII. to the downfall of James II., is quite irreconcilable with Mr. Gardiner's theory of mechanical development, of natural sequence. Those two centuries are a period of retrogression, fiercely resisted at times, but unavailingly, until the great event of 1688 once more (in Lord Chatham's happy phrase) "vindicated" the liberties of the subject. The whole policy of the Stuarts was conceived in the spirit of their Tudor predecessors. The doctrines of immediate Divine right and passive obedience, so dear to the Jameses and the Charleses (the real meaning and practical importance of which Mr. Gardiner much under-estimates), were the fitting complement and crown of the tremendous extension of the prerogative by the last two Henrys. Europe was well-nigh everywhere following the same path in the public order. The peculiarity of our history—due, no doubt, in great measure to the ineradicable influences of race—is that, while in other countries the free institutions of the Middle Ages were almost entirely swept away, with us they were merely perverted into instruments of tyranny. As Mr. Freeman tells us with exact truth, in his admirable lectures on the growth of the English Constitution, under Henry VIII. the Parliaments, like judges, juries, and ecclesiastical synods, ordered whatever seemed good to the caprice of the despot. But then the Parliaments remained; and in the ashes of our old constitutional freedom slept its wonted fires, ready, when the appointed time should come, to be kindled into a blaze. In the days of the great Queen, who, foul and manifold as are the blots which stain her name, was in every fibre of her an Englishwoman, and who understood her countrymen, the spirit of the men "who taught the Edwards and the Richards that there was a power mightier than their own," reasserted itself, and caused even her imperious will to hesitate and pause. But it required the combined dulness and doggedness of the Second James to prove fully to the world the vitality of our ancient constitutional institutions, and of the spirit of freedom of which they were the sacred shrines.

So much must suffice, in the brief notice to which we are here restricted, to indicate in rough outline the nature and cause of our divergence from Mr. Gardiner. Mr. Mullinger's annotated catalogue, which forms the second part of the work, is evidently the fruit of much labour, and we do not doubt that it has been executed with honesty of purpose. There are, however, some strange omissions in it: as a sample of them, we may mention that he does not give among his authorities for the period from A.D. 1485 to A.D. 1603, Mr. Pocock's

invaluable "Records of the Reformation." His estimates of his authorities, moreover, are sometimes much behind the age. Thus, Foxe, the chronicler, whose strange and extravagant lies have been so abundantly exposed of late years, is described by him as "a man of high character and undoubted integrity of purpose" (p. 309); while Sander, whose curious and minute accuracy has been so singularly confirmed by recent investigators, is mentioned only in an addendum; and even then with the grudging and altogether inadequate statement that "his treatise is frequently appealed to *by the writers of his party* as authoritative, and embodies, *they maintain*, a more truthful representation of events than that given by Protestant writers" (p. 330). (The italics are our own.) It has been shown at length in this Review,\* that it is to non-Catholic writers that we owe the vindication of Sander's authority and veracity. And Mr. Mullinger's ignorance upon this point suggests doubts as to the completeness of his acquaintance with that "most recent and approved criticism," the "main results" of which he had led his readers to expect. W. S. L.

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*History of Materialism, and Criticisms of its Present Importance.* By FREDERICK ALBERT LANGE. Authorized Translation: by ERNEST CHESTER THOMAS. In three volumes. London: Trübner

A FEW years ago Messrs. Trübner projected an English and Foreign Philosophical Library, "which should represent all developments of philosophy, from Spinoza to Hartmann, and from Leibnitz to Lötze." The first work selected by them for a place in their collection was the "History of Materialism, and Criticism of its Present Importance," by Dr. Albert Lange. Professor Tyndall, in his address to the British Association at Belfast, had acknowledged his indebtedness to "the spirit and the letter" of this work. Professor Huxley had declared, in his "Lay Sermons, Lectures, and Addresses," that a translation of it would be "a great service to philosophy in England." It was apparently, as we learn from the translator's preface, in deference to these *ex cathedra* utterances of the Pontiffs of Agnosticism, that the history of Materialism was chosen as the first instalment of Messrs. Trübner's Philosophical Library, the translator selected being Mr. E. C. Thomas, late scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, whose labours were sanctioned by the author. The first volume of Mr. Thomas's English version appeared in 1878. The second followed at a short interval. Now the third is before us. The work is thus completed, and we proceed to say something about it.

In the first place, let us testify that Mr. Thomas has done his part well. That his translation is elegant we do not aver, but then the original is not elegant. Lange was a German professor, and although by no means so detestable a writer as most of his brethren, he did not altogether escape the heavy, lumbering, uncultured style which, as Schopenhauer has somewhere observed, is the *spécialité* of the Teutonic

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\* See an article entitled "The True View of the Protestant Reformation," published in our issue of July 15, 1877.

teaching body. Mr. Thomas's English version is a careful and accurate reproduction of his author in idiomatic English. He has done his work well, we repeat. But was it worth doing?

We think it was. Our reason for thinking this is, of course, a very different reason from that which prompted the eulogies which we have cited from Messrs. Huxley and Tyndall. We by no means regard Dr. Lange's book as an important contribution to philosophic thought. But this much we cheerfully concede: that it states the case for Materialism fully, and thus enables those who have any just occasion for investigating that system to estimate it at its true value. Indeed, to say that Lange states the case for Materialism fully is to say too little. He overstates it. He ranks too highly, by a long way, the logical value of the arguments in favour of it, and does not by any means do justice to those on the other side. We do not know who has more fairly characterized the work than Professor Flint, of Edinburgh:—

It everywhere shows clearness, vigour, and critical acuteness of intellect, a wide acquaintance with the positive sciences, a competent knowledge of the writings of the chief ancient and modern Materialists, and the power of natural and spirited expression. It has no claim, however, to be considered as in any sense an epoch-making book, and is not without great faults. Strictly speaking, it is not a history of Materialism, but a history of science, written on the assumption that the whole world of knowledge can alone be explained by matter and mechanism. It is, to a far larger extent, an exposition of the theories, and a discussion of the problems, which seem to its author to bear on Materialism, than an account and criticism of directly Materialistic speculations. It nowhere gives evidence of original research or great erudition, and has thrown little new light on any period of the history the course of which it traces ("Anti-Theistic Theories," p. 459).

With the estimate thus expressed by this judicious and candid writer we in the main agree. Let us add, however, that there is one very remarkable lacuna in Dr. Lange's work to which special attention ought to be called. He gives us next to no information about Mediæval Materialism—a most curious and interesting subject, never, so far as we know, adequately dealt with.

Let us, however, pass over the merely historical portion of this work and come to the critical, which, after all, is the most important. Let us see what, according to Professor Lange and Mr. Thomas, is the present importance of Materialism. In the first place, what do they mean by Materialism? "The true element in Materialism," they tell us (vol. ii. p. 391), is "the exclusion of the miraculous and arbitrary from the nature of things." And, again (vol. iii. p. 336), "Materialism, more than any other system, keeps to reality—i.e., to the sum total of the necessary phenomena given to us by the compulsion of sense"—the brain, and all the organs of sentient life, being among such phenomena. And, once more:—"The whole problem of force and matter runs into a problem of the theory of knowledge" (vol. ii. p. 390), and there he is content to leave it. But this is not all:—

A reality such as man imagines to himself, and as he yearns after when this imagination is dispelled (he writes)—an existence absolutely

fixed, and independent of us, while it is yet known by us—such a reality does not exist, and cannot exist, because the synthetic creative factor of our knowledge extends, in fact, into the very first sense-impressions, and even into the elements of logic. The world is not only *idea*, but also *our idea*: a product of the organization of the *species* in the universal and necessary characteristics of all experience; of the *individual* in the synthesis that deals freely with the object. We may also say that the reality is the phenomenon for the species, while the delusive appearance, on the contrary, is a phenomenon for the individual, which only becomes an error by reality, *i.e.*, existence for the species, being ascribed it. But the task of producing harmony among phenomena, and of linking the manifold that is given to us into unity, belongs not merely to the synthetic factors of experience, but also to those of speculation. Here, however, the connecting organization of the species leaves us in the lurch; the individual speculates in his own fashion, and the product of this speculation acquires importance for the species, or rather for the nation and contemporaries, only in so far as the individual creating it is endowed with rich and normal talents, and is typical in his modes of thought, while by his intellectual energy he is called to be a leader. The conceptional poesy of speculation is, however, not even so completely free; it still strives, like empirical research, after a unitary exhibition of data in their connection, but it lacks the guiding compulsion of the principles of experience. Only in poesy, in the narrower sense of the word, in poetry, is the ground of reality consciously abandoned. In speculation, form has the preponderance over matter; in poetry, it is completely dominant. The poet creates in the free play of his spirit a world to his own liking, in order to impress more vividly upon the easily manageable material a form which has its own intrinsic value, and its importance independently of the problems of knowledge (vol. iii., p. 336).

It will be seen that Dr. Lange is a Materialist with a difference. Matter and its laws he holds to be the only facts in the proper sense of the word. Philosophy and religion he treats not as real, but as notional. Let us hear him again on this subject:—

So long as men sought the core of religion in the elevation of our souls above the real, and in the creation of a home of the spirit, then the purest forms may produce essentially the same psychological processes as the charcoal-burner's creed of the uncultured masses, and all the philosophical refinement of ideas will never bring us to zero. An unrivalled model of this is the way in which Schiller, in his "Realm of Shadows," has generalized the Christian doctrine of redemption into the idea of an æsthetical redemption. The elevation of the soul in faith here becomes the flight into the idea-land of beauty, where all labour finds its rest—every struggle and every want their peace and their reconciliation. But the heart which is terrified by the awful power of the law which no mortal can resist, opens itself to the Divine will, which it recognizes as the true essence of its own will, and thus finds itself reconciled with Deity. If these moments of elevation are but fleeting, yet they work with freeing and purifying effect upon the soul, and in the distance appears the perfection which no one can any more deprive us of, figured under the image of Herakles mounting to the skies. This poem is a product of a time and a sphere of culture which were certainly not inclined to concede too much to what was specifically Christian; the poet of the "Gods of Greece" does not conceal himself; everything here is in a sense Pagan; and yet Schiller here stands nearer to the traditional life of Christian faith than the rationalizing dogmatism which arbitrarily maintains the notion

of God, and abandons the doctrine of redemption as irrational. Let us accustom ourselves, then, to attribute a higher worth than hitherto to the principle of the creative idea in itself, and apart from any correspondence with historical and scientific knowledge, but also without any falsification of them; let us accustom ourselves to regard the world of ideas as figurative representation of the entire truth, just as indispensable to all human progress as the knowledge of the understanding, by resolving the greater or less import of every idea into ethical and æsthetic principles (vol. iii., p. 345).

Professor Lange manifests an uneasy feeling that his prescription of a gigantic make-belief will not please the judicious reader. "This advice," he writes, "will indeed appear to many an old, and even new believer, as if we were to draw the ground from beneath his feet and ask him to remain standing as if nothing had happened." Surely so. But let us hear the Professor once more, and that in a passage which we quote with the more pleasure because it reveals him at his best:—

Meanwhile the dissolving forces act only as they must. They obey the inexorable categorical imperative of thought, the conscience of the understanding, which is awakened so soon as in the creation of the transcendental the Letter becomes conspicuous, because the Spirit leaves it in search of newer forms. But one thing only can finally bring humanity to an ever-during peace—the recognition of the imperishable nature of all poesy in Art, Religion, and Philosophy, and the permanent reconciliation, on the basis of this recognition, of the controversy between investigation and imagination. Then, also, will be found a changeful harmony of the true, the good, and the beautiful, instead of that dead unity to which our Free Congregations are at present clinging, when they make empirical truth their only basis. Whether the future will again build lofty cathedrals, or will content itself with light and cheerful halls; whether organ-peals and the sound of bells will with fresh force thunder through the land, or whether gymnastic and music, in the Greek sense, will be elevated to the centre of the training of a new epoch—in no case will the past be entirely lost, and in no case will the obsolete reappear unaltered. In a certain sense the ideas of religion, too, are imperishable. Who will refute a Mass of Palestrina, or who will convict Raphael's Madonna of error? The "Gloria in Excelsis" remains a universal power, and will ring through centuries, so long as our nerves can quiver under the awe of the sublime. And those simple fundamental ideas of the redemption of the individual man by the surrendering of his own will to the will that guides the whole; those images of death and resurrection which express the highest and most thrilling emotions that stir the human breast, when no prose is capable of uttering in cold words the fulness of the heart; those doctrines, finally, which bid us to share our bread with the hungry, and to announce the glad tidings to the poor—they will not for ever disappear, in order to make way for a society which has attained its goal, when it owes a better police system to its understanding, and to its ingenuity the satisfaction of ever-fresh wants by ever-fresh inventions.—(vol. iii., p. 361).

Such is the sentimentalism which Dr. Lange presents to us as the conclusion of this long and laborious work. We must honestly say that it seems to us a most "lame and impotent conclusion." It is "faith as vague as all unsweet." Theism may have its difficulties,

but those of Professor Lange's new theory of the universe are still greater. Catholicism may—

———be hard to flesh and blood,  
But nonsense never can be understood.

It is very curious and significant that a thinker who claims and means to be eminently rational, should end in such flat unreason. "Sentimentality" writes the keenest observer of the century, "is a product of Materialism. The Materialist carries in his soul the vague consciousness that all the world is not matter. It is of no use for his limited understanding to show him the material character of everything. His soul instinctively rebels. He is from time to time tormented by the necessity of recognizing in things a purely spiritual origin; and these desires, these vague wants, produce the vague effect which we call sentimentality." Perhaps the chief value of Dr. Lange's work lies in the striking illustration which it affords of these words of Heine.

W. S. L.

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*History of Ireland: Critical and Philosophical.* Vol. I. By STANDISH O'GRADY, ex-Scholar Trinity College, Dublin. Gold Medallist of the Philosophical Society. London: Sampson Low & Co. Dublin: Ponsonby & Co. 1881.

THE author of this instalment of a complete History of Ireland is deeply convinced that there is scarcely in existence a product of the human mind so extraordinary as the Irish annals. "For more than three thousand years before the birth of Christ the stream of Hibernian history flows down uninterrupted, copious, and abundant, between accurately defined banks," king after king and battle after battle; yet, after all, it is but a gorgeous bubble, a mirage and a delusion. It is a creation of the bards, yet not without a certain reality. The legends represent the imagination of the country, and the sort of history which a nation desires to possess. They indicate the ambition and ideals of the people, and, in this way, have a value beyond the tale of actual events and duly recorded deeds. In Ireland especially the mythical period belongs in a certain sense to the historical. It runs into it, and no one can exactly point out the lines of demarcation between the two. It colours it and modifies it in many ways. The Irish bardic literature clings close to rath and cairn; and whereas in the rest of Europe there is not a barrow, dolman, or cist of which the ancient traditional history is recorded, there is hardly one in Ireland of which it is not. Poetic literature constitutes the stumbling-block and the glory of early Irish history: it cannot be rejected and it cannot be retained. Such are the views with which the author approaches the study of the mythology and heroic exploits which in Ireland preceded the dawn of Christianity, and were embodied in the verses of highly honoured and famous bards. We confess that the particulars he enters into respecting the predecessors and progenitors of the Irish gods, the classic gods of ethnic Ireland, and the natural mythology of the Irish, are to our minds more curious than enter-



taining, and more brilliant than useful. The pre-historic kings of Ireland have little interest for us, nor can we easily warm ourselves into sympathy with the chief personages of ancient heroic cycles. Even in subsequent epochs the history of Ireland fills us with continual disappointment. It is delightful and edifying to contemplate the slow growth of a noble people, and to see how the chaos of aimless struggles gradually settled down into the wise and determined action of a nation fulfilling its part in the great national brotherhood of mankind ; but, to use the words of this writer himself—

For the historian of Ireland no such delightful task is reserved ; not for him to trace the track of the many springs and rivulets, to mark how they converge, and, uniting, form the strong undivided current of the history of a nation moving forward between its firm shores, freighted with the destiny of a single people accomplishing its fate ; not for him to limn the slow glorious growth of a nation among the nations of the earth. Beginnings ever beginnings ; noble actions without end, that shine and vanish ; characters as great as any, but resultless ; leadings full of hope leading no whither ; flashing glories ever dimmed and blasted, travail and labour unceasing, expectation and resolution ever baffled ; through all the centuries, Ireland, as in birth-pangs with many cries, labouring to bring forth the Irish nation, and that nation still unborn. *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.*

There were many features in the Irish race, as described in semi-historic bardic tradition, which have characterized them ever since ; and it is this circumstance that gives to their ancient literature a value and interest which it would not otherwise possess. Regarded from this point of view, there will be very many, especially among natives of Ireland, who will read with satisfaction the copious details which fill the greater part of this volume. They will glow, perhaps, with delight over the Milesian and Gadelian legends, the invasion of Ireland by the sons of Milesius, the war-goddess Macha, and the “Floruit and Death of Conairi Mōr.” Here is a brief specimen of the history, if it can be called history, of this period—

Outshining all is the great central figure of Conairi Mōr, his countenance reflecting the majesty of a sovereign and the spirituality of a bard. Like the colour of the clouds at sunrise are the changing hues of his vast bratta, and like sundown on a plain of untrodden snow the red and white of his countenance, lit with eyes dark blue, over which droop lashes chafer black. Like the round moon glitters the great brooch upon his breast, thick sown with gems along the edge, and amid his shining yellow hair flashes the refulgence of the royal Ard-Roth. Above his head is a canopy of silver cloth, and at his right hand his sceptre of silver, with which, like eagles from their eyries, he summons forth his long-haired warriors. Beside him lies his sword, a hand's breadth of it escaped from the scabbard, which shoots forth light beyond the light of royal candles, and from it came a voice singing sweeter than the sound of harpers in kings' houses.

In treating of Cuculain, son of Sualtam, and the host of lesser heroes who revolve around him, Mr. O'Grady expresses his opinion of the value of the heroic literature of Ireland, which the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language is doing its best to make known. An Irish bias, he says, may probably affect him, but he cannot help regarding

the age of the Red Branch Cycle as higher in intrinsic worth than the corresponding ages of Greece. Admitting that there is in Homer, Hesiod, and the Attic poets, a polish and artistic form not to be found in the existing monuments of Irish heroic thought, he believes, notwithstanding, that the gold, the ore itself, is here massier and more pure, the sentiment deeper and more tender, the audacity and freedom more exhilarating, the reach of imagination more sublime, the depth and power of the human soul more fully exhibiting themselves. This is not the conclusion at which we should have arrived after reading the "Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne," translated by Mr. O'Grady. The story of "Diarmid and Graney," as it is spelt in the history before us, belongs to the literature surrounding the name of Finn and to the Ossianic Cycle. When Mr. O'Grady arrives at the age of St. Patrick, which is nearly at the end of this volume, his narrative is jejune and fragmentary so far as the apostle of Ireland is regarded. Though he does not differ essentially from the statements generally accepted respecting that great missionary, he lays greater stress on the independence of the church of Ireland than Catholic histories, such as "*Les Petits Bollandistes*," in the "*Vie de Saint Patrice*," and Father Sylvester Malone, would admit. Even Baring Gould, in his life of St. Patrick, after speaking of the mission of the Saint from Rome, about the year 431, adds this testimony:—"The most authentic accounts of his mission agree in stating that, besides having baptized some persons, he erected three churches; and the news of his success, perhaps magnified in its transit, excited such a confident assurance in Rome of his complete conquest of the island to the Cross, that Prosper did not hesitate to say that 'through the exertion of Pope Celestine, Ireland was become a Christian country.'" Acting therefore, as St. Patrick did, as one directly delegated by the Holy See, we incline to believe that Mr. O'Grady has greatly overstated "that self-reliant Irish ecclesiastical organization which Rome and St. Patrick were unable to suppress or to assimilate."

We cannot conclude this notice without referring to the chapter—the last but one in the volume—on the "Introduction of Letters." It comments on that peculiar feature of bardic literature in Ireland, the absence of MSS., and of the art of writing on vellum. The species of writing which it employed was called "Ogham," and consisted of notches cut above, below, and across a horizontal line—always cut, and always inscribed either on timber, stone, or metal. Mr. O'Grady supports the opinion of Dr. Graves that the Ogham is not an independent alphabet, but a cypher with many modes and forms, akin, in its later manifestations, to the Runic inscriptions of the Norse nations. It had a cryptic character, and by its weird and mysterious associations was connected with Druid secrets and spells. We shall be curious to see how this learned writer will treat the subsequent history of Ireland, which will consist henceforward of ascertainable facts, though not devoid of much debatable ground.

*Life, Letters, and Diary of Father Henry Fitzsimon, S.J.—Words of Comfort to Persecuted Catholics, written in Exile, anno 1607; Letters from a Cell in Dublin Castle; and Diary of the Bohemian War of 1620.* By Father HENRY FITZSIMON, Priest of the Society of Jesus. With a Sketch of his Life by EDMUND HOGAN, Priest of the same Society. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1881.

AT the close of the sixteenth century, "the Irish exiles, everywhere dispersed by persecution," petitioned the Pope for more teachers of the Faith, and especially priests of the Society of Jesus, to be sent to labour in "the yellow harvest of Ireland." One of the most remarkable men, sent secretly in answer to this petition, was Father Henry Fitzsimon, whose short miscellaneous writings, letters, and life form the present contribution to the published records of the Irish Province of the Society of Jesus. The researches of the editor brought to light many years ago in Rome, and identified as belonging to Father H. Fitzsimon, the "Diary of the Bohemian War," which had been published in Latin under the names "Candidus Eblaninus" and "Constantius Peregrinus." The same energetic research makes especially interesting the sketch of the life of the Jesuit missionary priest, theological disputant, and army chaplain; but the sketch being drawn from the early seventeenth century of altered names and hidden and hunted lives, there are necessarily long lapses of silence and doubtful points, upon which it is hoped light will yet be thrown in a future edition.

Henry Fitzsimon, born in Ireland in 1566, was in boyhood, as he himself says, "inveigled into heresy." He passed some years of school-life in a Puritan, and evidently a Papist-hating, atmosphere at Manchester; for higher studies he went to Oxford; and in the twentieth year of his age he was in Paris, believing himself "to be able to convert to Protestantie any encounterer whatsoever," when, instead, he himself became one of the many converts of the English Jesuit, Father Thomas Darbyshire. The taste for disputation and the knowledge of Protestant argument, which he had desired hitherto to use against all Catholic "encounterers," were now and henceforth turned to the defence of the truth and the conversion of souls with all the insatiable ardour of reparation. He entered the Society of Jesus, because it was the centre of heretical attack. In the same spirit, when, in Dublin, his opponents shirked meeting his challenges, he willingly allowed himself to be seized and imprisoned, "that the ministers might know where to find him," and be tempted to accept his challenge. Before his imprisonment he had laboured with fearless publicity and with immense success; but his five years in Dublin Castle were likewise an apostolate. Five years of gloomy incarceration, with manifold sufferings heaped upon him by the hatred of his enemies, could not daunt his desire to seize every chance of winning souls or of defeating with confusion the teachers of false doctrine. He was ever ready to break a lance with any comer, for his Master's honour. Written challenges sometimes brought the paid dignitaries of the new Church to public contest; at other times

they were arrested by his famous "stentorian voice" sounding from his cell. In consequence of this unbroken spirit, and the almost fierce bitterness of argument with which he condemned the men whom he knew to be bartering false doctrine for hire, there was amongst the Protestant ministers an angry dread of the imprisoned champion, and within the prison walls a jealous hatred, which brought upon him harder treatment than was suffered by any other prisoner—a terrible avowal of his own, when we remember the chains, starvation, and loathsome lodging which Dublin Castle bestowed on others whose sorrows were more fully recorded than his. But probably his hardest prison treatment, and the suffering before which all others paled, was the incident told briefly in one of his letters:—

The governor of the prison has been my deadly enemy, and has often plotted against my life. He is generally considered a bad enemy and a worse friend. For three years he watched most intently to catch me celebrating Mass. At last, on the Feast of Saints Peter and Paul, he rushed in on me just as I was ending the *Pater Noster* of the Mass. I saved the Sacred Host from the sacrilegious wretch; but he wrested the chalice from me, and the Divine Blood was sprinkled all about the cell. He took also the vestments. My conscience tells me that I had omitted nothing to prevent such a horrid sacrilege. But the cunning of the man who lies in wait is greater than all possible precautions. Through the malignity of this man, it is very difficult for anyone to speak with me. He has surrounded me with the most cruel guards and spies that his malice could find out; nevertheless, by the Divine help, I have, in the space of one month, brought back to the bosom of the Church seven Protestants, one of whom is my head warder.

At last his imprisonment was, by royal grant, exchanged for a sentence of banishment, and for a space of more than twenty-five years he was one of the many Irish priests whose decree of exile from their own country turned to a decree of blessing, grace, and light of learning, for the countries that received them. At one time we find him seeking in a plague-stricken city the death of a martyr of charity, since martyrdom for faith had been denied him. At another, he is acting as chaplain to the army of Bucquoi, sent to quell the Bohemian rising; and there is a wonderful seventeenth-century character traced in the Bucquoi of his diary—the blunt, brave, and withal pious-minded soldier in command of unpaid troops athirst for pillage, and by that very command forced into a rule of relentless justice and vigilance. In the year 1630 Father Henry Fitzsimon returned by stealth from his exile to wear out his age, for yet more than a decade of years, in a hidden ministry in his own land. He had collected Irish records and the names of Irish saints from many a foreign library, and it was for his own persecuted race that he dared death to the last. The apostolate from cabin to cabin, by bog and mountain path—always under the shadow of the halter to which he had been condemned in Dublin—finally proved too arduous for his waning life. He died at an advanced age, peacefully among his fellow members of the Society.

We heartily welcome the present record of this strong and fiery character and long career of missionary work. It is meant for popular reading, as we may judge from the translations of Latin, and the

modern interpretations of old spelling; and, besides the history of the central figure, there is in the letters a large amount of minute illustration of that age of persecution which we can never know too well. If we may offer a suggestion as to the printing of future editions, there are passages where changes of type, or some other clear distinction, would save the reader from the risk of confounding the editor's text with the extracts and letters.

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*Die eucharistische Wandlung und die Epiklese der griechischen und orientalischen Liturgien.* Von Dr. JOSEPH FRANZ. Würzburg: Leo Wörl. 1880. (Eucharistic Transubstantiation and the Epiklesis of Greek and Oriental Liturgies.)

THE author, who is superior of the clerical seminary of the diocese of Würzburg, has for his object in this work to establish the doctrine that transubstantiation in the Mass depends exclusively on the words of consecration. He refutes, first, the schismatical Greeks, who suppose that transubstantiation is not accomplished by the sole pronouncement of those words, but also requires, either after or before them, an epiklesis (ἐπικαλέω), or invocation of the Holy Ghost. Secondly, he argues against those Catholic theologians who, principally before the Council of Trent, whilst fully attaching to the words spoken by the priest the power of consecrating, nevertheless require a prayer of the Church, or epiklesis, and, in establishment of their opinion, appeal to the Roman liturgy, or canon. Dr. Franz is very successful in vindicating the common opinion of theologians. His arguments are drawn from the narrative of the Gospels, the Fathers of the Church, the Scholastics, the Councils, the Decree for the Armenians, the liturgical books of the Roman Church, and last, but not least, from the Oriental liturgies. Chapter VIII., in which the Oriental liturgies are examined, is perhaps the most elaborate and instructive. We fully agree with the author in calling them "auriferous," since they testify to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and convey to every priest the most sublime idea of the noble office entrusted to him by the Church. We sincerely wish this learned treatise many and attentive readers.

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*A Manual of Hindu Pantheism. The Vedântasâra.* Translated, with Copious Annotations, by Major G. A. JACOB, Bengal Staff Corps, Inspector of Army Schools. (In Trübner's Oriental Series.) London: Trübner & Co.

HINDU philosophy, however interesting and important in itself (and of its interest and importance there can be no question), is a subject which probably lies outside the studies of most. So that, for the benefit of the general reader, it may not be useless to explain that there are six schools of it, known as—1. Nyâya: said "to represent its sensational aspect, as treating the external as a solid reality and having a pointed regard to the fact of the five senses;" 2. Vaiseshika: the Atomic School, teaching the existence of a transient world composed of aggregations of eternal

atoms ; 3. Sâṅkya, which is essentially Atheistic, although it is not, by the way, as Victor Cousin asserts, pure materialism ; 4. Yoga : a theistic development of Sâṅkya ; 5. Pūrva-Mīmāṃsa ; and 6. Uttara-Mīmāṃsa—the Prior and Posterior Mīmāṃsa : two schools, the ostensible object of both which is “to teach the art of reasoning, with the express purpose of aiding the interpretation of the Vedas ;” and both which are included in the general term Vedānta. “The main doctrine of the Vedānta,” as Mr. Davies tells us in his “Hindu Philosophy,” “is that there is, in reality, only one existence. It teaches a-dvaita, or non-dualism, as decidedly as Schelling and Hegel. All things visible or invisible are only forms of one Eternal Essence (τὸ ἕν). The basis of the system is, therefore, a pure Pantheism. In its later development this system denies the existence of matter or material forms, as objective realities. Visible things are only appearances, a kind of mirage, called māyā (illusion).”

So much as to the Hindu schools of philosophy in general, and, in particular, as to the Vedānta, of which the Vedāntasâra is sometimes called the essence. Indeed, it is expressly presented to us by its author as such, in his initial Section :—

“Having saluted my preceptor who, for his having got rid of the notion of duality, is significantly named Adwayânanda, I will now propound the essence of the Vedānta, according to my conception of it.”

It is, in fact, in the Vedāntasâra that the old Vedānta received its final form—the form in which it still influences Hindu thought ; and as Major Jacob truly remarks : “If the people of India can be said to have any religion at all, apart from mere caste observances, it will be found in the Vedānta philosophy, the leading tenets of which are known to some extent in every village.” Hence the extreme importance of it to all who would understand the mind of the Indian people, especially to Christian missionaries, for whose special benefit this volume is stated to have been compiled. The Vedāntasâra teaching, we may observe, in conclusion, has thus been summed up by M. Barth, in his interesting work noticed by us in the present number of this Review : “In this system the finite world does not exist ; it is the production of the Mâyâ, of the deceptive magic of God, a mere spectacle where all is illusion—theatre, actors, and piece alike ; a ‘play’ without purpose, where the Absolute plays with himself ; the ineffable and the inconceivable, is the only real.”

*Social History of the Races of Mankind.* Fifth Division : Aramæans.  
By A. FEATHERMAN. London : Trübner. 1881.

**M**R. FEATHERMAN, as it would appear, proposes to write the Social History of the Races of Mankind in ten volumes, of which the present is put forward as a specimen. It is a great undertaking, and we must say that the book before us does not raise a favourable presumption as to the author's capacity for it. In one quality, indeed, which is not to be despised, although by itself inade-

quate, he does not appear to be deficient. Thus does he write of his preparations and his enterprise :—

Ten years of constant application have thus far been devoted to the collection of materials, and this time has been passed in the best libraries of Europe and America, where the most authentic authors who have written in any of the languages of the civilized world have been examined, either in the original or in translations. The authorities have been thoroughly studied; the facts have been selected with critical discernment, and no doubtful or incredible statements are admitted in the text unless controverted in a footnote.

Now, self-confidence is an excellent thing, as we have said, in its way, and when supported by adequate grounds. But, unfortunately, the 650 pages which Mr. Featherman puts before us, by no means bear out his attribution to himself of thorough study, critical acumen, and accurate diagnosis. No doubt he has read a great number of authors, and filled many note-books, the contents of which he serves up to the universe without much nicety of discrimination.

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*The Quatrains of Omar Khayyám.* Translated into English Verse by E. H. WHINFIELD, M.A., late of the Bengal Civil Service. (In Trübner's Oriental Series.) London: Trübner. 1881.

OMAR Khayyám, the tent-maker, is, as all students of Persian literature know—and a good many who are not students of Persian literature also know—a somewhat enigmatical personage. What is certain about him is, that he was born in the latter half of the eleventh century of our era, and died in the first quarter of the twelfth; and that he enjoyed great reputation in his own time, both as a man of science and a man of letters, “The King of the Wise,” “The Paragon of his Age,” being titles commonly conferred on him. As to his creed, philosophical or religious, there is the greatest divergence of opinion. M. Nicolas, who has edited his *Quatrains* in the original (the only one of his works which has been preserved, save certain mathematical treatises) is positive that he gave himself up with passion *à l'étude de la philosophie des Soufis* (Pref. p. xiii.). Von Hammer, on the other hand, is as firmly assured that he was “a Freethinker,” and a great opponent of Sūfism. However that may be, it is beyond question that he was a poet of no mean order. What Mr. Whinfield justly calls “a brilliant translation” of a hundred and one of his *Quatrains* was given to the world some years ago by Mr. Fitzgerald. Mr. Whinfield, in the present volume, translates two hundred and three of them. We cannot say that he is so brilliant as his predecessor, but, on the whole, he adheres more closely to the original. We give a few specimens of his verses. Each stanza, or tetrastich, we should note, is an independent poem :—

CIII.

Nor you nor I can read our destiny,  
To that dark riddle we can find no key.  
They talk of you and me behind the veil,  
But when the veil is lifted, where are we?

## CLIX.

The world, a hollow pageant, we should deem,  
 For wise men know things are not what they seem.  
 Be of good cheer, and drink, and so shake off  
 These vain delusions of a baseless dream.

## CXXXVI.

The world is baffled in its search for Thee,  
 Wealth cannot find Thee ; no, nor poverty.  
 Thou'rt very near us, but our ears are stopped,  
 Our eyes are blinded that we may not see.

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*The Religions of India.* By A. BARTH, Member of the Société Asiatique of Paris. Authorized Translation, by the Rev. J. Wood, Edin. (In Trübner's Oriental Series.) London : Trübner. 1881.

THIS volume is an expansion of an article contributed two years ago by the learned author to the "Encyclopédie des Sciences Religieuses," published in Paris under the editorship of Professor Lichtenberger, and is intended to be "a *résumé*, as faithful and realistic as possible, of the latest results of inquiry in all provinces of the vast domain" which it embraces. The merit of the work has been emphatically recognized by the most authoritative Orientalists both in this country and on the Continent of Europe. And Messrs. Trübner have done well in adding it to their Oriental Series. It is, of course, written rather for the general reader than the specialist ; it is, indeed, expressly called by the author "an elementary work." But probably there are few Indianists (if we may use the word) who would not derive a good deal of information from it, and especially from the extensive bibliography provided in the notes. It is impossible for us in the space to which we are here restricted to enter upon a detailed survey of M. Barth's book. But one point to which we may specially direct attention is his view of the Vedas. Differing from many—indeed, from the majority—of scholars, he fails to see in the Rig Veda "that quality of primitive natural simplicity usually ascribed to it." Nay, even the Hymns do not appear to him "to show the least trace of popular derivation." On the contrary, he is "inclined to believe that they emanate from a narrow circle of priests, and that they reflect a somewhat singular view of things." And he further observes :—

Not only can I not accept the generally received opinion that Vedic and Aryan are synonymous terms ; I am even not at all sure to what extent we are right in speaking of a Vedic people. Not that communities did not then worship the gods of the Veda, but I doubt very much if they regarded them as they are represented in the Hymns, any more than that they afterwards sacrificed to them in community after the rites prescribed in the Brāhmanas. If there is any justice in these views, it is evident that a literature such as this will only embrace what is within the scope of a limited horizon, and will have authoritative weight only in regard to things in a more or less special reference, and



that the negative conclusions especially which may be deduced from such documents must be received with not a little reservation. A single instance, to which I limit myself, will suffice for illustration. Suppose that certain hymns of the tenth book of the Rig-Veda—a book which the majority of critics look upon with distrust—had not come down to us, what would we learn from the rest of the collection respecting the worship of the *manes* of the departed? We might know that India paid homage to certain powers called Pitris, or Fathers, but we could not infer from that, any more than from the later worship of the Mâtris, or Mothers, this worship of ancestors, of spirits of the dead, which, as the comparative study of the beliefs, customs, and institutions of Greece and Rome shows us, was nevertheless from the remotest antiquity one of the principal sources of public and private right, one of the bases of the family and the civic community. I am therefore far from believing that the Veda has taught us everything on the ancient social and religious condition of even Aryan India; or that everything there can be accounted for by reference to it. Outside of it I see room not only for superstitious beliefs, but for real popular religions, more or less distinct from that which we find in it; and on this point we shall arrive at more than one conclusion from the more profound study of the subsequent period. We shall perhaps find that, in this respect also, the past did not differ so much from the present as might at first appear; that India has always had, alongside of its Veda, something equivalent to its great Sivaite and Vishnuite religions, which we see in the ascendant at a later date, and that these anyhow existed contemporaneously with it for a very much longer period than has till now been generally supposed.—Pref. p. xv.

As we have said, this is not the generally received view, but it has the support of many high authorities; among whom, we may remark, is Professor Tiele, of Leyden.

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*Der Prophet Ezechiel erklärt.* Von Dr. RUDOLF SMEND, Professor der Theologie in Bael. Mit 8 Holzschnitten und einem lithographirten Plan. Leipzig: Verlag von S. Hirzel. 1880. (*The Prophet Ezechiel explained.* By Dr. RUDOLF SMEND, Theological Professor at Basle. With eight woodcuts and a lithographic plan. Leipsic: Published by S. Hirzel. 1880.)

WE cannot help expressing the debt of personal gratitude which we owe to this book. In many respects Ezechiel is a difficult author; his style abounds in grammatical irregularities, and the Hebrew text is in many places evidently corrupt. After all the work of commentators, differences of opinion and uncertainty on the meaning of many passages will remain; but this need not hinder us from acknowledging how carefully and how well Dr. Smend has done his work. After a diligent perusal of his book, we have not found one word in his commentary wasted—(indeed it is surprising how much matter he has compressed into 400 pages)—scarcely a sentence that is obscure and no single difficulty in the text passed by altogether or even evaded. The grammatical part of the commentary is extremely accurate, and, with regard to the criticism of the text, Dr. Smend seems to us to attain the mean between the rashness of Hitzig and the ultra-conservatism of Keil. We say nothing of

Dr. Smend's theory on the relation of Ezechiel to the Levitical law, because this part of the subject could not be discussed to any purpose within the limits at our disposal. But we hope the readers of this review will excuse us, if we follow a line which we have often pursued on similar occasions, and take the opportunity which this new commentary offers us of saying something on the position and characteristics of the prophet himself.

He was, as everybody knows, a prophet of the Exile. In the year 596 B.C. he was carried off to Babylon with King Joachin, and from that time onwards he lived in a colony of exiles by the river Chebar in the Tel Abib. His prophecies possess a special interest because Ezechiel himself habitually appends the dates to each separate prophecy. This enables us to fix exactly the period of that disastrous history through which he lived corresponding to each single prophecy. He was a priest, and very likely he had officiated in the temple; and he was in the very midst of his prophetic activity when the news reached him that the city had been "struck" and the temple destroyed. He dates the first of his prophecies in 592, the last (see xxix. 17) in 570. From cap. i.—xxiv. he sets the old Israel before us as it perishes and passes away, in cap. xxv.—xxxiii. we see God's judgments falling on the heathen, in xxxiii.—xlviii. the rise of the new and better Israel.

It is this position of Ezechiel among the exiles which separates him from his predecessors in the prophetic office, and fills him with ideas different from theirs, so that he marks a new era in that gradual revelation of God's character and designs which is unfolded in the Old Testament. Earlier prophets, even Jeremias, had stood between the people, as a unity, and God. Ezechiel could not do so in the same sense. The nation, as a nation, existed no longer, for only a miserable remnant was left in Juda, and even among the exiles Ezechiel for a time could find no hearing. He could not appeal to King or Court, or speak to the people as they gathered for God's worship at the temple, or make himself felt as a power in the policy of the state. But the "hand of God was strong upon him," and speak he must, "whether they would hear or whether they would forbear." Accordingly, he becomes what none of the prophets had been, at least, in anything like the same degree—viz., the pastor\* of individual souls. He is a preacher who addresses individuals: one by one he tries to mould the souls of the exiles among whom he moves, and so to form a new and regenerate Israel which will once more inherit the land.

Hence it was given to Ezechiel more than to any other prophet to insist on the great doctrines of individual responsibility and the account each soul must render singly to its God. He insists on the responsibility of the pastor and on the dread reckoning which will be exacted from him if he feeds himself and neglects to feed the

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\* We use the word "pastor" because it accurately describes the functions which Ezechiel attributes to himself as prophet. But he himself follows the old use, and employs the actual word "shepherd" to describe the kingly office.

sheep, if he allows souls to perish from the want of warning and admonition. No modern spiritual book, not even the New Testament itself, speaks in more awful or in more touching language on the responsibilities attached to the cure of souls. "The wicked will die in his sin, and his blood from thy hand I will require" (iii. 18 *et passim*). No less emphatically does Ezechiel insist on the responsibilities of free will, the issues which proceed from its use or abuse. Judgment comes not on the nation only, but on persons. No piety of fathers or forefathers, no personal piety in the past, if it has been abandoned for impiety in the present, will avail before God. "All souls are mine, the soul that sinneth, it will die" (xviii. 4). But there is another way in which Ezechiel shows himself a true pastor. He is not content with setting life and death before his hearers. No; his tenderness and true love of souls break forth from the midst of his announcements of God's inexorable law. It is no hard reign of law which he preaches, for behind the law there is the lawgiver, a compassionate and loving God, who pleads with souls and entreats them to take pity on themselves. "Make yourselves a new heart and a new spirit, and why will ye die, O house of Israel? Since I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth—it is the oracle of the Lord Jehovah—turn ye and live" (xviii. 31, 32). He lifts up the people when a true sense of sin was driving them to despair. "Thus ye have said and so ye speak: surely our rebellions and our sins are upon us and in them we pine away and how shall we live?" But the prophet answers in words of hope and courage, ending in the old pathetic strain. "As I live, it is the oracle of the Lord Jehovah, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but rather that the wicked should turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways and why will ye die, O house of Israel?" (xxxiii. 11). Even passages like 1 Tim. ii. 4, 2 Pet. iii. 9, do not exceed the sympathy and tenderness—we had almost said, the Christian tenderness—of this old Hebrew prophet, embittered though his life was by the ruin of his nation, by the "rebellious house" in the midst of which he lived, by the blow which struck him in his own family life, when in a moment God took from him his wife, "the desire of his eyes," and added the strict command, "thou shalt not lament and thou shalt not weep, and thy tears shall not flow; sigh in stillness" (xxiv. 16). We do not envy him who can read without emotion the history of that brave and honest, and tender and gentle heart.

We have spoken of Ezechiel in his special character as the pastor of souls. But of course we do not for a moment forget that he was, in the highest sense, a true prophet, filled with belief in the destinies of Israel and the coming of the Messianic kingdom. The old Israel was to pass away; the hopes of those who lingered in Palestine were to end in disaster, nor was there any salvation for the exiles if they continued impenitent (*cap. xi.*). But on two critical occasions Ezechiel showed where his true hope lay. At the former, King Sedecias was endeavouring to escape from his position as the vassal of Babylon by a treacherous alliance with Pharaoh Hophra of Egypt. Ezechiel condemns both the morality and the prudence

of this crooked policy. "He (Sedecias) hath despised the oath to break the covenant, and behold he hath given his hand (in surety); all this hath he done; he shall not escape" (xvii. 18). But will the promises made to David fail? Far from it. God will take from the "crown of the cedar"—*i.e.*, from the royal house of David—and place it on a high mountain, and all birds of the air will find their shelter under it. "I the Lord have spoken, and I will do" (xvii. 22–24).

The second crisis was more terrible still. The prophet sees Nabuchodonosor standing at the point where two roads diverge, and uncertain whither he will send his destroying hosts, to Ammon or Jerusalem, each of them in rebellion against him. He consults his household gods, gazes at the livers of the victims, shakes his divining arrows. Then suddenly the prophet sees the lot with the name of Jerusalem upon it leap into Nebuchodonosor's right hand; the fate of the city is determined, and Sedecias is to meet his doom. "The crown and the mitre" are to pass away, and the things that have been are to be no longer. But amidst the crash of empires the promise of the Messias remains indestructible, and the announcement of His advent flashes forth like a gleam of light amidst the darkness. "Ruin, ruin, ruin will I bring upon it until He comes to whom the government belongs, and to Him will I give it."

Here we had intended to end, but we will add one word more, which may serve to connect the beginning of this little essay with the end. We began by speaking of Ezechiel as a pastor of souls, and it is not without significance that he looks forward to the Messias, the Son of David, as the Good Shepherd. "I will raise up one shepherd, and he will feed them, David my servant. He will feed them, and he will be their shepherd" (xxxiv. 23). "David my servant shall be their prince for ever, and I will make with them a covenant of peace, an eternal covenant shall be with them" (xxxvii. 25).

W. E. ADDIS.

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*A Treatise on the Use of the Tenses in Hebrew and some other Syntactical Questions.* By S. R. DRIVER, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1881.

WE welcome with the greatest satisfaction this new edition of Mr. Driver's admirable treatise. We have in English the Grammar of Kalisch, which is undoubtedly a work of great excellence; but though it furnishes a most careful record of the facts in the Hebrew tongue, it does next to nothing for scientific theory, and it is much more complete and thorough in the accidence than in the syntax. The difficulties of Ewald's larger Grammar keep many students from reading it through, and besides, true as it is that no intelligent scholar can fail to derive new light and interest from Ewald's work, this great master is often arbitrary, and inattentive in his presentation of details. Mr. Driver's book is modest and thorough, and most lucid in style. It is one of those rare books which treat of language in such a way as to make its study a real instrument of philosophical cultivation. The instances of linguistic use

are well chosen and given in great abundance, and, having verified a very large number of them, we are able to testify to the care that has been taken in insuring correctness in the references. The treatise is perfectly within the reach of any one who has mastered a good Hebrew Grammar and read with care a considerable part of the Hebrew Bible. At the same time it is sure to stimulate its readers to further research, and it contains many interesting facts derived from comparison of the cognate languages. Mr. Driver has brought wide and accurate reading, laborious and independent investigation, to bear upon his subject. He is always master of his learning, never mastered by it. He has carefully elaborated his method and his style, and, as a consequence of all this, has produced a book which is nearly perfect in its kind.

W. E. ADDIS.

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*The Great Commentary of Cornelius à Lapide.* Translated by THOMAS W. MOSSMAN, B.A., Assisted by various Scholars. S. Matthew's Gospel, chapters xxii. to xxviii.; S. Mark's Gospel, complete. London: John Hodges. 1881.

IT was a happy thought of Mr. Mossman when he resolved to translate into English the excellent "Commentary" of Cornelius à Lapide. There is no doubt that the work of Cornelius à Lapide stands by itself. It is the most erudite, the richest, and altogether the completest commentary on the Holy Scriptures which has ever been written. We do not deny some merit to the modern school of textual criticism. We are ready to allow that such men as Philippi, Keil, Delitzsch, Lange, and Kalisch have made valuable contributions to Scripture literature and criticism. But they have given us nothing of what we find in Cornelius à Lapide. And as for our English Protestant commentaries, they are only a reproduction of the dry, hard-headed, unctionless criticism of the Germans. If we want to see what depths of spiritual meaning, what riches of moral teaching, what sweetness, what unction there is to be found in the words of the Holy Scripture, we must go to Cornelius à Lapide. There, above all, must the preacher go who wants to find matter ready to his hand for expounding the Word of God. He will be amazed to see the wealth of spiritual thoughts, the abundance of suggestive matter which the reading of a few pages will open out to him. There he will find, too, the choicest and best thoughts of the greatest of the Fathers who have commented on the Holy Scriptures. A passage from one of them will sometimes flash a light upon his mind which will be quite a new revelation to him. The translation—which, by the way, is not all from the hands of Mr. Mossman, though he makes himself responsible for all—is, on the whole, very good and faithful. It is, for the most part, a close rendering into English of the original. But we notice here and there some lameness and inaccuracy. We take, for instance, a passage in p. 178 of the volume before us. In rendering the words, "*species intentionales opticas sive visivas*," the translator

leaves out altogether the word "intentionales," possibly because he may not understand the meaning of this scholastic term. Then, again, the translation of the following sentence is peculiar, not to say imperfect:—"Respondeo, pari modo Christi corpus in Eucharistia accipit spiritalem modum existendi, ut quasi spiritus spiritualiter sit in puncto hostiæ." Mr. Mossman renders this passage thus:—"I reply, in like manner the Body of Christ in the Eucharist assumes a spiritual mode of existence, so that, as a spirit, it should be spiritually in the very small portion of the Host." The original is clear enough, but the translation of the latter part of the sentence is nearly, if not quite unintelligible. "As a spirit" is ambiguous. Then, why should "sit" be translated "should be"? And "in puncto hostiæ" does not mean "in the very small portion of the Host," but "in any part of the Host." The sentences that immediately follow must have been very imperfectly understood by the translator. The word "intentionales" is here rendered by "objective;" and the words "inhærent enim corpori, scilicet aëri," are translated in this way, "for they are inseparable from corporeal entities, such as the atmosphere." This is certainly not the meaning of the clause; but, "they (the species) inhere in body, that is, in the air."

This is the third volume which Mr. Mossman has published; it completes SS. Matthew and Mark's Gospels. Other two volumes, containing the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John, are in course of preparation. The former of these we may expect in a short time. Our best thanks are due to Mr. Mossman for having undertaken to give us, in clear, terse, and vigorous English, the invaluable work of the prince of Scripture commentators.

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*Under the Aspens, Lyrical and Dramatic.* By EMILY PFEIFFER.  
London: Kegan Paul & Co.

THE volume before us has been made up for the ostensible purpose of bringing out the author's first attempt at dramatic writing. The attempt, as we learn from the preface, "in the way of benefiting by managerial help," was unsuccessful. We fear the appeal to the literary public will be hardly more encouraging. The history of past poetic attempts to found a tragedy on contemporary incidents has not been encouraging, and Mrs. Pfeiffer must surely have had serious misgivings when she entered upon a work where so many others failed before her. The drama, "The Wynnes of Wynhavod," is disappointing under every aspect. Modern society talk, with its ease and *nuances* of expression, marches most lamely when swathed in majestic heroics. The incidents of the plot are crude, not to say coarse, the characters extravagantly drawn, the agonized situations spring up too suddenly. It is a pity that Mrs. Pfeiffer has not been content with the legitimate triumphs that she has won in her lyrics and sonnets. She has a mastery of true poetic diction, a power of representing our common emotions under graceful and striking imagery, and no mean skill in versification. With these

gifts she must be content. One or two of the sonnets in this volume, however, cannot fail to arouse painful feelings. It is never a pleasant thing to find ladies "prattling atheism"; but when we find an author of such unmistakable gifts as Mrs. Pfeiffer lending her high poetic gifts to the dressing up of such poor stuff as the following, we close the volume with a little stronger feeling than that of sadness.

# LEARN OF THE DOG.

" Stern law of every mortal lot  
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,  
And builds himself I know not what  
Of second life I know not where."

## I.

O Heart of man! be humble, nor disdain  
The latest gospel preached beneath the sun;  
Learn of the brute how thou, when life is done,  
May loose its bonds, and cease, and know no pain.  
Learn of the dog to die—nay, that were vain;  
Death followeth in the steps of life, and none  
Win more of Death, the Shadow, than they won  
Of Life in years of travail and of strain.

## II.

Learn of the dog to *live*, if thou wouldst find  
His peace in death; for him the silent spheres  
Keep their long watch unchallenged overhead;  
Know as he knows; love as he loves his kind,  
Unweave the web of human toil and tears;  
Die like a dog, when thought and love are dead.

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*Dissertationes selectæ in Historiam Ecclesiasticam.* Auctore BERNARDO JUNGSMANN. Tomus I. 1880. Tomus II. 1881. Ratisbonæ, Pustet.

DR. JUNGSMANN, formerly professor in the seminary of Bruges, published, a few years ago, a series of tracts on dogmatical theology, which, by their arrangement, sound doctrine, and admirable clearness of language, won for themselves high esteem and a very wide circulation. Since then, Dr. Jungsmann has been appointed professor in the Catholic university of Louvain, where he lectures on ecclesiastical history. Hence the *Dissertationes* above named. The first volume deals with the following topics—important ones as will be seen at a glance:—1. De Sede Romanâ S. Petri Principis Apostolorum (pp. 27-108). 2. De Romanis Pontificibus sæculi primi et secundi (p. 108-173). 3. De opere quod inscribitur, *Philosophumena* (pp. 183-273). 4. De S. Cypriani gestis et doctrinis atque de Romanis Pontificibus ipsi cœvis (pp. 263-358). 5. De ortu Arianismi ac de concilio Nicæno (358-453). We have not, therefore, before us a complete history of the first and second centuries of the Church, but the most important questions concerning the history of that period brought into prominence and fully discussed. It does great credit to Dr. Jungsmann that he has selected those very

topics which in our days were once again made conspicuous during the Vatican Council in order to attack the Pope's supreme authority. After an introduction on the character of the several epochs of ecclesiastical history and the principal historians, the author discusses S. Peter's stay at Rome. In reading this dissertation it struck us that Dr. Jungmann does not lay due stress on the splendid discoveries of De Rossi—the Christian inscriptions and paintings in the Catacombs which bear so ample testimony to S. Peter's primacy. One of the best dissertations of the first volume seems to be the discussion on the value, and the author, of the work attributed to the third century and commonly styled "*Philosophumena*." Dr. Jungmann is very successful in refuting the foul accusations brought against Pope Callistus, and also in disproving the authorship of S. Hippolytus. A good many Catholic authors in Germany were formerly inclined to support the authorship of Hippolytus, but at the present moment it is denied, and other names, amongst them Tertullian's, are mentioned in connection with the slanderous book. The testimony of the Fathers and other ecclesiastical authors, undoubtedly disproves any connection between Hippolytus and the *Philosophumena*. Let me point in confirmation to a hitherto unknown epitaph of S. Damasus on S. Hippolytus, recently discovered by De Rossi, in a codex belonging to the Imperial library of St. Petersburg (*Bulletino di Archeologia Cristiana* 1881, pp. 1–52). This codex, formerly in possession of the great French abbeys of Corbey and St. Germain-des-Près, was written in the eighth century. Damasus wrote the epitaph for S. Hippolytus's basilica, in the Via Tiburtina.

Hypolitus fertur premerent cum jussa tyranni,  
 Presbyter in scisma semper mansisse Novati  
 Tempore quo gladius secuit pia viscera matris  
 Devotus Christo peteret cum regna piorum  
 Quæsisset populus ubinam procedere possit  
 Catholicam dixisset fidem sequerentur ut omnes  
 Sic noster meruit confessus ut esset  
 Hæc audita refert Damasus probat omnia Christus.

A fragment of the original inscription is still preserved in the floor of the Lateran basilica, where De Rossi pointed it out thirty years ago. S. Damasus in this inscription declares S. Hippolytus to have followed the schism of Novatus, but before being put to death to have returned to the Church and exhorted all other people to follow his example. The facts referred to by Damasus are fully established by De Rossi to belong to the epoch from 251–258, rather than to the period of 218–222, when S. Callistus governed the Church and the *Philosophumena* were brought out. Hence S. Hippolytus, whom De Rossi identifies with the saint of this recently-discovered epitaph, cannot be the author of the *Philosophumena*. The eminent Roman archaeologist puts forth this opinion with great reserve; but new light will be shed on these intricate questions by the excavation of the basilica of S. Hippolytus, which is to be proceeded with next winter. Suffice it for me to have pointed to De Rossi's judi-



cious dissertation, which not only amply testifies to his immense learning, but also unanswerably shows that the Hippolytus question is still an open one.

Dr. Jungmann's second volume contains the following dissertations:—1. De Arianismi fati ac de supposito lapsu Liberii, R. P. (pp. 1-84); 2. De Arianismi decrementis ac de Concilio CPtano. I. (p. 84-137); 3. De abolito per Nestorium Officio Presbyteri pœnitentiarum (pp. 137-189); 4. De Concilio Ephesino (pp. 189-258); 5. De Concilio Chalcedonensi (pp. 258-314); 6. De tribus capitulis (pp. 314-383); 7. De causa Honorii Romani Pontificis. In this part we meet with the same thoroughness as in the first volume. The dissertations on the two Popes, Liberius and Honorius, deserve special praise. As to Liberius we may be permitted again to refer to De Rossi's *Bulletino* (1876, p. 16-19), where an important inscription is explained, fully testifying to the esteem in which he was held by the Roman Senate, just at the time when he was opposed to Felix. De Rossi (p. 19) remarks, "E perciò i monumenti, che alludono a quella devozione ed ubbedienza, hanno pregio notevole, e debbono esser tenuti a conto dai cultori delle controversie di storia ecclesiastica." We gladly, therefore, recommend Dr. Jungmann's volumes, and wish them a wide circulation; they will be specially welcome to those members of the clergy who have been his disciples.

BELLESHEIM.

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*Controversiarum de Divinæ Gratiæ Liberique Arbitrii Concordia Initia et Progressus.* Enarravit GERARDUS SCHNEEMANN, S.J. Accedunt opuscula inedita Leonardi Lessii et Josephi Kleutgen, ejusdem Societatis theologorum, atque exemplum phototypicum autographæ Pauli V. relationis. Friburgi: Herder. 1881.

OF late years the doctrine held by the Society of Jesus as to the concurrence of Divine grace and the liberty of human will has had to endure in Germany, as well as outside, several severe attacks. Hitherto the Jesuits have kept silence. Even the eminent defender of Catholic doctrine against the more prominent errors of our time, Father Kleutgen, has refrained from meeting any of the attacks against "*scientia media*." Only in 1880 Father Schneemann, favourably known by numerous writings on the Encyclical of 1864, and on Pope Honorius, and as editor of the bulky collection of the "*Concilia recentiora*," has broken silence and undertaken to defend himself and the Society. His German works on the important controversy between Jesuits and Thomists are now brought out in Latin, enriched by many important documents gathered from the Brussels and Roman libraries.

In addition to an exhaustive examination of authorities, Father Schneemann has given a very accurate history of the discussions held in Rome in the time of Clement VIII. and Paul V. Special thanks must be given to the author for having inserted the note written by Pope Paul V. in the last session convened in the palace of the

Quirinal, August 28, 1607. There were present the Pope himself and Cardinals Penelli, D'Ascoli, Bianchetto, Bellarmin, Perone (Du Perron), Buffallo, and the Cardinal of St. Eusebio; the well-known and highly-esteemed Cardinal Du Perron, "si sforzo di mostrare, che l'opinione dei Gesuiti era lontana da' Pelagiani con molti lochi di S. Agostino." And the Pope recorded his own opinion about the Jesuits in the following words: "E' li Gesuiti son differenti da' Pelagiani li quali ponevano il principio della salute da noi, e loro tengono tutto il contrario"—(pp. 290, 291).

In an appendix (pp. 337-488) appear, besides minor documents, for the first time, the learned "responsio P. Leonardi Lessii ad Antapologiam," by which Lessius vindicated his doctrine against the faculty of Louvain. It is all the more important because Lessius published his views quite independently of and previous to Molina. The second appendix gives the "Votum" of Father Kleutgen on Lessius's doctrine on the inspiration of the Bible. The "Votum" has been enlarged since the Vatican Council, and Father Kleutgen is very successful in vindicating Lessius's doctrine as not in the least affected by the Council (pp. 488-491). We feel sure that Father Schneemann's work, written in clear and elegant Latin, will be welcomed by all Catholic scholars.

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*Selections from the Household Books of the Lord William Howard, of Nawarthe Castle; with an Appendix containing some of his Papers and Letters, and other Documents, illustrative of his Life and Time.* (Publications of the Surtees Society, vol. lxviii.) Published for the Society by Andrews & Co., Durham; Whitaker & Co., Quaritch, London. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh. 1878.

PERHAPS some apology is due for this tardy notice of a work of such uncommon interest as the Surtees Society's "*Selections from the Household Books of the Lord William Howard.*" "*Belted Will Howard,*" for this figure of romance is the same man, here represented as he lived and moved amidst most practical surroundings, is, indeed, a name that brings us into a field where many attractive lines converge; the associations of poetry familiar to every reader of Scott, family traditions of the greatest of English houses, immediate relationship to so noble and striking a character as Philip, Earl of Arundel, the Confessor of the Tower. Add to these, social and historical *memorabilia* especially connected with the daily life and manners of a region and time, the Northumberland of the first two Stuart reigns, hitherto but imperfectly known, and now brought out from original domestic records of the most influential and prominent personage of the border counties at that period. Readers who have not made a speciality of such studies, but who can appreciate their value, and the assistance they give to the eye of history, gazing into the past, will find themselves much indebted to the editorial skill and learning which Canon Ornsby has applied in his excellent introduction and notes, and throughout the whole work.

At present we content ourselves with thus indicating a most instructive and ably-handled addition to our sources of information on English antiquity, to which we propose to devote a paper on the next opportunity.

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*Catholic Sermons.* A Series of Sermons on Faith and Morals, appearing every week. Conducted by Rev. J. B. BAGSHAWE. Vol. I., Sermons on the Commandments. Lane & Son, Printers, 310, Strand, London.

WE cannot too highly praise the energy and zeal of Father Bagshawe in attempting to circulate through the kingdom popular instruction on religious truths. We quite agree with him in all that he says in his Introduction on the necessity of taking such instruction to the firesides of the masses, and of not waiting till people come for it. Nothing could be truer and more to the point than what he says regarding the immense power of the press, and of the vigorous use which the enemies of the Church make of it:—

In our own times [he says] the power of the press has been greatly increased. The cheapness of printing and the modern facilities of postage, and, still more, the immense increase of the number of readers, have rendered its power almost irresistible. We feel the effects of it every day. The press is used with grievous effect by the enemies of religion, and also by a vast crowd of religious people, who for our misfortune and theirs are enemies of the Catholic Church. We know only too well the untiring zeal with which the press is used against the Church. What are we to do? The only possible thing to be done is to fight them on their own ground, and with their own weapons, which, with God's grace, it is easy enough to do, if only we will bestir ourselves to do it. It is no use, however, to fight with old-fashioned weapons—to use bows and arrows against the rifles of modern days. We must employ the most efficacious means of putting the faith before mankind, and influencing our brethren, that our age supplies to us; or, we must abandon the conflict, which God forbid!—*Introduction*, p. x.

This is all most true; but Father Bagshawe has undertaken a most difficult task in trying to popularize *sermons*. It is difficult to make sermons popular even with the aid of a musical voice and clear enunciation, and a speaking eye, and graceful gesture, and all the other advantages of a living presence. How much more difficult to make the sermon interesting and popular without the preacher! There was a great deal of meaning in the remark of that great preacher, who, when told that his sermons were about to be printed, said, "Well, you must print *me*, too." In these days of brilliant writing, everything must be well written to have the least chance of being read. Now, Father Bagshawe's "*Sermons*" have many excellent qualities of style; they are clear, methodical, simple, and we may add, for the most part, homely. They lack, perhaps, some other qualities that are needed to make them popular. They might have more illustration, more directness, more brightness, and greater pungency of phrase. But if the assiduous author can induce the people to read them, there is no

doubt that these sermons will afford them solid and useful instruction.

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*Chronological Notes: containing the Rise, Growth, and Present State of the English Congregation of the Order of St. Benedict, drawn from the Archives of the Houses of the said Congregation, &c. An. 1709.*  
By DOM BENNET WELDON, O.S.B., a Monk of St. Edmund's, Paris. London: John Hodges. 1881.

THESE "Chronological Notes," now for the first time printed, will doubtless serve the purpose which the Editor desires they should—that of being "a contribution to the history of the Catholic Church in England during the seventeenth century." They will be found valuable *mémoires pour servir*, and are, we can testify, very interesting present reading. Dom Weldon's chief concern has been to trace the fortunes of the English Congregation of Benedictines; and this is as natural as that Br. Foley's "Records" should be chiefly occupied with the fortunes of the Jesuit Missions. But the "Notes" contain besides not a little matter of wider historical interest, and incidentally some interesting details of contemporary life. This volume will take its place with the "Records," the "Douay Diaries," and similar valuable reprints of original "sources" of that truer history of the Church in this country for which we wait.

There is an element of pathos about many pages of these Benedictine records, peculiar to them from the nature of the case. The Fathers of the Society came to a land in which they had as yet no religious traditions. The Order of St. Benedict had been, to use Cardinal Newman's words of the Church, "enthroned in some twenty Sees up and down the broad country;" the old names of Canterbury, and Durham and Winchester that had "gone, and it was sore to part with them," were the names of their own homes, names "in the past greatness" of which they rightly gloried. It is touching, for example, to read, as we here do, of the Benedictine monk, Philip Ellis, preaching in the presence of King James II., and hear him renouncing, in the name of his venerable Order, all title and right to the ancient possessions. They cannot, he says, be now wrested out of the hands of their present possessors and their heirs.

The Church, and in her name, the Supreme Pastor, hath quitted all pretensions, and prays that what she hath loosed upon earth may be loosed in heaven; and that every one concerned may enjoy as quiet a conscience as they do and shall to the end of the world enjoy an undisturbed possession. . . . As for the monks themselves, they also add a separate renunciation of their own. They suppose no judicious person will question their power to do it, more than a conscientious person will question their sincerity that they have actually done it. That ecclesiastical as well as secular corporations and communities can alienate, is certain. And, lest it should be doubted whether they have made use of their power in a case prudence and charity, and even self-preservation so

much require, they again solemnly protest they desire nothing should be restored but their reputation, and to be thought by their countrymen neither pernicious nor useless members to their country.

Dom Weldon's "Notes" do not deal with the period of exile and suppression, but with that of the first attempts at restoration of religion in England. Some interesting and sound remarks, however, on the causes and extent of relaxed monastic discipline in this country prior to the dissolution are given by the editor in his preface. The Notes are chiefly concerned with the century ending with 1709. The writer of them was a son of a Colonel George Weldon, of Swanscombe, near Gravesend, and was born in London in 1674. He was received into the Catholic Church when only thirteen years old, to his mother's great annoyance, by Father Joseph Johnston, a member of the short-lived Royal Benedictine monastery at St. James's Palace in London. Four years later he was clothed, and in due course professed at St. Edmund's, Paris. He never came to work on the English Mission; indeed, was of so retiring and scrupulous a nature, that he never took priest's orders, but lived in the French monasteries to the end, a model of regular observance and virtue, and an assiduous student. He died in 1713, at the age of forty years, four years after the completion of these "Notes," that are themselves an abridgment of two folio volumes of historical memoirs of the English Benedictines.

To trace the perpetuation of the English Congregation of Benedictines, from the pre-Reformation glories, through the dark persecutions of Henry and Elizabeth, on, without break, to the "Union," as it is called, of 1617, with which begins the modern period, if we may so say, of its existence, is the great object of interest with Dom Weldon. The story is almost romantic. The Abbey of Westminster had been re-established under Queen Mary, with the illustrious confessor, Abbot Feckenham, at its head. But, alas! only for a year or two. Queen Elizabeth soon put an end to the attempt. Sanders tells us how the new Queen sent the monks word that they might remain undisturbed at Westminster, praying for her and celebrating service "according to the order of her laws," and that they preferred banishment, seeing no reason, as he quaintly adds, "why they should forsake the rule of St. Bennet to keep that of Calvin." This was the last community in direct line, as one may say, of the English monks of St. Benedict; their dispersion might well seem to scatter to the winds the last hope of their ever reviving. Of the fourteen monks banished that day from the old walls of Westminster no records remain except of three members. Abbot Feckenham died some twenty years later, after much suffering in and out of prison for the Faith's sake. Another monk, Dom William Coppinger, having refused to conform, died soon after in the Tower. The third, Dom Sigebert Buckley, becomes the hero of the story; the last survivor, as far as it is known, of the old English congregation; the "last man" of a cruelly persecuted race. During the reign of Elizabeth Englishmen entered the Benedictine Order in various houses of France, Spain, and Italy. Many of them, as also of the

Secular clergy, or Seminarists, and of the Jesuit Fathers, came over to England during Elizabeth's reign as opportunity allowed; for—

Queen Elizabeth, who, for the excess of a gaudy court, was called in foreign countries the Comedian Queen, gave them, after the twentieth year of her reign, occasion to augment the title of Comedian with that of Tragedian; for Christendom stood astonished at her frequent and cruel exactions of poor Catholic priests ("Notes," p. 35).

The reader must here understand that, by the English Congregation of Benedictines, is meant that branch of the great order which St. Augustine brought over, which was soon "engrafted into the cathedral churches of England, and became a branch of the order, with observances, rules, and traditions peculiar to themselves, adapted to their surroundings and special work." St. Augustine had founded it; St. Wilfrid had "collected in France and Italy the choicest flowers of regular observances and transplanted" them with success into it; St. Bennet Biscop had worked for its perfection, regulating exactly the divine services; St. Dunstan revived it after the devastation of Danish incursions; and a final form was given to it by force of a decree of the Council of Lateran, of 1215, "in compliance with which decree, which extended itself to all kingdoms, the Order of St. Benedict divided itself in England into two provinces, the one of Canterbury, and the other of York, with obligation to keep a Chapter every three years, after the Innocentian form." It was this gradually perfected system, the result of long experience, guarded by laws, strengthened by privileges and favours of the Apostolic See, that Dom Weldon speaks of with so much satisfaction as the English Congregation.

Two Englishmen of the Italian Congregation of Monte Cassino, Fathers Thomas Preston and Anselm Beach (*alias* of Manchester), came over in 1603, and "at Mr. Francis Woodhouse, of Cisson, near Wendlam, found the Rev. Dom Sigebert Buckley, whom King James, a few months before, had ordered to be freed from his prison at Fromegham (Framlingham), from which time they "took care of the old man till his happy exit from this world." Some members of the Spanish Congregation next followed into England. They all soon came to the conclusion that "they should, whether they would or no, be a continual impediment to each other, unless they were united into one body," the necessity of their all having only one chief superior being mainly felt. They were inspired—

To lay down whatsoever power else they had separate to receive a joint and larger authority from the ancient English Congregation, which still survived in the person of the Rev. F. Sigebert Buckley, upon whom was devolved, and in whom preserved inviolate, all the privileges of the old English Congregation. And to this they were mightily urged by R. F. Austin Baker, native of the Abergavenny in Wales, a most egregious legist as any of his times.

Through the care of F. Baker, everything was done in legal form; and on the 21st of November, 1607, the venerable old man, Father Sigebert, "at that time, through I know not what occasion [probably, however, because of the late gunpowder-plot], detained in the Gate-

house prison at Westminster," aggregated two members of the old congregation, and afterwards ten more. One of the two first aggregated, who also made his profession on that day into Father Buckley's hands, was Father Edward Maihew, or May, of Dinton, in Wiltshire, and he testifies that old Father Sigebert, "though almost consumed with misery and age, yet enjoyed his sight to the end of his holy work, which done, he became quite blind." Father Buckley died at the age of 93, on the 22nd of February, 1610, and because "the heretics would not let him be buried in the church-yard," two of his brethren had him buried in an old chapel, with regrets that they could not give more honourable resting to "a very good old man, and of great merit, who had endured for the Catholic faith forty years' persecution, always shut up in some prison or other." This aggregation by Father Buckley was approved by Pope Paul V., as the beginning of a complete union of English Benedictines that was finally effected, as we have already said, in 1617, had the seal of Papal approval set upon its constitutions in 1619, and flourishes in the English Church of to-day. All the details of the establishment of that "Union" are narrated in Dom Weldon's notes, under the various years during which the struggle against difficulties and opposition went on. How highly he esteems the aggregation of 1607, these few words sufficiently tell: "In effect it was so happy a beginning that a union without it could never have found place amongst men of such different bodies and pretensions that they scarce ever would have found where to lay the corner stone." The varying fortunes of the monasteries of Douay, Dieulwart, St. Malo, Paris, Valladolid, &c., and of the Benedictine convents of Paris and Cambray, are also noted year by year. The editor has, in the appendix, added a brief sketch and list of prioresses of other convents of English ladies abroad, some of which have been transplanted to their native England, chiefly through the action of the French Revolution. Thus the Priory of Atherstone traces back to that of Our Lady of Good Hope, founded in Paris in 1652; the Abbey of Oulton, near Stone, to that of the Immaculate Conception at Ghent, founded in 1624; and St. Scholastica's, at Teignmouth, to the Abbey of Dunkirk, founded by Dame Mary Knatchbull, in 1662, and for the foundation of which, as Dunkirk then belonged to England, the consent of King Charles II. was asked and obtained.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of many incidents in these pages that are of general interest, as throwing new light on a dark and only recently explored period of the history of English Catholics. We thank the editor—who has not made himself known—for this valuable book. To the members of the ancient Benedictine Order it will doubtless have all the special charm of a family relic, speaking eloquently of a period of struggle to which, for the heroism and self-sacrifices that marked it, they may look back with feelings different, indeed, but as consoling, since God permitted it, as those with which they recall the prior period of wide-spread and peaceful possession. To us who have not that family connection, its pages

have exercised a fascination that will extend, we think, to all who can be touched by a minute and vivid revelation of the details of that past period, so critical to Catholic interests in England.

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*The Speaker's Commentary. New Testament, Vol. III. Romans to Philemon.* London: John Murray. 1881.

IT is said that when Mr. Bright made his famous reference to the Cave of Adullam, many honourable members were puzzled, not knowing that it was a Scriptural allusion. Some suspected that he was referring to "Aladdin" and the "Arabian Nights." Perhaps it was this that led the then Speaker, Mr. Denison, to suggest the Commentary called after his name, to serve as a sort of Scriptural Hansard for the use of Members of Parliament. However that may be, the work is a noble defence of Sacred Scripture against the attacks of Rationalists. The present volume is quite up to the high standard set up by the previous ones. This is saying a good deal when it is borne in mind that this volume traverses about the most difficult portion of Sacred Scripture, the Epistles of St. Paul. Like the previous volumes, it abounds in learned introductions and special dissertations. This is the first volume that has appeared since the publication of the Revised New Testament, and it is a little curious to note how far the revised translation here tallies with that which has lately issued from the Jerusalem Chamber. It would certainly be perplexing to the minds of honourable members to find that the two revised translations differed as much from each other as from the old Authorized Version. Perhaps it is the foresight of this difficulty that has prevented the contributors to the present volume from being so liberal as their predecessors in regard to emendations of the old translation. Still it would be easy to point out many important divergencies (e.g., Rom. v. 1; 2 Thess. ii. 7). Without doubt the most valuable contribution to this volume is Mr. Gifford's explanation of the Epistle to the Romans. It is quite worthy to rank with Dr. Westcott's St. John. In treating of the difficult subjects of Justification and Predestination, the learned author is as orthodox as he is profound. We trust that his treatise will do much to disabuse the popular Protestant mind of its Calvinism. The first Epistle to the Corinthians has unhappily fallen into very different hands. Canon Evans may be a good Greek scholar, but he is certainly very poor in exegesis. He is as self-confident of his explanation as if the Epistle was his own, and his style is as declamatory. It is difficult to resist the impression that Canon Evans is an excited homilist, escaped from "The Pulpit Commentary." He says (p. 372), "the whole chapter roars with the context," "St. Paul, in accents of thunder, reiterates the same key-note." He calls the Eternal Word "the Unique Son of God," and his followers, "Christines." Here is a sample of Canon Evans's lively manner. Commenting on 1 Cor. viii. 1, he writes, "We may suppose that starting at the echo of the ominous word 'knowledge' the apostle with mournful or indignant emphasis reiterates it in vehement asyndeton to his amanuensis." "We all possess knowledge



(complacently), knowledge (incisively). What is it worth? How does it work? Knowledge *puffeth up!* whereas charity *buildeth up.*" In another place he accuses a most innocent little pronoun of having "a deep bass of emphatic sarcasm" (p. 286). Occasionally he puts strange language into St. Paul's mouth, *e.g.*, "Both esculents and their assimilating continents are things indifferent, being perishable and not reaching into eternity, and their mutual adaptation shall in time cease" (p. 28). The difficulty created by the phrase "Baptism for the dead," which has puzzled many interpreters, is solved, to Canon Evans's mind, by a little story about an old lady and her crape "for the Duke of Wellington"! Dean Howson, on the Galatians, is a little disappointing, considering his great name as a student of St. Paul. Perhaps one of the most interesting points of this volume is to see how Dr. Alexander, the Protestant Bishop of Derry, deals with "The Man of Sin." The whole weight of Protestant tradition, summed up in Dr. Wordsworth's last pamphlet "Is the Papacy predicted?" is heavy upon him. There is a struggle between his own good sense and the sole *ex cathedrâ* definition of his Church, proceeding from both Houses of Convocation—"If any man shall affirm that the intolerable pride of the Bishop of Rome, for the time still being, through the advancement of himself by many sleights, stratagems and false miracles, over the Catholic church, the *Temple of God*, as if he were God Himself, doth not argue him plainly to be the man of sin, mentioned by the Apostle, he doth greatly err" (p. 741. note i.). Under these painful circumstances Dr. Alexander can come to no decision as to whether the Pope is Anti-Christ or not. "The church," he says, "will know in time. The revolving light of prophecy will circle round in due season. The line that now seems to waver and to tremble as in water will fix into a definite form" (p. 742). The fear of Dr. Wordsworth and his own gentle flock of Orange lambs makes him add a note, apologising for his half-heartedness, in which he invokes the protection of "one of the very highest name, Archbishop Brownhall," who says that whether the Pope be an Anti-christ, or the Antichrist, or that great Antichrist, "the Protestants determine not, but leave private authors to their own opinions."

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*Old Testament History of Redemption.* Lectures by FRANZ DELITZSCH, Professor of Theology, Leipzig. Translated from MS. Notes by Samuel John Curtiss, Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

TO a certain extent we think this little book is scarcely worthy of the great scholar whose name it bears. It is disfigured in many places by a fanciful mysticism, sometimes rabbinical, sometimes Christian, but never really Hebrew, which is always, as we venture to think, the blot on the author's books, and which is often painfully prominent here. Moreover, the best of the ideas which are to be found in this History of Redemption, have been given already in the manual on Messianic Prophecy, which we reviewed some time ago. Still, after making all deductions, the book has high

and special merits of its own, and we are quite sure it will well repay a careful and repeated perusal. We need scarcely add that Dr. Delitzsch writes, not only like a consummate scholar, but also as a Christian, profoundly sincere in his convictions.

By the History of Redemption, Delitzsch means the history of the preparation for the redemption of Christ, as set forth in the pages of the Old Testament. Unfortunately we have not space enough at command to sketch the gradual development, culminating in the "fulness of time," as it is traced in these lectures. But we will select the points, which are discussed with great ability and clearness. First it is shown how the books of Proverbs, Job, and Canticles prepared the Hebrew mind for the reception of a Redeemer come to save all mankind. In these books the particular religion and the special interests of Israel disappear into the background; it is the human heart in the struggle of life, in the darkness of sorrow, in the lyrical joy of pure affection, which is portrayed. In both Proverbs and Job the conception of wisdom, as everybody knows, is specially prominent, so that they are the nearest approach we have in the Hebrew Bible to philosophical discussion, and philosophy is, in its own nature, universal, and not national. Next, Dr. Delitzsch points out with exquisite tact, and great beauty of language, how the types of Christ, like fleeting shadows of the eternal, disappeared one by one, and showed beyond possibility of mistake that they were the shadows, not the substance, the symbols, but not the fulfilment of the Messianic hope. Thus David, in his sufferings, resembles the Messiah; but his very sufferings are associated with the wars which made him a man of blood, and so far unlike the peaceful king who was to come. Solomon was a peaceful king, but he is corrupted, and the kingdom disintegrated, by the effects of peace and prosperity, and once again the eyes of men are compelled to look forward into the mysterious future. Lastly, Dr. Delitzsch seizes the true purpose of the Babylonish exile. Not only did it loosen the bonds and practically enforce the lesson of the prophets, that no sanctity of country or temple would protect the people from the vengeance due to their sins. It did more than this, for, after the exile, the independence of the people was gone never to be restored, except for a brief period under the Maccabees. Israel had ceased to be a state; it became purely a congregation, or church, a unity bound together only by common faith and hope.

But the book has really interested us most because of its incidental remarks. Dr. Delitzsch is, perhaps, one of the most learned men living, a veteran scholar still abreast with the latest literature of the subject to which he has devoted his life. The most recent investigations of Egyptologists, Assyrian inscriptions, &c., are brought to bear on the Old Testament chronology, which is very properly kept constantly in view, and, on a variety of subjects information of extraordinary interest is given in a singularly simple and modest way. We cannot help referring to the section on the drama, or rather, the non-existence of the drama, in purely Semitic literature. (See p, 98.) Job, says Dr. Delitzsch, is almost a drama,

but it is enveloped in the swaddling-bands of history ; the Song of Songs stops short between the dramatic and the lyrical form. The real drama, like the epos, arose among the Indo-Germanic nations, and it only came to the Mahommedans through the Persians after they embraced the religion of Islam.

We have only to add that the translation is evidently the work of a competent scholar. W. F. ADDIS.

*The Twit-Twats ; a Christmas Allegorical Story of Birds, connected with the Introduction of Sparrows into the New World.* By the Rev. AUG. J. THÉBAUD, S.J. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

IT is difficult to say why this handsome square book is dull ; but dull it certainly is. Perhaps it is because the narrative of the doings of the birds is so lost and drowned in reflections of no extraordinary brilliancy ; perhaps because the writer tilts against John Stuart Mill ; perhaps it is the puzzling ancient history (of Ireland), through the surf of which we struggle to reach the open sea ; or perhaps because the reader, like the boys at page 77, finds a good deal of the language "as hard as Hebrew." The Twit-Twats are two sparrows, who emigrate from New Ross, under the protection of William O'Murphy, son of Murtough O'Murphy, and settle in Troy City, where, amid various vicissitudes, they become the parents of a numerous race. The book is concerned with their settlement, sufferings, wars, and final victory. It is full of minute and interesting observation and knowledge of bird-life ; but it is spoilt by being made an allegory ; and the prevalent superstition, that Christmas books must describe Christmas time, has seduced the author into dragging in two useless and superfluous Christmas Days. Here is a good specimen of the writer's observation and style :—

The two birds, not losing a moment's time (for April was already on the wane, and all the other pairs were ahead of them), pounced upon everything they could find in the street, and brought to the spot they had chosen either long strings of hay and straw that had fallen from farmers' carts, or narrow strips of blue, red, or white paper, carried by the wind from the houses, and scattered without order in all directions. There could not, indeed, be observed in their work the same regularity as in the nest of the European goldfinch, or, better still, in that of the Baltimore oriole. The sparrows, as was said, are wretched architects, and make very poor weavers. They answer among birds to the race of troglodytes among men, who, according to modern ethnologists, lived originally in caves before our species had the skill of inventing dwellings of wood or stone. I must again repeat, that when the sparrows cannot possibly find any hole or natural recess in walls or rocks, they are compelled to roughly build in the branches of trees ugly apologies for nests, which have nothing in common with the airy constructions of chaffinches or blackcaps. Their attempts at architecture or weaving result in sorry specimens of unsightly ugliness and absolute deformity. You can see among the green leaves only a shapeless mass, or, rather, an ill-looking heap of incongruous materials, against which the wind will howl and the rain pour in torrents, in order promptly to demolish it, when the stormy season of November arrives (p. 60).

The work is embellished by a large number of full-page woodcuts, finished with the clearness and perfection in which the Americans so much excel us, but without imagination or humour.

*Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy.* In Three Volumes.  
I. Ireland. II. England, Scotland, and the Colonies.  
III. America. Vol. I. Ireland. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1881.

THE foundress of the Order of Sister of Mercy was—as few Catholic readers need to be told—the saintly Catherine McAuley. And as the title-page of this volume reminds us, her children are spread far beyond the country of their origin. They have homes in Canada and in the United States, in Africa and in Australia. The writer of these “Leaves,” herself a Sister of Mercy in New Orleans, dedicates her pages to her Sisters “in every land.” There is at this moment a total, she tells us, of no fewer than four hundred and twenty-eight convents of her Institute in all parts of the world, and one hundred and sixty-eight of them are in Ireland, with which this volume deals. Yet the birthday of the order dates only so far back as December 12, 1831, on which day Mother McAuley made her profession, where she had made her novitiate, in the Presentation Convent of George’s Hill, Dublin. The twelfth of December of this year, 1881, is consequently the Jubilee Anniversary of that event, and these volumes of “Leaves” are designed by their authoress as an accompaniment to the universal commemoration of that Jubilee.

The figures we have quoted are alone a wonderful testimony that there was a wide-spread call for Christian mercy and good-doing, and that Mother McAuley and her children have largely met it. Four hundred and twenty-eight houses founded in fifty years gives an average of nearly nine convents every year during that long period; and conjecturing—in the absence of statistics—that there is an average community of five members to each home, there are over two thousand ladies devoted to a hard life of self-sacrifice under this one rule! And all these results had their beginning with the wonderfully gifted, energetic, and devoted woman who, as a child lost her Catholic parents, struggled for her very name of Catholic against the Protestant relatives who adopted her and hated her religion, who, deprived of Mass and Catholic books, gave herself devotedly to the works of mercy and charity that lay within her reach, and who, by force of prayer and fidelity to grace, ended at length by converting her relatives and founding the Order of Mercy without ever dreaming—rather disliking the idea—of becoming a nun.

Her life and the annals of her order are not narrated at length in this volume. The object of the writer has been to select therefrom a few “Leaves,” and we should fancy some of the most interesting ones that refer to the story of the Order in Ireland. She has made a very pleasant book. The story of a “vocation”—the call of a gifted and gentle woman to a severe rule of private life and almost complete devotedness to good-doing for the poor, the stricken, the needy of

every description—is always touching. To read the repetition of this through fifty years, till in Ireland alone the one house of Baggot Street had multiplied itself more than a hundred and fifty times, and every house was filled with Sisters, in addition to the numbers who have heroically gone abroad to do perhaps a harder work in the distant Colonies, brings the lesson home with new force and impressiveness. The writer's style, too, is racy of the old soil, and her selection of anecdotes very happy. It is a book, therefore, the perusal of which by Catholic girls and women would be beneficial. The mothers and wives and maidens who are to be of the world, but to influence it for good at the peril of intensifying its worldliness and opposition to the spirit of Christ, must possess the spirit, whilst they do not follow the letter of such lives as are here related. For the heroic devotedness of these religious women is only the perfection of a graceful charity that should warm the breast of every good woman.

We shall not lengthen this notice by entering into the details of these lives or of the various Convent foundations; readers will do better to go to the book and enjoy them at first hand, set off with such character sketches as the unique specimen of an old P.P. at Kingstown—quite dramatic in the way his doings baffle prediction, and intensely provoking—or such bits of local colouring as Mother McAuley's trips down the "Grand Canal" to Tullamore, called in those days "doing the Grand." But we cannot resist quoting one extract. It refers to the distrust felt by the poor of Limerick for "the caps," *i.e.*, the postulants who do not yet wear the nun's veil.

Yet not one of these rarely-gifted women (three remarkable postulants in "caps" in the Limerick Convent) could satisfy the poorest visitor that rang the door-bell.

"Couldn't I see one of the ladies, agra? I'd like to tell me troubles an' get a bit of an advice."

A postulant comes forward; and, with every appearance of sympathy, assumes a listening attitude.

"Musha, blessings on yer sweet face, now, but it's a rale nun I'd like to be spakin' to, machree."

"Oh! but we're almost the same, dear. Our Reverend Mother is so busy! We come here to be nuns, and—"

"Ah! there, now, don't be jokin' me, honey. Sure I know ye are kind and good, alanna, but it's the rale nun I'm wantin'. I ax yer pardon, dear child."

"Yes, dear, but you know we—"

"O me darlin'! ye wouldn't do at all. Look at the hair, the brown hair, curlin' under the cap. Couldn't ye bring hither wan of the right wans, with her head under the holy veil, now, ye know, like the pictur' of St. Brigid, glory be to God?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"I counted seventeen nuns and two old maids in the chapel," said a simple woman recently, as she went forth from a convent celebration. Neither of the "old maids" had seen twenty summers, but both, being postulants, wore "caps" (p. 288).

*Science, Prayer, Free Will, and Miracles.* An Essay re-printed from the DUBLIN REVIEW, of April, 1867. By WILLIAM GEORGE WARD, Ph.D. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

WE owe this reprint of a very powerful article a few words of notice, if for no other reason, because, in one portion at least it is closely connected with the paper which Dr. Ward publishes in our present number, "The Philosophy of the Theistic Controversy." In 1867, Dr. Ward, whilst admitting the "uniformity" of nature, argued that such uniformity was no intellectual bar to rational belief in free-will, in prayer, or in miracles. In 1882, he again begins by laying down the principle of uniformity; but he now uses it as a lever to destroy the very foundation of the "phenomenal" philosophy.

The extremely clever illustration (pp. 17, 18), in which he sets before the eyes of the most untrained reader the possibility of a Divine "pre-movement" of all natural causes, is not only clever but conclusive. God *may* move natural sequence, and physical science cannot possibly prove the negative. An intelligent being *may* be at the other end of every chain of cause and effect; and physical phenomena give even greater probability to this view than to the opposite. Dr. Ward's illustration and argument must not be pressed too far. When he has proved the possibility, or probability, of Almighty God's doing, or "pre-moving," everything that happens in nature in a way much more intimate than by that "concurrence" in which all Christian thinkers agree, the much more difficult question remains, how to reconcile God's universal "pre-movement," foreseen, as it must be, from all eternity even to every detail, with the variations which He may be induced to make at the instance of prayer. Not for a moment would we be supposed to imply that Dr. Ward should have gone on to treat such a question as this, in the article now before us. To each question its own opportunity. But it is a distinct gain to science when confusions are cleared away, and when weak twaddle about the uniformity of nature is shown to mean, as far as it has any meaning, an assertion of "necessitarianism" in reference to God Himself. One advantage of driving questions back to first principles is, that as first principles (in moral philosophy) are more easily proved by positive proofs, the objections made against them, even when they cannot be answered, may be more securely disregarded.

The very clear and even popular style of this paper on Free Will and Miracles should induce all who wish for information and argument, or for ready answers to objections, on these subjects, to procure it and have it at hand.

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*The Catechism of Perseverance.* By MONSIGNOR GAUME. (Translated from the 10th French Edition.) Vol. III. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1881.

WE noticed the second volume of this translation in October, 1880, and can speak with similar approval of the third. The present volume is occupied with the history of the Church from the

Day of Pentecost to the beginning of the present century. Considering that this is a large catechism, and not a technical history, the subject is very satisfactorily treated. We are glad to see it in English. The struggles of the Catholic Church against pagan and other royal persecutors, against heresies, and the powers of sin, are here told in an easily read and simple narrative. Such sketches of holy men and women as those of SS. Elzear and his wife Delphina (pp. 497-500), and of St. Elizabeth of Portugal (pp. 500-503), are eminently calculated to produce an excellent effect on the minds of young men and women. We heartily wish the volume a wide circulation; it is just the sort of Church history that ought to be popular, and found amongst the familiar books of a Catholic household.

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*The Lord's Supper, its Design and the Benefit it confers to the Individual and the Church.* A CLERICAL SYMPOSIUM. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1881.

**T**WELVE Clergymen, of as many varieties of opinion concerning the "design and benefit" of the Lord's Supper, have been asked to unite for the formation of this volume. We have amongst them a Catholic priest and Ministers various—Calvinistic and Lutheran, High Church and Broad Church, and decidedly no-Church, and one contributor whom we should, but for his place here, have fancied could be neither minister nor any sort of Christian. Each of these has contributed a paper stating his belief—sometimes stating rather what he does not believe. The papers originally appeared in the *Homiletical Quarterly*, and each writer could peruse the previous contributions; hence the papers grow more negative and polemical as we proceed. Starting from different principles, interpreting the Sacred Texts by sentiment, and measuring Divine institutions by private judgment—there is the widest divergence of results in the various papers; and no manifestation anywhere of a suspicion that the writer may have failed to recognize any part of the objective divinely-intended truth. And, still, considering the quality of our times we can welcome the appearance in such a volume as this of a Catholic contributor. It is a great advantage, we are of opinion, that many of the men who supplied the other papers should have had to read—and read attentively enough to reply to it—that by Dr. W. Smith of Edinburgh: it is a great advantage too, that a certain number of non-Catholic readers, who would keep devoutly distant from any professedly Catholic book on the Eucharist, will be led to the perusal of this lucid exposition of Catholic belief. It is pleasing to note that the contributors who follow Dr. Smith—and who decidedly have no leaning to Popery—acknowledge the ability and learning shown in his presentment of Catholic doctrine. Indeed, we are glad to add that to our judgment a more consecutive, clear and complete exposition could scarcely—in the narrow space—have been penned. We commend it to Catholic students as a model of doctrinal exposition in modern dress and

living language. It is pleasant to read a paper in which the graces of composition and the tokens of scholarship are as manifest as anywhere in the book ; where the learned priest recognizes the standpoint of opponents, and shows sufficient appreciation of their sentiments ; and where, nevertheless, not one tittle of the complete truth is sacrificed, nor does the familiar Catholic terminology once give way or even falter. Dr. Smith's acquaintance with Oriental languages comes to his aid here ; but his application of Old Testament types and chief proofs for the Catholic doctrines of Real Presence and Transubstantiation are sufficiently complete without the help of that less common knowledge. The whole paper, indeed, is one eminently calculated to do good with educated inquirers. Of course Dr. Smith is replied to by others ; but the general irenical disposition of these learned clerics does not prevent an occasional blow here and there, and nothing said about Dr. Smith is half so indicative of feeling as the following from the fifth paper by Dr. David Brown :—

I cannot stay here to argue with those in the English Church, commonly known as the Ritualistic party, who contend for the consistency of the sacrificial theory with the Articles of their own Church. I will here only say, Romanism I know, and Protestantism I know, but who are ye? (p. 47).

If Dr. Smith's paper were separated we could recommend it to all our readers—we can, however, say that priests would do well to possess the complete volume ; they would here find the present multiform state of opinion among our countrymen, as to this great truth of our Holy Faith, carefully thought out and expressed. To know such opinions is often a first condition to placing Catholic doctrine in the light that will attract the attention of inquirers.

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THE  
DUBLIN REVIEW.

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APRIL, 1882.

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ART. I.—THE VOYAGE OF THE *VEGA* AND  
ITS RESULTS.

1. *The Voyage of the Vega round Asia and Europe.* By Baron A. E. VON NORDENSKIÖLD. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.
2. *Nordenskiöld's Voyage round Asia and Europe.* By A. HOVGAAARD. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.
3. *Nordenskiöld's Arctic Voyages.* By ALEXANDER LESLIE. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.
4. *New Lands Within the Arctic Circle.* <sup>3</sup> By JULIUS PAYER. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.
5. *A Polar Reconnaissance.* By ALBERT H. MARKHAM, R.N., F.R.G.S. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.
6. *Through Siberia.* By HENRY LANSDELL. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.
7. *A Visit to the Valley of the Yenesei.* By HENRY SEEBOHM. *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xlviii. London. 1878.

THE voyage of the *Vega* stands alone among Arctic explorations in giving a promise of solid practical results. While the course of all previous expeditions has lain among uninhabited and uninhabitable shores, enclosed

In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,  
the Swedish vessel tracked the edge of a vast country full of possibilities of future development, and abounding in many of the products most prized by man. Not, indeed, to the fabled El Dorado of the Indies, to the balmy groves of the Eastern Isles, or the mysterious coasts of China or Cathay will the long

sought and lately discovered North-east Passage open up a way. The golden vision of the Middle Ages, the long dream of centuries of navigation, is realized, but with a different result. Instead of proving the highway to the tropics, the new route leads the commerce of the world to a vast hyperborean continent, enclosed on three sides by formidable mountain barriers, and accessible on the fourth only when the crystal seal of its frozen ocean is shattered, during its brief summer months, by the persistent rays of the circumpolar sun. To show how this favourable season may be best utilized for the purposes of trade was one of the main objects of Baron Nordenskiöld's explorations, and he has thus played the part of a beneficent magician, unlocking the gates of this unexplored northern storehouse, where Winter has accumulated treasures, as though in emulation of the riches of the south. For the frozen soil holds gold and jewels in its adamantine clutch; the snows are tracked by creatures whose furs are sought to line the robes of emperors and kings; a soil of unparalleled fertility, bearing golden crops and giant forests, rests on a stratum of everlasting ice a few inches beneath its surface; and in the depths of congealed morasses are imbedded deposits of ivory, precious as that of the tropics, the imperishable legacy of an earlier age when these Arctic wastes were roamed by the great northern elephant.

The desire of the other nations of Europe to find a shorter route over the Pole itself to those eastern and western seas, from whose commerce they were excluded by the jealous monopoly of their first discoverers, operated much like the dream-warning which instigated the peasant of the popular tale to dig for treasure in his field. No shining gold pieces were unearthed, but the incentive to industry brought about the same result by different means—in the increased fertility of the soil itself. So the Indies remained unattainable; but the exertions made to reach them developed a spirit of maritime enterprise more precious than the diamonds of Golconda or the ingots of Peru.

The thirst for discovery alone seems to have actuated the first Arctic voyage of which any record has reached us—that of Othere, the Norwegian, who, having sailed round the North Cape into the White Sea, and there hunted the whale and walrus, narrated his adventures to King Alfred the Great.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Had a book upon his knees,  
And wrote down the wondrous tale  
Of him who was first to sail  
Into the Arctic seas.

This narrative was embodied in the treatise of Orosius, and so handed down to the present day.

But it was not till the sixteenth century that maritime ambition began to stir in those nations whose position best fitted them to take up the part previously played by the Mediterranean States, as soon as the commerce of the world, hitherto monopolized by them, began to forsake the narrow seas and seek the great ocean highways. The first Englishman who foresaw the possibilities thus opening to his country was one Robert Thorne, residing at Seville, who, in 1527, pressed upon Henry VIII. the expediency of seeking a north-eastern route to China, the East Indies, and the Cape of Good Hope. His appeal bore no immediate fruit, but was, perhaps, one of the influences which brought about the expedition entrusted to the command of the handsome soldier, Sir Hugh Willoughby, twenty-five years later. This voyage, though itself disastrous, was memorable as marking the dawn of naval enterprise in England, at that time almost without ships or commerce. Willoughby, whose instructions were to reach the Indian seas by sailing across the Pole itself, never returned from his hopeless quest; and he and his shipwrecked crew, with that of another ship of the expedition, perished, to a man, of the rigours of the Arctic winter. The third vessel, the *Bonaventura*, commanded by Richard Chancellor, was more fortunate. She reached the mouth of the Dwina; and her crew, conducted to the residence of Ivan Vassilievitch II., Czar of Muscovy, were hospitably entertained by him during the winter. They returned home in their ship the ensuing summer, and this voyage was followed by many others, so that a flourishing trade sprang up between England and Northern Russia. Thus the lives of the gallant Admiral and his comrades were not given altogether in vain, nor are they forgotten by their countrymen—

Though long at rest in that far Arctic grave,  
True sailor hero hearts, van of our bravest brave.\*

The failure of Willoughby's expedition, and the small result achieved by one or two subsequent voyages in the same direction, weaned the English of the taste for Polar adventure for many centuries, and left to the Dutch the barren honour of further discovery in the Siberian seas. Of their early explorers the most noted was Willem Barents, who made three memorable voyages, discovered Spitzbergen, and, being finally shipwrecked on the coast of Novaya Zemlya, had the unenviable distinction of being the leader of the first European party to winter in the Arctic regions. The sufferings of these poor Dutch sailors, cast away on the shores of the Polar Sea so many centuries ago, are reproduced for us with graphic detail in the narrative of Gerrit

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\* "The Visions of England." Francis T. Palgrave. From the poem on Sir Hugh Willoughby, whence are also the extracts on pp. 300 and 302.

De Veer, one of their number, and with rude fidelity in the woodcuts which illustrate it. Their struggles to bear up against the depressing influences around them, the games with which they sought to enliven their captivity, their poor attempts at Christmas cheer, their celebration of the Feast of the Three Kings with wine saved from their allowance for days previously, all their little efforts at cheerfulness and hilarity, form a picture of homely heroism, which commands our warmest sympathy even at this lapse of time. After ten months' weary imprisonment in a hut built of driftwood, they made their way to the coast of Lapland in boats constructed of the same material, and eventually reached their native land, though with their number reduced by deaths, among which was that of their brave leader.

For 274 years, no ship entered Ice Haven, the winter quarters of Barents, but at that interval Captain Carlsen, a well-known Norwegian walrus-hunter, reached the spot, and found everything exactly as it had been left by the expedition; the house still standing with its contents as described by De Veer, even to the clock that had ticked away the long hours of the Arctic night and the flute that had solaced their weary sameness. These precious relics were conveyed to the Hague, where they are preserved in the Naval Museum, arranged as seen in the illustrations of De Veer's narrative, and placed in a house constructed in exact imitation of the one there described.

Though the lands then known to exist have been since circumnavigated and explored, no new discovery of any great moment was made in the eastern Polar Sea from the days of Barents to our own. It was reserved for the Austrian steamer *Tegetthoff* to make the first substantial addition to our knowledge of this area by a voyage, the narrative of which by Lieutenant Payer forms one of the most thrilling chapters of Arctic romance. Its events must be still fresh in the minds of our readers, and they doubtless remember how the little vessel, of only 220 tons burthen, beset in the pack off Novaya Zemlya on the 20th of August, 1872, drifted slowly to the north-east in her frozen cradle, while exposed to almost daily peril of destruction from sudden and violent commotions in the ice, until at last, after more than a year's helpless imprisonment, on the 30th of the following August, her crew saw a line of spectral peaks rising through the fog on their northern horizon, and knew that they had discovered a great unknown Polar land. This was Franz Josef Land, explored as far as the 82nd parallel in a series of adventurous sledge journeys during the following spring, and there the *Tegetthoff*, still gripped in the unrelaxing clutch of the ice, was finally abandoned on May 20, while her crew, after

months of incredible toil, made their way—sometimes dragging their boats over the ice, sometimes launching them on the narrow seams of water opening in it—to the coast of Novaya Zemlya, and were thence transported to Europe in two Russian schooners, having spent ninety-six days in the open air from the time they left their ship.

The discovery of this land, the most northerly known to exist in the old world, throws a new light on the probable configuration of the Polar basin. It is even possible that it may be an extension of the great Arctic continent of Greenland, which would thus stretch across, or close beside, the Pole, protruding the limb whose extremity has here been reached into the Eastern hemisphere. The existence of land to the north of Spitzbergen is deduced by hunters there from the flight of birds and other indications; while, from the frequent occurrence of marked reindeer (that is animals with their ears lopped\*) among the wild ones shot on the island, they argue that such land is inhabited. Now this singular fact would be explained, without resorting to so very improbable a hypothesis, by the supposed extension of Greenland in that direction, as the deer might then be believed to have escaped from its southern and inhabited parts to those unknown regions, whence they would have reached Spitzbergen across the frozen sea.

The discovery of Franz Josef Land has also opened up a new possibility to further Polar exploration, for which all recent authorities declare a long line of coast trending to the north with a westerly aspect an essential condition. Such a formation, if found here, might furnish, in the "ice-foot" at the base of its shore cliffs, the only possible route for sledge-travelling over the frozen sea. Locomotion of this kind over an open basin, recent experience has shown to be impracticable; as, in addition to all other difficulties, the free ice, where formed in large masses, must always have a southerly drift. This motion is impressed on it by the rotation of the earth itself, intolerant of any considerable accretion of loose matter at the Pole, such as the accumulation of ages of frost would otherwise result in. The vast mass, from 80 to a 100 feet in thickness, which Sir George Nares described as swaying slowly to and fro on the Polar Sea, and to which he gave the name of Palæocrystic ice, is only eaten into and gradually broken away on its southern edge, and may be compared in this respect, as well as in regard to its formation from accumulated snow-fall, to an enormous ocean glacier, constantly slipping down from higher to lower latitudes.

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\* Baron Nordenskiöld, however, thinks that this may be caused by frost-bite when the animal is very young.

Over the rugged surface of this floating Polar ice-cap, travelling for any distance is impossible, and from any quarter where it is met the Pole is absolutely inaccessible.

The seas of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya are annually visited by a considerable number of vessels sent in pursuit of the whale, walrus, and reindeer, but navigation in a more easterly direction has hitherto been looked upon as impossible from the difficulty of traversing the Kara Sea, the "ice-cellar" of baffled explorers. Deeply embayed between the Yalmal Peninsula and the double island of Novaya Zemlya—which with its horn-like curve, continued to the mainland by Waigat's Island, forms a gigantic natural jetty projecting far into the Arctic Sea—it resembles a sort of pocket, collecting and stopping the south drifting ice, until the vast mass of warmer water, poured out close beside it by the Obi and Yenesei, breaks up and dissolves the obstruction. Baron Nordenskiöld's success was due to his having divined that this takes place at a later season than was previously supposed, and that the failure of other navigators was caused by their attempting the passage too early in the year.

Owing to this ice-block on its threshold, the exploration of the coast of the Siberian Sea had only been accomplished piecemeal—in partial voyages with crazy ships, and by dog-sledges overland. Some of the native tribes are said to have been impoverished for years, by being compelled to furnish means of transport for the expeditions which were organized systematically and on a large scale by Peter the Great. Much unrecorded heroism was displayed by these Russian explorers, and a sad interest is attached to the fate of one, Lieutenant Prontschischev, from the devotion of his newly married wife, who insisted on accompanying him, only to share his grave on the shores of the Arctic Ocean in 1736, a year after the expedition started. The islands in the Siberian Sea were also discovered in 1644, by sledge journeys over the ice, and the adjacent Wrangel's Land in 1763, by the same means. Thus navigation has played a comparatively insignificant part in the exploration of the Siberian coasts.

Recent researches in the archives of Siberia have, however, brought to light the remarkable fact, that Deschnev, the Cossack navigator, actually sailed through Behring's Straits and reached the mouth of the Anadyr in Kamchatka in 1648, eighty years before the existence of that Sound was made known to the rest of the world by the voyages of Vitus Behring, the Dane, whose name it bears. Down to that time it was still a subject of controversy whether Asia and America were connected by an isthmus or divided by an arm of the sea, and since this question was set at rest by the systematic exploration of the

strait, but little has been added to our knowledge of the northern shores of Asia.

This, then, was the phase of the history of the North-east Passage when the problem was taken up by a man whom nature and education had fitted to solve it successfully. Adolf Erik Nordenskiöld, born in 1822, at Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, of the old Viking race of Scandinavia, was brought up amid the rude aspects of northern Nature, yet surrounded by associations of hereditary culture and research. His family home, Frugord, situated in a wooded valley remote from the bustle of modern life, was yet rich in scientific collections, which indeed, the house with its square central hall, occupying the height of two stories, was specially built to accommodate. Here life had still something of bygone primitive simplicity, though modified by the influence of modern thought; and the future explorer, in a youth divided between hardy out-door pursuits in a ferocious climate and the society of a home circle calculated to develop and foster intellectual tendencies, had mind and body duly tempered for his task. His ancestors, for generations, had been distinguished by scientific attainments, as well as by a certain strong stamp of individuality which we are accustomed to associate with the Norse character.

It is recorded of one of these elder Nordenskiölds that he resorted to a singular expedient for saving himself and his family from the plague which broke out in Finland in 1710. Embarking, with all belonging to him, on board a ship, fully provisioned for a long voyage, he put to sea, and remained there without touching land for several months. The device was successful, and he returned in safety when the plague had subsided. Nils Gustaf Nordenskiöld, the father of our hero, was chief of the mining department of Finland, and his son, when quite a young man, held a Government appointment in the same branch of science. His ardent temperament and independence of character, however, ill adapted themselves to the attitude of self-suppression imposed by a despotic Government; and some speeches on sundry festive occasions, to which, rightly or wrongly, a political meaning was attributed, not only cost him his appointment, but caused his expatriation. He removed to Stockholm in 1857, and was thenceforward employed at intervals by the Swedish Government on exploring voyages to Greenland and Spitzbergen. A change of authorities in Finland allowed him after a time to re-visit his old home; and while there he paid his addresses to one of his fair countrywomen, Anna, daughter of Count Carl Mannerheim, to whom he was married in 1863. He did not, however, abandon his adopted country, and sat in the Swedish Diet from 1869 to 1872, as one of the Liberal party, and representative for Stockholm.

His first exploratory voyage to Siberia was in the summer of 1875, when he successfully passed through the Kara Sea in a sailing vessel, the *Proeven*, reached the mouth of Yenesei, and, leaving his vessel to make the return voyage without him, which she did with perfect success, went up the river by boat and steamer to Yeneseisk, and thence returned home overland. To prove that the unexpected facility with which the Kara Sea had been traversed was not due to an exceptional condition of the ice during that summer, he repeated the voyage with equal success in the following year. By a curious coincidence, the feasibility of establishing maritime commerce with Siberia had occurred almost simultaneously to an Englishman, Captain Wiggins, who entered the Yenesei in his steamer, the *Thames*, a week after Nordenskiöld had left it in 1876. This voyage, however, proved an unfortunate one, as the *Thames*, after wintering in a tributary of the Yenesei, ran aground on a sand bank in the ensuing spring, and had to be abandoned.

It was the experience gained in these Siberian voyages that suggested to Baron Nordenskiöld the idea that the circumnavigation of the old continent might be easily effected in a well-found steamer by selecting the proper season of the year. This view, stated by him in a paper now prefixed to his narrative, led to the despatch of the *Vega* expedition, the expenses of which were borne by three individuals, Dr. Oscar Dickson, M. Sibiriakoff, and the King of Sweden and Norway. The exploring vessel was accompanied on part of her voyage by three others, intended for commercial purposes; the *Express* and *Fraser*, with cargoes for the mouth of the Yenesei, and the *Lena*, a small steamer, which, after acting as tender to the *Vega* on the way, was destined to ply on the river of the same name. The success with which this part of the programme was carried out fully justified Baron Nordenskiöld's previsions; the two former vessels, after discharging their cargoes and taking in fresh goods, returned to Europe without any difficulty, running the ice blockade triumphantly each way during a single season, while the *Lena* made her way to Yakutsk, in the heart of Siberia, by September 21.

The *Vega* sailed from Gothenburg on July 4, 1878,\* and after calling at Tromsøe for supplies of reindeer furs and other neces-

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\* The success of her voyage confirms the sailor's superstition that a stolen black cat on board brings luck to a ship; for Lieut. Hovgaard in his interesting narrative of the expedition, tells how, remembering this belief, he picked up a stray black kitten on the eve of sailing, and carried it on board in his pocket. Writers on folk-lore have pointed out that the cat was sacred as the symbol of a sea goddess, in early Teutonic mythology.



saries, bade adieu to her native land at Maasoe, the last Norwegian haven, on July 25. On the third day they sighted Gooseland, a low wide peninsula on the shores of Novaya Zemlya, studded with the nests of innumerable wild geese and swans, by whom it is haunted during the breeding season. The grassy flats were bare of snow and gay with the brief glory of the Arctic summer, for it seems it is possible to visit Novaya Zemlya at this time of year, make hunting excursions there, and return to Europe without ever having seen ice or snow. The summer sun has evidently here a thawing and heating power which diminishes in higher latitudes much more rapidly than the winter cold increases; for northern Spitzbergen, where the greatest cold does not exceed that of most places in Siberia, is buried under a stratum of ice from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in thickness,

The gathered winter of a thousand years,

which in summer shows no sign of even superficial thawing. On August 1, the *Vega* passed through the Yugar Schar, the innermost of the three narrow sounds by which admittance is gained to the Kara Sea through the segments of its island breakwater. At Chabarova, the anchorage on this strait, is a small settlement, occupied during the summer months by some Samoyeds as well as by a few Russian and Finnish merchants, who form a trading company for carrying on the whale fishery. This commercial association is singularly constituted in one respect, as it counts among its members St. Nicholas, the patron of the little church, to whom two shares, with their due fraction of the profits, are allotted.

The Samoyeds are nominal Christians, baptized as such in the Greek Church, but they have by no means abandoned the worship of their ancient idols. They still resort to their sacrificial mounds, where on lonely headlands and promontories are planted rude wooden images, little more than a stick, terminating in some semblance of a human countenance, while the bones of slaughtered animals, bears' skulls and reindeers' antlers are strewn about. The crimson stains on the features of the shapeless divinities show that the custom still prevails of smearing their lips with the flesh and blood of the newly slain victims. The Samoyeds travel on reindeer sledges, differing from the boat-shaped vehicles of the Lapps, and resembling rather a small cart on runners. These are available in summer for crossing the bogs and mosses of the *tundra*, as well as in winter on the snow. These nomads, who belong to the Ural-Altaic race, practise no agriculture, and purchase all necessaries from the Russians, taking fowling-pieces and ammunition, bread, rum, sugar, and pottery,

in exchange for fish, train-oil, walrus-tusks, reindeer skins, and other valuable furs.

Port Dickson, at the mouth of the Yenesei, was reached by the expedition on August 6, and here the *Vega* parted company with her consorts, the *Fraser* and *Express*, who entered the great gulf formed by the estuary of the river, while she continued her voyage on the 10th, with only the *Lena* in attendance.

Two ships upon the steel-blue Arctic seas,  
Where day was long, and night itself was day,  
Went heavily before the south-west breeze,  
As to the steadfast star they held their way;  
Two specks of man, two only signs of life,  
Where with all breathing things white Death keeps endless strife.

The vessels encountered much fog, but little ice, as they steamed to the north-east, skirting the edge of the great northerly bulge of the Siberian mainland, which forms the Taimar Peninsula. All this vast stretch of coast, from the Kara Sea to the Chukehe Peninsula, close to Behring's Straits, is an absolute solitude, entirely devoid of human inhabitants. The reindeer, which has been found as far north as the 81st degree of latitude, roams these desolate shores in a wild state, finding nourishment at some seasons, as the natives aver, in the seaweed thrown up on the beach. During the winter it retires into the interior, and it remains a mystery how it then contrives to procure food in such abundance as to return in spring, fat and in good condition. In Norway, according to M. du Chaillu, it excavates the snow with its fore feet, burrowing in search of pasture, until it is almost lost to sight; but in Spitzbergen, and lands even nearer the Pole, it is difficult to imagine how it penetrates the surface hardened by perpetual frost, or can find any nourishment beneath it.

The islands in the eastern Polar seas, if they furnish no abode for man, maintain an enormous feathered population. Guillemots, or looms, fight for every inch of room among the ledges of the cliffs; the little auk breeds among slopes of débris, whence it rises in clouds when disturbed; the nests of the eider-duck are strewn so thickly on the Down Islands, where it breeds, that it is difficult to avoid stepping on them. The fulmar, the storm-bird of the north, lays its eggs on the bare ice, and has been found with one foot frozen to the ground while hatching.

The results of dredging from the sea-bottom at very low temperatures, suggest to Baron Nordenskiöld some interesting observations as to the endurance of extreme cold by certain animal organisms, and he describes the phenomenon produced by small crustaceans, existing in the snow on the beach, drenched by sea-

water at every flood-tide, witnessed by him at Mussel Bay in Spitzbergen, in the winter of 1872-73.

There rises at every step one takes, an exceedingly beautiful, intense bluish-white flash of light, which in the spectroscope gives a one-coloured Labrador-blue spectrum. This beautiful flash of light arises from the snow, before completely dark, when it is touched. The flash lasts only a few moments after the snow is left untouched, and it is so intense that it appears as if a sea of fire would open every step a man takes. It produces, indeed a peculiar impression on a dark and stormy winter day—the temperature of the air was sometimes in the neighbourhood of the freezing point of mercury—to walk along in this mixture of snow and flame, which at every step one takes splashes about in all directions with a light so intense that one is ready to fear his clothes or shoes will take fire.

This appearance is due to a minute phosphorescent crustacean, which ceases to give light at  $-10$  Centigrade, but survives exposure to a much lower temperature, that of the snowy sludge in which it lives being sometimes reduced below  $-20$  and  $-30$  C.

The 19th of August was a memorable day in the voyage of the *Vega*, for she then rounded the northern apex of the old continent, and anchored off Cape Chelyuskin, in waters where no ship had ever lain before. This point had been surveyed only by a sledge-party in 1742, commanded by the officer whose name it bears, whose observations, though some doubt had been cast on them by his contemporaries, are fully confirmed by those of Baron Nordenskiöld. The delta of the Lena was reached soon after doubling this promontory, and the *Vega*, having parted there on August 27th from her little consort, shaped her course for the New Siberian Islands. To the east of this archipelago she began to find the sea somewhat impeded by

The ominous shapes of drifting ice that pack

The desolate channels of the Polar flood,

but still found a practicable channel close along the shore. On the 6th of September her crew, who had not seen a single human inhabitant since leaving the mouth of the Yenesei, had their first meeting with the Chukches, as the ship was boarded by two boatfuls of these friendly chattering savages, with whom they were destined to have a long and intimate acquaintance. For the *Vega* was in truth drawing to the end of her summer cruise, and the dull film of young ice, spreading over the sea like a breath tarnishing a mirror, and linking the floating masses together, made her passage from day to day more difficult. On the 28th of September the ship, then within a few hours' sail of Behring's Straits, was made fast to a piece of ground ice about 1,400 metres from the land, during what it was thought would

prove but a temporary stoppage to her progress, and here the icy fetters grew and closed around her, holding her immovable for nine long months. All hope of release was soon abandoned.

And to the crew

This zone of sea, with ice-floes packed and rough,  
Domed by its own pure height of tender blue,  
Seems like a world from the great world cut off:  
While round the horizon clasped, a ring of white  
Snow-blink from snows unseen, walls them with angry light.

The position of the vessel thus beset on an open coast, exposed to the pressure of the Polar pack from the north, was full of danger, and her crew were perfectly helpless as to taking any precautions.

Nothing that man can do is of any avail against the perils of the Frozen Sea, of whose caprices, which he can neither ward off nor foresee, he is the impotent spectator and victim. Those who are acquainted only with what we may venture to call the tame ice of the temperate zone can have no idea of its savage power, when it is ranged against humanity among the great aggressive and destructive forces of Nature. Those who have lived for months at the mercy of its cruel strength can hardly help regarding it with a sort of awe, and investing it with a terrific personality, as though its energies were directed by consciousness and volition. For this marble plain that hems them in, apparently as immovable and solidly compacted under its snow-enamel as the rock-pavement of the world, is in reality as unstable as the liquid ocean, as liable to sudden and violent commotions as the moving air itself. The floe, contracting occasionally under the influence of extreme cold, is agitated by a mighty convulsion, rending and riving its whole mass, and producing that most dreaded incident of Arctic navigation known as ice-pressure. Tormented in this stupendous throe, it gives vent to strange unearthly noises, shrill dissonances as of the vibration of jarring metals, hoarse moans and wails like the complaining of imprisoned spirits, mingled with the crash of shivering bergs and the seething hiss of the smaller fragments brushing through the water. Great fissures gape to the indigo sea below, where but a moment past all was solid, white ridges are piled in an instant on the level plain, and great ice mountains, swept along by some under-current, go crashing through the floe, casting its wreckage to right and left, as a steam-plough does the furrowed soil. Before the charge of these crystal Alps the stoutest hull ever built by man of wood or iron is but as a child's paperboat, and if taken between the onsets of their colliding masses is crushed like a nutshell under a steam hammer. The only effectual protection against these assaults of ice is a rampart of

grounded bergs, strong enough to resist the pressure, between the ship and the open sea. Now the *Vega* had no such powerful barrier to shelter her, and her only breakwater was a comparatively feeble fence of ice, formed by *torosses*, or ridges thrown up on the edge of the floe by the obstacles it has come in contact with. Fortunately the ice-storms were not sufficiently violent to break through it, and she underwent only a very slight change of position during her detention.

On October 2, the ice began to bear, and on the following day a party of Chukches crossed to the ship, their visits, returned by sledging expeditions to their camps, forming thenceforward the principal break in the monotony of the winter. Their relations with the Swedes were most amicable throughout, and they seem to be a singularly amiable and harmless people. They inhabit the extreme north-eastern angle of Siberia, and are divided into two tribes, numbering some four or five thousand individuals, the Coast or Dog Chukches, and the Reindeer Chukches, who live a little further inland. They have no chiefs or political organization, but the so-called *starost* of the Reindeer Chukches, Wassili Menka, boasted of representing Russian authority, though rather in name than in reality. This man undertook to deliver letters from the *Vega* to the Russian officials at Anadyrsk, and actually did so, receiving a gold medal from the Swedish Government for his faithful execution of the trust. The Chukches live in tents of skins, having an inner sleeping compartment warmed by train-oil lamps, and carpeted with seal or walrus skins over a layer of grass. Their dogs, trained to draught, seem to lose their natural instincts and to become incapable of seeking their own food. They do not, even when half-starving, attempt to give chase to the hares and ptarmigans that abound near the tents, or seek to devour the carcasses of whales or seals left on the beach. They are perfectly mute, or utter only a wolf-like howl, and the barking of a pair of Scotch colleys on board the *Vega* inspired both them and their masters with the liveliest terror.

The Chukches carry on an active trade with the American Eskimo, whom they meet on Diomedé Island, half way across Behring's Straits, and, through the spring, large parties continued to pass the *Vega*, with dog and reindeer sledges, laden with goods from the Russian markets for this emporium. The principal fair where they provide themselves with these commodities is held in March on an island 250 versts from Nischni Kolymsk, and is formally opened by religious ceremonies on both sides, Mass being said by the Russian priests and some incantations performed in the Chukche camp by their shamans or magicians.

At the winter quarters of the *Vega*, situated in about the latitude

of northern Iceland, the greatest cold experienced was in January, when the thermometer fell to fifty degrees below zero of Fahrenheit, within two degrees of the minimum temperature recorded by the crew of the *Tegetthoff* in much higher latitude. The health of the men was excellent, and not a single case of scurvy or other serious illness occurred, the principal anti-scorbutic used being preserved cloudbberries mixed with rum.

Many effects of refraction, such as mock suns, and solar and lunar haloes, produced by the constant presence of minute ice needles in the air, even under a clear sky, were observed. The aurora borealis was seen almost constantly, from eight in the evening for nine or ten hours subsequently, in the form of a low wide arch of light, sometimes double, and even quadruple, spanning the horizon from east to west, but unaccompanied by the more vivid displays, or aurora storms, generally associated with it. Baron Nordenskiöld believes this aurora arch, which he distinguishes from the aurora storms, to be the visible portion of a multiple luminous crown or halo, permanently encircling the Polar regions of the earth, at a distance of about 200 kilometres above its surface, and having its axis oblique to that of the earth. In other words, the Polar nimbus is set on slightly askew, descending over a much lower parallel in the western than in the eastern hemisphere. This view, however, is scarcely supported by observations taken in other localities.

The ice formed round the *Vega* continued to increase in thickness up to May 15, when it measured 162 centimetres. Not till the beginning of July did it begin to show signs of yielding, and, though on the 17th the year's ice next the land broke up, the ground ices still lay so firm that the crew expected a much longer detention, and were even planning excursions on shore. On the 18th the officers were at dinner, when a slight rocking movement was felt, and the ship, motionless for nine months in her ice cradle, began to stir uneasily, like a living creature rousing itself from a long trance. Captain Palander rushed on deck, and seeing the ice in motion all round, ordered the fires to be lit. Two hours later, at 3.30 P.M., the *Vega*, gay with all her bunting, was steaming through open water towards Behring's Straits, while the Chukches stood on the shore to see the last of their winter visitors. At 11 A.M. on the 20th the Swedish vessel was in the midst of the Straits, which no ship coming from the Atlantic had ever passed before, and saluted the lonely shores with her guns in honour of the achievement of the North-east Passage.

She visited the shores of both continents, and made a short stay at Behring Island, the scene of the death of the explorer of that name. Baron Nordenskiöld gives an entertaining account

of the manners and customs of the sea-bear, a great seal which congregates here in such vast numbers that the population of one of their haunts, or "rookeries," visited by him, is estimated at 200,000, and 37,000 had been slaughtered there that season. He also contributes valuable items to the natural history of the sea-cow, a gigantic marine mammal found there by the companions of Behring, and since become extinct, and of which he brought home a quantity of bones sufficient to admit of the construction of a perfect skeleton.

The *Vega* completed the circumnavigation of Europe and Asia by returning home through the Suez Canal, and reached Stockholm on April 24, 1880, after an absence of a year and nine months. The well-deserved honours with which her crew were received, not only there, but at every port where they touched, are fresh in our readers' memories, nor will any one grudge to Sweden the glory of having sent out the first successful expedition to seek a passage through the Arctic seas.

Baron Nordenskiöld dwells with pardonable exultation on the fact that the *Vega* has been the first ship to sail from one ocean to the other by the Polar route in either hemisphere, the exploration of the North-west Passage having been in part effected in sledge journeys over the ice. The apparent ease with which the feat has now been accomplished excites a sense of surprise that it had been left so long undone; but it must be remembered that this seeming facility is the result of long previous study, and that difficulties and dangers have been averted, because foreseen. Baron Nordenskiöld's narrative of his voyage deserves the epithet applied to it by the *Times* of a "monumental work," as it is an exhaustive history of the discovery of the North-east Passage, combined with many interesting and original dissertations on subjects connected with it.

But the chief importance of the *Vega's* voyage is not the theoretical one of her having explored the long-sought Polar passage to the Indian seas, an achievement which there is no practical object in repeating—but in her having been the pioneer of commerce and civilization to half a continent, hitherto almost cut off from communication with the world. Siberia is the solitary instance of a vast region, extending far within the temperate zone, which discharges its entire drainage into the Polar Basin. The Amur, it is true, empties a great flood of water into the Pacific, but the province supplying it is outside the natural boundaries of Siberia, and may be considered geographically a separate country. The rest of Northern Asia constitutes a great inclined plane, sloping from the lofty plateaus of Mongolia and Tartary to the shores of the Arctic Sea, and draining into it by three main arteries—the Obi, Yenesei and Lena. Measuring

4,000 miles from east to west, and 2,000 from north to south, we can best realize the extent of this gigantic dependency of Russia by remembering that its area of nearly five millions and three-quarters of square miles exceeds by two millions that of the whole of Europe; that it is twice the size of Australia, and a hundred times that of England. Yet, over this immense surface is scattered a population less than that of seven English counties.

Siberia is scourged by a climate whose severity is not exceeded by any point on the globe ever visited by man. A line representing the winter temperature of Spitzbergen descends rapidly to the south-east, crosses the Ural Mountains to the slopes of the Altai range, and, following within a very short distance the Siberian frontier, rises again to the north-east along the Pacific shore to a point near Behring's Straits, in about the same latitude as that from which it started. It thus includes almost the whole of Siberia within its curves, while the basin of the Lena is circumscribed by an inner loop, indicating a degree of cold equal to that of Franz Josef Land, within ten degrees of the Pole itself. At Werchojansk, in the heart of this district, the cold registered during 124 days of the winter of 1871-72 was below the freezing point of mercury, and at Yakutsk, a little farther to the south, 71 degrees below zero of Fahrenheit has been reached. These extremes of cold extend far to the south. The port of Vladivostock, on the same parallel as Marseilles, is closed by ice for about a hundred days of the year, while at Irkutsk, scarcely farther north than Bristol, milk is chopped with a hatchet, to be carried round for sale in solid slices frozen to a stick, and fish and meat, hard as iron, can be stacked like bricks or coal.

The range of the thermometer, too, is greater than in any other part of the world, and almost touches at both ends of the scale the utmost extremes of heat and cold. At Yeneseisk, the temperature in July, 1877, rose to 92°, and fell, the same year, to 59° below zero of Fahrenheit. At Kiakhtha, on the Chinese frontier, 2,500 feet above the sea, the thermometer, which in February, 1877, registered -42, marked +100° in the following August. But even these extremes are surpassed by those recorded at Barnaul, in about the latitude of London, where a maximum of +107° is confronted by a minimum of 84° below zero.

Through great part of Siberia a stratum of perpetual ice extends beneath the soil at a depth of only a few feet, yet at Yakutsk, where this frost-bound layer has been proved to be at least 380 feet in thickness, corn yields fifteen, and with careful cultivation, even forty-fold. In other districts, though only five weeks from the middle of June to the end of July, are free



from frost, vegetation is so rapid that corn and garden produce ripen in the interval.

Inland navigation on the Siberian rivers is, of course, only possible during the summer months, but even when frozen they still furnish natural highways along which travellers drive their sledges, and are the great channels of communication. The Obi, the most westerly of the three great streams, drains into the Frozen Sea, an area of more than a million and a quarter of square miles, and after flowing for 2,700 miles, greater part of the year under ice from five to seven feet thick, loses itself in a great gulf, 400 miles long, by 70 or 80 wide. Its banks being low, it is liable to periodical inundations, during which it overflows considerable tracts of country, enriching the soil by the deposit of fine black earth, like garden mould. The basin of the Obi is therefore of amazing fertility, producing abundant crops of cereals.

The Yenesei, whose length of 3,472 miles is exceeded only by three rivers in the world, the Nile, Amazon, and Mississippi, pours the waters gathered from an area of 1,110,000 square miles into a lagoon and delta 400 miles in length. Unlike the Obi, it flows between steep banks which do not admit of its overflow, and impose on travellers on its frozen surface a precipitous ascent and descent to and from the posting stations where they are sheltered for the night. It is calculated that the drainage area of the Obi and Yenesei together is greater than that of all the rivers flowing into the Mediterranean and adjacent waters, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Sea of Azov.

The Lena, after a course of 2,500 miles, discharges into the Arctic Ocean, to the west of the Taimur Peninsula, the rainfall collected from a basin of 800,000 square miles in extent. A project has been mooted for rendering these three great waterways still more available as a means of internal communication, by connecting the head-waters of the Obi with those of the Yenesei, and the latter, through its tributary the Angara, flowing from Lake Baikal, with those of the Lena. The cost of this undertaking has been estimated, by the survey appointed to report on it by the Russian Government, at 700,000 roubles, a little over £100,000 sterling. Despite the shortness of the time during which navigation is possible, the scheme, if carried out, could not but have a great effect in stimulating traffic throughout the country.

The whole of Northern Asia is believed to be undergoing a gradual process of upheaval, a movement shared by nearly all north Polar lands yet visited, according to the evidence furnished by raised beaches in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and the recently discovered Franz Josef Land. This change is probably accom-

panied by increasing cold in the Arctic regions, and the traces of Eskimo dwellings found by the last English Polar expedition to the north of Smith's Sound, where human life could no longer be supported, would seem to confirm this view. The northern coast of Siberia, more particularly its eastern portion, is fringed by a series of lagoons, separated from the sea by a narrow strip of sandy shore, so that in winter, when travelling over the snow-covered surface, the proper limits of sea and land are not easily distinguished. It is probable that the inner edge of the enclosed pools was the original sea-beach, and that the present external barrier represents the gradual encroachment of the land. The Lena has in similar fashion evidently pushed its delta out to sea, far beyond its original point of discharge, for it now forms a projection on the coast-line shaped much like an expanded fan, with its sections divided by the ramifications of the river. The Obi and Yenesei, on the contrary, have scoured out enormous estuaries, indenting the coast to a depth of several hundred miles. Among the evidences of upheaval are the deposits of ancient driftwood, rotted into tinder, called by the natives "Adam's wood" and "Noah's wood," according to its various stages of antiquity, and found above the level of the highest floods. Recent sea shells were found, too, by Mr. Seeböhm in the valley of the Yenesei, fully four miles from the river and 500 feet above the present level of the sea.

Passing inland from the seacoast, Siberia may be roughly divided into three zones, whose limits can be defined with tolerable clearness. The first of these is the *tundra*, lying mainly within the Arctic Circle, generally barren, but in some places covered with rich pastures and luxuriant vegetation, far to the north of that line. The writer last quoted thus describes this part of the country :—

The Siberian *tundra* is something like the fields of Lapland, something like a Scotch moor, or an Irish bog. It is a wild, undulating extent of country, full of rivers, lakes, and swamps, stony but not rocky, gay with brilliant wild flowers, abounding with ground fruits, such as crowberry, cranberry, cloudberry, and Arctic strawberry, and swarming with clouds of mosquitoes. The hill tops are barren and stony, but the valleys shelter dwarf willow and stunted birch.

No cultivation is practised on the *tundras*, and the inhabitants are wandering savages of various races, who live principally by hunting and fishing.

Where the *tundra* ends, begins the great timber zone of Siberia, the most stupendous forest in the world. It extends, almost unbroken, across the whole Asiatic continent, from the

Ural to the Pacific, in a wide belt between the Arctic Circle and the fifty-eighth or fifty-ninth degree of latitude. Here pines grow to a great size, and the moss carpet of the ground between them is strewn with gigantic fallen trunks in all stages of decay. The Scotch fir finds its farthest limit at 62° 30' north latitude, but spruce and cedar, birch, willow, alder, and juniper extend farther north. The Siberian larch is one of the most beautiful of trees, and at Yeneseisk a mast of its wood, 60 feet long, with a diameter of 36 inches at the base, may be bought for a sovereign.

Cultivation of grain begins to the south of the forest region, at the sixtieth degree of latitude, and below this line a belt of splendid soil, adapted for cereal culture, runs across the continent, with a width of 600 miles. Cleared land of the best quality, the rich black soil which yields abundant harvests after the most superficial ploughing, can be hired at Barnaul for 3½*d.* an acre. Rye flour at the same place costs only half a farthing a pound, brown wheaten meal 2*s.* a cwt., fine flour 16*s.* the sack of 180*lbs.* Meat is sold according to the season, at from ½*d.* to 1½*d.* a lb., and grouse for 2*d.* or 2½*d.* a brace. In Tobolsk, rye flour costs ½*d.* a lb., and meat 2*d.* Carriage of goods thence to St. Petersburg, by sledge to Nijni Novgorod, and the rest of the way by rail, comes to 18*s.* a cwt., yet fish from the mouth of the Obi can be sold at a profit in the Russian capital, sturgeon for 24*s.*, and sterlet and nelma (a kind of salmon) for 30*s.* a cwt.

The mineral wealth of Siberia is matter of notoriety. It is calculated that an eighth of the gold yearly found throughout the world comes from Russia, and that three-fourths of this supply are furnished by its Asiatic dependency. It is procured by washing and sifting the soil in certain localities, generally among the head waters of the great rivers and their affluents, the basin of the Lena being the most productive. Mines of silver, copper, and iron furnish apparently inexhaustible quantities of those metals, seams of coal exist in many places, and graphite is one of the articles of export from the estuary of the Yenesei.

The mines of the Ural and other districts produce great varieties of precious stones, for cutting which Ekaterineburg has many establishments. Among them are jacinth, opal, malachite, lapis lazuli, chrysolite, beryl, aquamarine, and the recently discovered Alexandrite, so called from the Emperor Alexander, whose two colours, red and green, it displays by day and night respectively.

The very severity of climate which makes Siberia so forbidding as a residence furnishes an additional source of wealth in the rich furs which Nature has bestowed on the lower animals as a protection against its excessive cold. It is reckoned that there are found

there fifty varieties of creatures whose winter garb is a valuable article of commerce, and millions of skins to a value of half a million sterling are annually exported. The price of sables, sometimes as much as £6 apiece, regulates the market, and seems to fluctuate considerably. The black fox has a still more costly covering, which sometimes fetches £30, while £100 is even mentioned as a possible sum to pay for one. Ten, twelve, or fifteen million squirrels are killed annually, and their skins exported, principally to China. The activity with which all these animals are pursued has already diminished their numbers in many places, some having retreated to the north and some to the south, before their implacable enemies. It used to be said that the zone of the reindeer, now found in its wild state only on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, impinged on that of the camel; while other animals, formerly plentiful in Siberia, are now more abundant to the south of the Altai range.

But the most singular of the animal products of Siberia is one which it has inherited from an epoch long past away, the fossil ivory, furnished by mammoth tusks embedded thousands of years ago in the frozen soil. A large export trade in this article has existed for two hundred years back, and most of the ivory used in China comes from this source. As much as 40,000 lbs. is said to be annually exported to Europe, and still the supply shows no signs of diminishing, giving a prodigious idea of the numbers in which the great hairy elephant of the north must once have roamed the now frozen plains.

Taking all these various sources of wealth into consideration, we need scarcely wonder at M. Ferdinand de Lesseps' estimate of Siberia as the richest country in the world, "in respect of its produce in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, supplying as it does gold, silver, copper, iron, graphite, and coal, fossil ivory, timber from boundless forests, wheat and other vegetable produce from illimitable plains of the most fertile soil, in time to come perhaps even wine from the more southern districts, furs from the cold region, wool, tallow, and meat from the grassy prairies, the meat preserved fresh by simple exposure to the cold of winter, and finally fish of the finest quality in extraordinary numbers."\* Such are the capabilities of the country now for the first time about to be thrown open to the commerce of the world by the results of the voyage of the *Vega*.

Siberia has no history down to the middle of the sixteenth century. Isolated behind the range of the Altai, inhabited by nomad tribes and without wealthy cities or bounteous harvests to tempt plunderers from afar, its mineral treasures undreamt

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\* "Nordenskiöld's Arctic Voyages," by Alexander Leslie.

of, its other resources undeveloped and unknown, it doubtless escaped those hurricane raids of predatory conquest that so often swept over Central Asia. Thus some classical myths of hyperborean monsters, or mediæval stories of the inhabitants of uttermost Tartary and Scythia, in which a few grains of truth, transmitted through strange and devious channels, were largely adulterated with fable on the way, comprised the entire stock of the world's knowledge of the Asiatic frigid zone and its occupants. To the mythical age succeeded here, as elsewhere, the heroic, though too near our own times to have its romance enhanced by the admixture of the supernatural.

A horde of Cossack banditti, driven to the slopes of the Ural by the forces of the Czar, were the pioneers of a conquest which more than doubled the empire of his heirs. These Bedouins of the North, gathering their light swarms in the plains of the Don and Volga, under the leadership of one Yermak Timofejev, were accustomed to swoop upon the rich caravans bringing merchandise from Persia and the East. The Czar Ivan Vassilievitch, the same who more than twenty years before had entertained at his Court the companions of Sir Hugh Willoughby, being anxious to enlarge and extend the trade of his dominions, sent troops to clear the steppes of the marauders. Yermak and his band, some six thousand strong, retreated along the foot of the mountain barrier between Europe and Asia, and arrived, perilous and unwelcome guests, among the possessions of a wealthy settler, whose family history was destined thenceforward to be closely interwoven with that of Siberia. The house of Stroganoff was itself of Asiatic lineage, as it traced its origin to a Tartar prince of the Golden Horde, descended from Genghiz Khan, who in the reign of Demetrius Ivanovitch Danskoi, about the middle of the fourteenth century, abandoned his own faith and people, was baptized a Christian, and vowed allegiance to the Russian prince. In the war which ensued he led the Muscovite forces against his own tribe, by whom he was taken prisoner and put to a cruel death. The son borne to him by his Russian wife, about the same time, or shortly after, was said to have derived his name from the instrument of his father's torture, *strogat*, signifying a scraper.

The family descended from this boy were always conspicuous for their loyalty to their adopted sovereigns, and gave some striking instances of it. One of its descendants, Lucas Stroganoff, ransomed the hereditary Prince Vassili Vassilievitch at his own expense from captivity to the Tartars. Another Stroganoff, Gregory Demetrevitch, during the war between Sweden and Russia, when the funds of the latter country were running low, invited the Czar

Peter the Great to dinner, and, at the close of the entertainment, requested the monarch's acceptance of the table on which it had been served. It was, no doubt, a pleasant surprise for the impecunious potentate to discover that the board from which he had eaten rested on a great cask crammed with gold and silver, the addition to his treasury thus provided enabling him to carry on the war against his enemies.

It must be confessed that the Stroganoffs had substantial grounds for loyalty in the great possessions conferred on them. In 1558 Anika, the then head of the family, received a grant of the whole province of Perm, at the foot of the Ural Mountains, and ten years later a further concession of all the land on the banks of the Chusovaja. This district the Stroganoffs made the centre of a vast commercial organization, transporting goods on the Volga and its tributaries in flat-bottomed boats, some capable of carrying a load of a hundred tons, and establishing agencies and factories in all the towns on the banks of those streams. Here they came in contact with the natives of Siberia, previously unknown to the Russians, and entered into amicable relations with them, extending their operations to the banks of the Obi, and exchanging wheat, salt, and other products of civilization for the spoils of the wild hunters, the rich furs of the frigid zone.

Now it was among the forts and settlements of these enterprising pioneers of commerce that Yermak the Cossack, and his band of hungry sheepskin-coated warriors, mounted on the shaggy ponies of the steppes, made their appearance as fugitives, towards the close of the year 1577. The Stroganoffs, Anika and his grandson Maxim, no doubt viewed their approach with uneasiness, as they saw their great possessions at the mercy of the needy strangers, and resolved to divert elsewhere the invasion they could not stem. While they extended to Yermak and his followers during the winter the hospitality they might have extorted by force, they told them of a great region lying beyond the mountains, where lands and wealth unbounded would reward an enterprising conqueror. They showed the priceless furs of Siberia, they represented the helplessness of its scanty population, they promised the adventurers arms to overpower resistance and guides to show the way. The result was that Yermak and his Cossacks crossed the Urals in the following spring, 1578, and began the series of desultory raids which ended in the conquest of half a continent.

His progress, however, in the beginning was slow, and the Tartar princes, with whom he first came in contact in the southwestern angle of the country, were able to make some head against him. Beaten back across the Urals after his first cam-

paign, he renewed the attempt the following year, 1579, and pressed on during eighteen months of varying fortune, with dwindling numbers but undiminished audacity. When his principal antagonist, Kutcham Khan, advanced to meet him with a large force, at the junction of the Irtish and Tobol, but 1,500 Cossacks followed their leader into the field. Yet, after a desperate struggle, they succeeded not only in defeating the Tartars, but in driving Kutcham Khan from his stronghold Sibir, where he had taken refuge after his defeat.

The successful adventurer saw, nevertheless, that his position was untenable without external aid, and he sought it from his former sovereign. He sent an embassy of fifty Cossacks to lay his conquest at the feet of the Czar, with a request for pardon for past transgressions and assistance in present necessity. The repentant rebel, when in a position to make so splendid an offer, was not likely to sue in vain. The Czar sent him regal presents, a silver cup, two suits of rich armour, and the highest mark of favour, a fur cloak he had himself worn. A reinforcement of 500 men accompanied these gifts, and enabled the conqueror to maintain himself a little longer. A desultory warfare was carried on between him and his adversary, whose triumph, however, was at hand. Having ascertained that Yermak and his band, on the night of August 16, 1584, were encamped on an island in the Irtish, he surprised them by crossing the river at an unexpected place, fell upon them while sleeping, and cut them to pieces. Yermak, with a few followers, made a desperate resistance, and fought his way to his boats, but in trying to leap on board fell short, and, encumbered by the weight of his golden armour, the Czar's fatal gift, was drowned in the stream. His remains were treated with great indignity by Kutcham Khan, but, strange to say, became an object of veneration to the followers of that prince, who long believed that miracles were worked at his tomb and mysterious lights seen hovering over it.

With the death of Yermak the Russian conquest of Siberia received a temporary check, as his few surviving followers evacuated Sibir and retired across the Urals; but the impetus he had given was too strong to be permanently stayed. Fresh invading expeditions were fitted out, *ostrogs*, or forts, were built at the successive points occupied, and in seventy years the whole of the vast region from the Ural to the Pacific was incorporated in the dominions of Russia, while a number of cities—Tomsk, Tobolsk, Yeneseisk and others—had sprung up amid its boundless deserts. In this gradual extension of territory private adventure went hand-in-hand with national aggrandizement, and the hardy *Promuischleneki*, or pioneers, whose commercial enterprise brought them in troops to the newly annexed regions, played

a leading part in their subjugation. The Cossack soldiers, by whom the military expeditions were achieved, turned from conquerors into colonists, and, settling on the soil with their families, became the ancestors of the present race of Siberian Cossacks, numbering from 100,000 to 200,000.

It was only when trenching on the Chinese frontier, in the south-eastern angle of Siberia, that the Russian advance met with any serious resistance, and the territory of the Amur, giving command of that river, with a length of 3,066 miles, was only finally ceded to Russia in 1858, while by an additional treaty two years later, her frontiers received a still further extension along the Pacific as far as those of the Corea.

The priceless spoils of its four-footed inhabitants were the attraction that first drew on the foreign invaders to the conquest of Northern Asia, while its mineral treasures, yet more tempting to cupidity, lay still undreamt of in the bowels of the earth. The history of their discovery is connected with the origin of another great Russian family intimately associated with the development of Siberia. Their rise is told as follows.

At Tula, on the edge of the frozen Steppes that stretch across the boundary between Europe and Asia, there dwelt, in the reign of Peter the Great, a blacksmith named Demidè, a man of mighty thews and sinews, so cunning, moreover, in the handling and tempering of metal that his fame had spread far and wide through the country, as well as among the regiments which passed through to the relief of the Siberian garrisons. Now Czar Peter, when preparing to make war on Charles XII., King of Sweden, made a tour of military inspection through his dominions, and in the course of it arrived at Tula. Here he made the annoying discovery that a much prized pistol of English workmanship had suffered serious damage, which would, as he thought, necessitate its transmission for repair to the original manufacturer. In this emergency some of his suite bethought themselves of the vaunted skill of the local armourer, and recommended that his services should be called in. The Czar, with many misgivings, consented, and the stalwart workman, nothing daunted, was ushered into the presence of royalty. He examined the damaged weapon, and undertook its repair, while the Czar, by way of stimulating his faculties, threatened him with dire penalties in case of failure.

Next day Demidè returned, and submitted the pistol to the inspection of the Czar, who, himself a skilled craftsman, could detect no flaw in its mechanism. He ordered the smith to be rewarded with a large sum of money, and was about dismissing him, when Demidè, putting his hand into his blouse, pulled out a second pistol and presented it to the astonished monarch.



Peter now recognized the original damaged weapon, of which the accomplished workman had manufactured a facsimile so perfect as to deceive even the keen gaze of its owner.

Thenceforward the blacksmith of Tula continued one of the most trusted and useful of the servants of the Czar, was immediately commissioned by him with the casting of artillery to be used against the Swedes, and was able, throughout the war, to supply small arms to the Russian troops at a much lower rate than they had been previously furnished. Nor did his services end here. He had divined, or learned, the existence of the mineral treasures of Siberia, and undertook their development. In 1725 he discovered the copper mines at Kolivan, and received enormous concessions for their exploitation, as well as for those of silver and other metals brought to light by him in the Ural mountains. He colonized with his workmen whole districts in Siberia, and introduced into the country various improvements in handicrafts and manufactures, engines worked by water power, the art of weaving, and the use of the compass.

Thus, while he laid the foundations of the boundless wealth of the Demidoff family, he created the most conspicuous industry of Siberia, and ranks as one of its greatest benefactors. This character has always been maintained by the descendants of his house amid the many bizarre caprices and extravagances for which its eccentric millionaires have been proverbially notorious.

The principal mines now owned by the house of Demidoff are those of copper and iron at Nijni Tagilsk in the Ural mountains. Here 30,000 workmen are employed, and the number of serfs owned by the Prince in this district, before the edict of emancipation, amounted to 56,000 males. The Demidoff forests, which supply the fuel for the furnaces, extend over 11,500 square versts, where the timber grows so close that there is scarcely room to swing an axe. Steel is exported hence to Sheffield, and the iron of the works ranks second only to that of Dannemara. In these copper mines is found the famous malachite of the Urals, which contributed to the decoration of the Villa San Donato, the Aladdin's palace of Prince Demidoff, the sale of whose treasures must be fresh in the minds of our readers.

But the aspect in which Siberia most readily presents itself to the English mind is that in which it has been generally celebrated in literature, as the great penal settlement of Russia. The most authoritative account of it in this capacity is that furnished by Mr. Lansdell, whose interesting work, "*Through Siberia*," describes a journey undertaken principally with the object of distributing Bibles and other books to the convicts. His dictum is, in the main, more favourable to the

Russian system than that of previous writers ; but it must be remembered that his experience of it, though extensive, was gained under official guidance, and along the great highway of traffic, where it is least liable to abuse. Many misconceptions, however, he succeeds in clearing away, like the tales of the quicksilver mines where the convicts wasted away in deadly toil, and which, according to him, have no existence ; while at the silver mines of Nertchinsk, the work did not seem to him more severe than ordinary convict labour. He sums up his judgment by saying that, while in regard to material comforts the Siberian prisoners are not worse off than the inmates of English gaols, in point of moral and spiritual advantages they are deplorably behind them. No supervision or training seems to be provided to counteract the demoralizing effect of constant association among the criminals, and, where hard labour is the rule, there is no cessation for Sunday.

The number of prisoners annually sent to Siberia is, according to this author's estimate, from 17,000 to 20,000, including a certain number of convicts' wives, who have the option of accompanying them. About 8,000 are set free to gain their living, of whom 3,000 are sent to Eastern and 5,000 to Western Siberia. Not more than 3 or 4 per cent. belong to the upper classes, and about one-third of the entire number can read and write. A large proportion, perhaps 20 per cent., are not criminals properly so-called, but individuals banished by their communes for general misconduct, principally drunkenness. The *mir*, or village parliament, decrees the deportation of obnoxious members of the community at its own expense, and the sentence is generally confirmed by the higher authorities. The plan might seem to offer a chance of reformation to the idle and dissipated, by total removal from old associations with the stimulus of necessity for exertion.

The prisoners are divided into two classes, those who forfeit all civil rights, becoming legally dead, and those who retain a portion of their status as citizens. These latter, after undergoing a term of imprisonment, are liberated, and allowed to live with their families, still performing certain tasks for the Government, or paying a portion of their earnings, and finally attaining the position of free colonists.

The long journey to their destination is accomplished by rail, barge, and steamer, as far as Tomsk, whence, if bound farther eastward, they walk the remainder of the way, if water carriage be not available. On the march, they rest one day in three, their stages being twenty miles or more asunder. The journey is always made in summer, the convicts being detained in Russian prisons until the favourable season begins. Changes of

name, and with it of destination and punishment, in accordance with individual preferences, are frequently effected by mutual arrangement between the prisoners on the way, or even within the prisons; and a forger of the name of Shukowski, condemned to a term of hard labour, managed thus to change his identity no less than nine times.

The tasks performed by the prisoners are generally light, and in many of the Government establishments they suffer more from absence than excess of work. The discipline of the prisons is rather lax than strict, but no doubt there are cases of exceptional rigour. Corporal punishment is never administered for a first offence, and is not in general of extreme severity, though in three of the prisons where the worst class of offenders are confined, at Saghalien, Nicholaefsk, and Kara (this last reserved exclusively for murderers), a relic of barbarism survives in the *plète*, a triple thong of twisted leather, after the application of which the victim frequently dies.

Much sympathy is felt for the exiles among the population of Siberia, who never speak of them by any harsher name than "unfortunates." Associations exist everywhere for the alleviation of their condition, by means of a fund subscribed for supplying them with extra food and comforts. The peasantry, being of course forbidden to harbour such as escape, leave a small quantity of food outside their cottages, that the famished fugitives may find and eat it.

A darker picture of convict life is given in some letters in the *Sibirische Zeitung*, published in Tomsk, August 9, 1881, and quoted in *Petermann's Mittheilungen* of January, 1882. The released convicts are described as exercising a most demoralizing influence on the population, particularly on the rising generation, to whom their recklessness and audacity make them appear as objects rather of admiration than of reprobation. Instead of practising their trades, or adopting any honest industry to gain a livelihood, they more frequently take to pilfering and highway robbery to supply themselves with means of indulging their universal passion for drinking. Peculations on the part of the prison officials and embezzlement of the convicts' rations seem also to be not uncommon; while in remoter districts, as in that of Yakutsk, where the necessities of life are dear, the Government allowance is insufficient for their maintenance. All such abuses are, without doubt, more liable to prevail in the outlying districts, far from the supervision of the central authorities. The Italians have a proverb that "a good ruler is better than a good law," and the Siberian convict system, like all other systems, depends for its operations entirely on the spirit in which it is administered.

The revelations of prison life, recently published in "Buried Alive," refer, it would seem, to a period thirty years past, since which many changes must have taken place. The author, Fedor Dostoyeffsky, a well-known Russian novelist, suffered, according to Madame Novikoff, for his brother's offence—that of having been concerned in a political plot.

Among the many romances of Siberia Mr. Lansdell relates one, of which a young English lady connected with a ducal family was the heroine. Having pledged her affections to a Polish exile, she insisted on sharing his banishment, and was escorted on the journey of 3,000 miles by a devoted Scotch professor, who, having witnessed her marriage, returned home and exerted himself to obtain her husband's release. He eventually succeeded, as the story, first brought to the notice of a member of the English Royal Family, next came to that of one of the Imperial House of Russia, and, finally, to that of the Emperor himself, who pardoned the exile in consideration of the devotion of his bride.

The free Russian population of Siberia, calculated at some four millions, is almost entirely concentrated in the principal cities, or stretched in a thin cordon along the banks of the great rivers. The races by whom the country is inhabited are broadly classed under five heads:—Slavonic (Russians and Poles), Finnish (Finns, Voguls, Ostiaks, Samoyeds, Yuraki), Turkish (Tartars, Kirghiz, Kalmuks, Yakuts), Mongolian (Mantchu, Buriats, Tunguses), and Chinese, with whom are, somewhat inaccurately, classed Gilyaks, and Ainos.

The native tribes are all nomads, who practise no agriculture, and live principally by hunting and fishing. The Ostiaks, to the number of some 24,000, inhabit the banks of the Irtysh and Obi, living in *yourts*, or tents, fishing from canoes on the rivers, and bringing down game on land with the bow and arrow, in the use of which they are singularly skilled. The Tunguses roam the *tundra* farther to the east, and are divided into Forest and Desert Tunguses, the former living by hunting and fishing, the latter maintaining herds of reindeer. It is this race by whom the latter animal is ridden as a saddle beast, and not the Yakuts, as might be inferred from Mr. Lansdell, whose account of these tribes seems to be borrowed from Professor Erman's "Travels in Siberia."

The Yakuts, who dwell in the valley of the Lena, belong to the Turkish family, and their language is said to be intelligible in Constantinople. They resemble the Tartars in their habits, which are pre-eminently horsey. The flesh of the animal is their favourite food, and they drink vast quantities of milk and its fermented preparations. Melted butter is one of their most

esteemed beverages, and they even prepare an intoxicant from it. They have an almost boundless capacity for food, and four of them can devour a horse, or three a reindeer at a single meal, while their ordinary allowance for twenty-four hours is said to be the hind-quarter of a large ox, with twenty pounds of fat and draughts of melted butter in proportion. Their powers of enduring hunger are equally great, and their principle on a journey is not to kill their saddle horses until they have passed nine days without food. They are gifted with such exceptional keenness of vision that one of them told a Russian traveller of having seen a big blue star devour four little stars and then cast them up again, thus proving that he had witnessed the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. The Yakuts have adopted Christianity, though tinctured with some of their native superstitions. They were acquainted with the art of smelting iron long before they came in contact with the Russians, and supplied implements of this metal to the surrounding tribes. To the south of the Yakuts dwell the Buriats, numbering 260,000, principally Buddhists, and resembling the Mongolian tribes of Thibet.

The Gilyaks, inhabiting the Lower Amur, called by the Chinese "fish-skin strangers," are remarkable, as that name implies, for their ingenuity in manufacturing themselves waterproof suits for summer, of the skin of the salmon, beaten with a mallet to the requisite degree of suppleness. They resemble the Ainos, to whom they are supposed to be related, in keeping a bear in a cage, and observing certain ceremonies in regard to it, ending, however, in the slaughter of the animal.

It was among this people, with the desire of converting whom he started from China, that M. de la Brumière, a Catholic missionary, met his death in the year 1846. He was slain with pikes and arrows at the White Village, near Nicholaefsk, the motive being cupidity, aroused by the sight of his watch, spoons, and crucifix.

The wants of these various native tribes, which, from their nomad habits, they were incapable of supplying themselves, early created an active inland trade through Siberia, notwithstanding the enormous difficulties it had to overcome. The great occasions for the interchange of commodities are the yearly and half-yearly fairs held at the principal towns, that of Irbit having been at one time second only to that of Nijni-Novgorod in importance. To these gatherings enterprising traders come from all quarters and from vast distances, sometimes from a thousand miles or more. Winter is the season generally selected for their journeys, as the smooth surface of the snowy plains and the solid crust of the frozen rivers then afford a level floor for the trains of loaded sledges to travel over. Trade with the natives

is carried on exclusively by interchange of goods; European products, such as tobacco, meal, and firearms, being bartered for the costly spoils of the denizens of the Arctic deserts. At Kiakhtha, on the Chinese frontier, the only point of commercial contact with the Celestial Empire, traffic is conducted on the same primitive system; and quantities of brick or caravan tea with silk and cotton fabrics, are imported into the Russian territory, while the wares of Siberia—peltry, mammoth ivory, and quantities of deer antlers (believed by the faculty of China a sovereign specific against many of the ills that flesh is heir to)—are received instead.

The annexation of the Amur Province and adjacent territory has given Russia an outlet into the Pacific, through a magnificent waterway, navigable for 1,973 miles from the sea. Nicholaefsk, at the mouth of the great stream, was for some time a very considerable naval station, but it has been to a great extent superseded by Vladivostock, in 43° N. latitude, on the same parallel as the Pyrenees. But even this port, despite its proud position seated on the Oriental Bosphorus, and its lordly name, proclaiming that it has "the command of the East," is doubtless destined in its turn to see much of its bustling activity transferred to a younger and more southern rival.

The extension of Russian naval power in this direction, within striking distance of the British colonies in the Pacific, is one of the many symptoms of her ambitious policy, which tend to arouse the susceptibilities and suspicions of English statesmen and politicians. No such considerations are brought into play on the northern coast of Asia, where humanity is, as it were, driven to bay by the hostile forces of Nature, and national jealousies are hushed in presence of the terrors wielded by a common foe, the dread Ice King. Here all countries may rejoice alike in the accomplishment of a fresh triumph of civilization, and none will grudge Siberia the increase in wealth and importance that will accrue to her if modern enterprise shall have opened a highway to her desolate shores through the perils of the Arctic Seas.

E. M. CLERKE.

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## ART. II.—COUNTY ADMINISTRATION.

1. *Local Government and Taxation in the United Kingdom.* Cobden Club. 1882.
2. *Minutes of Evidence taken before Her Majesty's Commissioners on Agriculture.* Vols. I. & II. 1881.
3. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.*

IT has long been an accepted tradition that Englishmen are distinguished above others, not only by that self-restraint and self-control which fit men to govern, but by their love of local liberties and power of managing their own affairs. Popular writers are accustomed to draw animating comparisons between the sturdy independent Briton and those less favoured peoples who are understood to be given up to the horrors of red-tapism and bureaucracy—the victims of an excessive centralization; while our orators will dwell with complacency upon lands where the parish pump must not be mended without the permission of the Minister of the Interior. The condition of a people that allows its internal affairs to be moulded at the will of a Minister is spoken of with a fine scorn, and a denunciation of the growing power of the central executive never fails to draw enthusiastic cheers from a gathering of English electors. But, side by side with this traditionary feeling, there has grown up in these latter days a strong tendency in the opposite direction—a tendency in every difficulty and danger to make instant appeal to the central power. The old self-reliance seems gone; men seem no longer to look first to themselves, to see what their own right hands can do, but rather to turn at once to some outside power, some *deus ex machinâ*, some Act of Parliament. And perhaps under the changed conditions of society, and quite apart from the effect of recent legislation, it was inevitable that this should be so. In times when communication is so rapid and the gathered power of the Executive so overwhelming, in the presence of an evil or a wrong, men are apt to feel a fierce impatience of slower methods and to demand that the Government shall at once step in and effect the remedy. It seems idle to leave a cure to individual enterprise or the efforts of a local community when the giant forces of the State can be brought to bear. When the means of conveying intelligence were less developed a local difficulty was recognized as belonging to the locality, and the men of the place buckled to to meet it, while those further off knew nothing about the matter, and, if they had known, would have cared little. But with the increased rapidity of communication there has come not only the possibility

of knowing the difficulties and burdens of far-off brethren but a strange quickening of human sympathies. The tale of distant disaster, which once would have fallen on careless ears, now rouses the same angry impatience to help the suffering or to strike down the wrong-doer as though it were close to our doors. This willingness on the part of the public to take up every difficulty as their own, and as something rightly calling for the intervention of the State, leads naturally to a gradual narrowing of the sphere of individual freedom and the sure sacrifice of local liberties. The perpetual interference of the State between man and man has given rise to an exaggerated notion of the power of officialism to cure every evil under the sun. It is a good thing that fair bargains should be made—why, then, should not the State secure them? And thus it has come to pass, that not only in Ireland, which both of the great political parties have always regarded as a fair field for drastic and experimental legislation, but even here in England, grown men are for the time content to acquiesce in a law which saves them trouble by assuring them that they are incapable of making their own contracts. We say, for the time, because these attempts to strangle individual freedom in the matter of barter and sale have spelt failure, from the days of the sumptuary laws to our own.

But there is another effect of this worship of officialism and gathering of all influence to London which has a more immediate bearing on the subject of this article. And we here allude not merely to the gradual loosening of all the ties of a local allegiance nor to the entire absence of anything like that fond passionate regard with which men once looked up to the heroes of their own countryside, nor yet to the unlovely decay of the old seats of county sway—the towns which for generations have been dozing beneath the shadows of the cathedrals. We allude rather to the combination of motives which year by year is inducing men of property and wealth to spend less and less time at their country homes—with its inevitable and disastrous bearing on the question of County Government. For it is sufficiently obvious that unless the administration of county affairs is to pass into the hands of salaried officials, there must be a number of men who are able and willing to give time and trouble to the management of local business. And this again is dependent, not so much upon there being a number of men possessed of an easy and cultivated leisure, as upon the presence of those openings to local ambition, that favouring public opinion, that large recognition of the good work done, without which it would seem there can be no long continuance of service in any career of silent but laborious usefulness. The time has been when these conditions were fulfilled in every shire in the land. Then there was neither talk nor need of material



reward ; the hope of winning golden opinions from his fellows, from those who lived close around him, was the only stimulus needed to spur the old English lordling or seventeenth-century squire into a healthy activity. The approval or applause he cared for, the public opinion he bowed to, was such as came from men whose lives were spent in the confines of the shire. The difficulty then was to find men who would do work of which the reward was not local but national opinion. Men were ready enough to attend the folk-mote or court of the county, but it was quite another thing to find those who would render service in the national Parliament. We shall perhaps best realize the extent to which this shifting of the centre of public opinion has been carried if we bear in mind that, whereas it now seems likely that we shall have to pay men to manage our local affairs, our forefathers were obliged to pay those whom they sent to represent them in the council of the nation. The only opinion men care for has ceased to attach any large importance to the ministration of local affairs, and thus a money payment seems likely ; in an earlier period of our history members were paid to go to Parliament because the only approval they set store by was that which had a local colouring. In the face of these considerations it may seem not a little strange that the question of Local Government should have suddenly pressed its way into the very forefront of practical politics, and that without assistance from any of the means recently indicated as likely to achieve that desirable result. This, again, we believe is to be attributed in large measure to the growth amongst us of a feeling to which we were once almost strangers, but which may henceforth become an important factor in English politics. We have been spoken of as, before all things, a practical people ; we have been thought to be characterized among the peoples by a bold disregard for symmetry, by an eagerness to get at good results and a carelessness as to the means ; by a healthy scorn for codes and constitutions and formulæ, content, if a system worked well, that it should have any number of flaws and inconsistencies. The smooth working of our English public life has not been held less satisfactory because it has been discovered to be in many ways anomalous, nor has the action of our statesmen been less constitutional because they have had no rule to put finger on and quote as authority. But with the gradual strengthening of the Executive which the growing system of centralization has brought about there has arisen a perfect horror of anything like irregularity. The magisterial power in the counties is admitted to work well in practice ; but then, it is so very anomalous, and the unspoken conclusion is that it must be abolished. The ease with which the country can be mapped out and rearranged into so many little squares has bred a demo-

cratic impatience of those irregularities and inequalities, those lights and shadows of a local life, which were once cherished, and certainly went far to make a varied and picturesque civilization.

The history of this agitation is itself a confirmation of our remarks. The first serious attempt to bring the question of efficient local self-government before the House of Commons was made in the year 1836, when Mr. Hume introduced a Bill shaped on the lines of a direct representation. This was followed some thirteen years later by another Bill under the auspices of the same member. In 1850, and again in 1852, Mr. Milner Gibson tried his hand at legislation on the same question. For the next sixteen years the subject seems to have been allowed to drop, when public attention was again directed to it by the Schools Inquiry report in 1868 in favour of the establishment of county boards to take over the management of the educational endowments for each county. Then followed a Bill brought in by Mr. Wyld, which resulted in the appointment of a Committee of the House whose report was somewhat in favour of direct representation. In 1869 Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen brought in the first Government Bill on the subject, and finally a vigorous attempt to deal efficiently with the reform of local government was made in 1871 by Mr. Goschen. We say finally, because the subsequent measures introduced by Mr. Selater-Booth can hardly be regarded as serious attempts to settle the question. Some light is thrown upon the history of the movement by a notable discovery which was made by its promoters about the year 1871, when it began to dawn upon them that hitherto they had been going upon an altogether wrong tack—that they were basing their claim upon grounds which could not be sustained. Thus, in 1877, Mr. Clare Sewell Read, speaking upon a resolution which was ultimately carried, and which pledged the Government to direct their immediate attention to the question of Local Government, said, referring to Mr. Goschen's Bill:—

Previously this agitation was only of a fleeting and fitful character; and I do not wonder at it, because in my opinion it was not based on a strong foundation. There was a cry of "County Financial Boards," and that cry was founded entirely upon the supposition that there was great extravagance in the administration of the county rates by the magistrates. But I knew to the contrary. From what I had experienced in my own county, and from what I heard from other districts, I was sure that, although the magistrates had authority to expend £3,000,000 of the ratepayers' money, and had no official audit, their expenditure would contrast most favourably with the financial management of the best municipal authority in the world. Some people went so far as to say that the county magistrates built gaols like Chinese pagodas, shire houses like baronial halls, and asylums

like mansions. Even supposing there was a little ornamentation put on some of those buildings—admitting that some of the gaols were built even in an expensive style and with good taste ; what were they, after all, compared to the palatial mansions built under the authority of the town councils in many of the larger boroughs? Positively nothing. Then again there is another fact to be remembered—namely, that the magistrates have really no authority over 80 per cent. of their expenditure. This proportion of their expenditure is imposed upon them by law, and although a good deal has been made of this fact—although, perhaps, rather too much stress has been laid upon it—the end was put forward and enacted by Parliament, but the means were left to the discretion of the magistrates, and right well in my opinion have they used that discretion. I assert that the way in which the county matters coming under their control have been managed by the local magistrates constitutes a standing monument showing how well and assiduously they have done their work.

Nor is Mr. Sewell Read alone in his opinion ; even Birmingham bears eloquent testimony to the purity and efficiency of the present administration in the counties. Thus Mr. Muntz, speaking on Mr. Sclater-Booth's abortive County Government Bill, said : "Admitting that the present position of county affairs was anomalous, still the existing system of county government worked well—it was the most economical and the most orderly of any that he had known in any part of the world." Even Mr. Chamberlain, in the same debate, observed, "If economy and efficiency were the only objects sought for, it was needless, to make a change."

The leaders of the movement, however, are not found to have been daunted by these and similar explanations. It is now admitted on all sides that the financial administration of the counties has been marked by an economy which the direct representatives of the people cannot hope to excel, and by a clean-handed purity they are not likely to rival. And still it remains that the power of the magistrates in the counties is an anomaly. In this latter part of the nineteenth century our rural population is governed by men who in no sense are the elect of the people, while the principle that representation should go hand in hand with taxation continues to be violated.

True that these are considerations not likely greatly to impress the classes who are most to benefit by a reform ; but this is of the less moment as Providence has arranged for a class of men who have made it the peculiar business of their lives to take the British farmer in hand and to invent or discover his grievances for him. But, although there has been no real demand for reform from those most interested, and although the movement is essentially an outside one, got up for the most part to serve a political end, nevertheless there is abundant

reason for believing that, if only the elements of a healthy local life can be found in our rural districts, a good may result in the fulness of which the unworthy motive or corrupt purpose may well be forgotten.

The establishment of county boards, based upon some system of popular representation, could hardly fail to exercise an educating influence upon our rural population; while the very need of forming some kind of tolerable acquaintance with the various measures which would then be submitted to the approval of the bucolic mind, and the mental exercise of choosing between them, might be trusted to do something towards fitting men for the right use of that more important franchise with the responsibility of which they are threatened. Nor can it be doubted that the formation of these county boards would hold out inducements to that public-spirited exertion, that collective action directed to other than personal ends, to which at the present moment the population of the agricultural counties are strangers. And if it be possible to get the agricultural labourers as a class to take a conscious share in the local life, an intelligent part in the direction of their own affairs, they are likely sooner or later to free themselves from the stifled life of political apathy in which they are sunk at present, and which can only tend to the concentration of thought and action upon the gratification of personal desire. It is perhaps natural, so long as a man is without voice or share in the framing of the laws beneath which he is to work and to suffer, and thus has no share in the local or national life, that his thoughts and hopes should be bounded by the needs of his own hearth, and that his mind should be vexed by no problem except the hard problem of how to make ends meet at the close of the week. But with the power there comes the desire to use it rightly, and probably an awakening to the possibility of combined and unselfish action for the furtherance of interests that lie outside and beyond his own. With political partisanship there comes the likelihood that he will, at times at least, forget his own petty aims or selfish purpose, content to lose himself in the larger life of the nation or the cause.

For voting power at once begets the need for organization, with all its rich field for thankless self-effacing action. There is perhaps no sphere in active life where there is such ample room for humble ill-paid toil, for voluntary labour, for the work that is content to go on in the entire absence of anything like personal prizes, as in the building up a party organization. Here, no doubt, as elsewhere, there are high prizes to be won, plummy things to be picked out by clever fingers; some will manage to climb to parochial or political eminence upon the sacrifices of

many. But the fact remains that where men are banded together for a common purpose, for the upholding of certain principles in the ruling of the State, the greater number must work on, rendering service without prospect of recognition. These are considerations which in their bearing on moral and intellectual development cannot be overlooked or forgotten by those who are mindful that the well-being of the people is at once the object and the justification of all government and every attempt at right ruling. But, in pointing out the fair side of the reform into which we are drifting, we must not allow ourselves to be led away by illusions. The good resulting from such reforms must be looked for in the direction we have indicated above—in the awakening of the counties from political sloth to public activity, and in the teaching of the agricultural population to take their legitimate share in the management of their own affairs. But we believe it is in this direction alone that any immediate good will be won. We may rid ourselves of anomalies, but there is little reason to believe that we shall secure either greater administrative efficiency or financial economy.

The present administration of the counties, of which the rude practical working seems to be satisfactory, presents to the eye of the stranger or the reformer a picture that can only be described as chaos. In the words of Mr. Brodrick, there has been

A reckless neglect, both of scientific principles and of practical convenience on the part of successive Parliaments that could alone have brought about that portentous confusion of all the elements in local government which Mr. Goschen justly described as a chaos of authorities, a chaos of rates, and a chaos, worse than all, of areas. He might have added that a chaos of local elections and local franchises aggravates the chaos of authorities, rates, and areas, since the method and time of recording votes for various local officers, as well as the qualifications of the various local electorates, differ so widely as to defy analysis and generalization. . . . The inhabitants of Local Government districts live in four distinct areas, and may be under six different local bodies, five of which again may be different for different parts of the same districts. These bodies, moreover, are elected or appointed in different ways, levy rates on different principles of assessment, and employ for the most part different staffs of officers. As if this multiplicity of local functionaries were not sufficient, none of them are entrusted with the collection of income tax or assessed taxes; this being the province of separate commissions.

In the face of this confusion, it is not strange that we should have to lament the absence of local life and local independence in the counties. Without any one central county authority taxes are paid, and the ratepayers have no more control over those who levy them than they have over the House of Lords, while

the multitude of the perfectly independent authorities who are responsible for the county expenditure is fatal to that searching public opinion which is the only effective check upon financial administration. To the ordinary ratepayer the country seems governed by a number of more or less irresponsible inspectors, who are now becoming so numerous that they are thought to inspect each other. The ordinary rustic has dim notions of poor-law guardians and sanitary inspectors as of the powers that be—and these, together with the relieving officer and the rate collector, and perhaps the churchwarden or the parish doctor, are the chief representatives of rural public life. They are recognized as existing realities, and allowed for as such, though any attempt at accounting for, or explaining them, any inquiry as to how they came to be, or whence they derive their authority, would probably be regarded as savouring of impiety. It is well known, however, that the dignities of the parish officials are not hereditary, in this respect differing from the magistracy, which has been observed to run in families.

It is obvious, therefore, that the first step in any serious reform must be in the direction of simplification—the getting rid of the existing confusion of conflicting authorities and overlapping areas, until every man shall know by whom he is governed, and the county ratepayers feel that the county expenditure is controlled by those who are directly responsible to them. Whatever the means adopted for securing it, the ideal to be aimed at is that there should be for each county one authority, one area, one election, one rate, one budget, and—if that has any place in an ideal—one debt. Before attempting to consider the various proposals which have been made for effecting the desired reform, it may be well to indicate briefly the chief factors which will have to be reckoned with—the principal areas and authorities into which the counties are at present divided. The first and most important area which has to be considered in this question of local government is the county itself. The county is the largest and, except in so far as parishes coincide with the Saxon townships, the oldest of the divisions into which the country has been divided for administrative purposes, and has undergone little change since the days of the Conquest.

It is interesting to note, as something more than a matter of antiquarian curiosity, that from the time of Alfred to the Wars of the Roses, there existed precisely that kind of central county authority which the advocates of reform are now seeking to re-establish amongst us. The folkmote contained all the elements of a local parliament—boasting of its three estates, just as the Imperial Parliament in our own time. The different

parishes sent some of their members to the hundred courts, and the hundred courts sent representatives to the county courts. By a charter of 1217 these courts sat once a month, and when assembled to meet the king's justices contained, besides the dignitaries of the Church, earls, barons, knights, and freeholders, and from each township four men and the reeve, and from each borough twelve burghers. Thus constituted, these courts, presided over by the sheriff, transacted all the business of the county, whether military, judicial, or financial. With the evil days of the Sixth Henry and the Wars of the Roses, however, the last vestiges of local self-government disappeared, and the whole question was allowed to lie at rest until public attention was again directed to it under the democratic impulse of 1832. It is needless to say that there is no relation, ancestral or otherwise, between the county courts of our fathers and the modern inventions of the same name. These latter institutions, presided over by a stipendiary magistrate, and exercising a jurisdiction over civil business in appointed districts, as might have been expected, have no relation whatever to the areas of the counties in which they are situated. The principal governing body in the county consists of the magistrates assembled at quarter sessions, under an unpaid chairman, elected by themselves from their own number. The magistrates, who are appointed by the Lord Chancellor, upon the recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant, exercise by means of a number of standing committees, who act like so many departments of State for the county, a multifarious jurisdiction over a great variety of matters. Perhaps the most distinctive privilege, and the one least likely to be taken from them, is the administration of justice at the quarter sessions, where the magistrates exercise a criminal jurisdiction extending to all but a few offences reserved by the Act of 1842 for the assizes. Another important duty which devolves upon the magistrates is the supervision of licenses granted for the sale of intoxicating liquor. By the Act of 1877, the county gaols, together with all expenses attending their management, were taken over by the State, and the duties of the magistrates in this respect are now confined to the appointment of a visiting committee, who may report to the Home Secretary.

The administration of the county police force is still under the control of the magistrates at quarter sessions, and with them rests the appointment of the chief constable and the levying the police rate, upon which the force is mainly dependent. But here, again, the functions of the local authorities have been shorn of their dignity and importance. Under an arrangement made in 1874 the police rate is supplemented by a grant from the

national exchequer to the extent of half the sum annually expended upon the clothing and pay of the men. The same kind of principle has been adopted in the case of the county asylums for the maintenance of pauper lunatics, whereby the ratepayers are relieved of local charges to the amount of nearly £1,200,000. Other matters coming before the quarter sessions are the management of county buildings, arrangements as to weights and measures, the appointment of analysts, administration of the Cattle Diseases Acts, registration of voters, making and levying of the rates, repairing of bridges, and the general control over the highway administration of the whole county. As we have already noticed, it is customary for the magistrates to delegate different matters concerning the county business to different committees. The most important of these committees, that dealing with county taxation and finance, is now required to send an annual return to the Local Government Board.

Having thus briefly sketched the work of the magistrates assembled at quarter sessions, and given our readers some idea of the kind of business transacted there, it may be necessary to remind them that though the administration of the county has hitherto been marked by integrity and economy, the sphere for the exhibition of these qualities has been gradually narrowed. Indeed, since the county gaols have been placed under the Home Office and the system of national subsidies has been introduced, both with regard to the county police and the county asylums, the fund of which the magistrates have the direct disposal is comparatively small, being reckoned at about one-fifth of the whole; so that if further local retrenchment or economy is to be looked for it must be in the finances, not of the county, but of the Union. The union is of importance, not only as the second area for administrative purposes in the county, but because its governing body is the only local assembly where the nominees of the Crown sit side by side with the direct representatives of the people. Historically, the union has little claim on our consideration—practically dating its existence from the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834; but recent legislation seems to point to it as the area likely to be chosen as the basis of any scheme of comprehensive reform. At the same time it must not be supposed that the union is in any true sense a connecting link between the county and the parish. The union is simply a number of parishes packed together, without regard to any ascertainable principle, and forming one area for the relief of the poor. Here also we find the same reckless disregard for anything like symmetry which characterizes our whole system of local administration—the boundaries of the unions having no regard whatever to the boundaries of the counties—only 459 out of a total of 862 being



wholly within the limits of the county. But it would be impossible to convey to the reader any adequate idea of the confusion produced by this overlapping of areas without giving a concrete example, and for that purpose we will take the county of Herefordshire. Turning to the evidence before the House of Lords Committee on Highways, 1881, we find that in Herefordshire there are fifteen unions, only three of which are wholly within the county. In the Abergavenny Union there are two parishes in Hereford and twenty-four in Monmouthshire; in the Dore Union there are twenty-seven parishes in the county of Hereford and two in the county of Monmouth; in the Monmouth Union there are five parishes in Herefordshire and twenty-four in Monmouthshire; the Hay Union has five parishes in Herefordshire, thirteen in Breconshire, and ten in Radnorshire; the Kington Union has four parishes in Herefordshire and fifteen in Radnorshire; in the Knighton Union there are four parishes in Herefordshire, eleven in Radnorshire, and six in Shropshire; in the Presteign Union there are nine parishes in Herefordshire and seven in Radnorshire; in the Ludlow Union there are nine parishes in Herefordshire and twenty-three in Shropshire; in the Tenbury Union there are three parishes in Herefordshire, five in Shropshire, and eleven in Worcestershire; in the Bromyard Union there are thirty parishes in Herefordshire and three in Worcestershire; in the Ledbury Union there are twenty-one parishes in Herefordshire and one in Worcestershire; in the Newent Union there are two parishes in Herefordshire, two in Worcestershire, and fourteen in Gloucestershire; in the Ross Union there are twenty-seven parishes in Herefordshire and three in Gloucestershire. So that the only three unions wholly within the county are Weobley, Leominster, and Hereford.

But, however artificial and anomalous may have been the process by which the union has been built up, the work of forty years proves it to be the most vital of all the units into which the rural districts are divided. Consisting partly of *ex-officio* and partly of elective members, the board of guardians is the one authority within the bounds of the union, and has displayed through a long course of years an efficiency which has gradually attracted to it work of a widely different kind from which it was originally constituted to perform. The *ex-officio* members of the board consist of the magistrates residing within the union, who, however, must not exceed one-third of the whole number; the other two-thirds are chosen annually by the ratepayers and owners of property, upon a system of multiple or plural voting, each candidate having a qualification varying in different unions from £15 rating to £40 rating. The board usually meets about once a fortnight, and its immediate business is with the proper management of the workhouse

and the distribution of out-door relief. Those who are familiar with the workings of the system of out-door relief will not require to be told how deeply its regulation affects the home life of the agricultural poor. The policy of the different unions on this question differs *toto cœlo*; but in this one respect the guardians wield a power which, for good or for ill, is deeply felt in the country districts. It will never be an easy thing to strike an even balance between that hard policy of rigid economy which, by breaking up homes, separating families, and then driving them into the workhouse, offers to preserve the lives of the poor at the cost of all that makes life worth the having, and that easy, generous-seeming, free-handed relief which ends in sure demoralization. There are many cases when a little well-timed out-door relief may help a man to struggle on until the worst is over, and, at the same time, spare him the shame and humiliation of going to the workhouse; but in too many cases experience has shown that the taking of the easily offered relief, involving no painful breaking with a familiar past, has been followed by a loss of that self-respect which has prompted so many to face even the extreme of privation and suffering rather than "go upon the parish." It would seem that when the first shrinking reluctance has been overcome, all unwillingness disappears; a man accepts the situation, and is ready to take parish relief upon every possible and available occasion. Seeing that many of the guardians are farmers and small tradesmen, themselves having personal knowledge of, and perhaps business relations with, many of the applicants, we should have antecedently supposed that the tendency would have been towards a reckless distribution of out-door relief, and the rare complaints we hear on this subject must be taken as a testimony to the administrative abilities of a class which is likely to have a yearly increasing share in local and political life.

Although the Union is in reality the rating authority as far as the poor rate is concerned, its powers are indirect, orders being given by the guardians to the overseers of the parishes who levy the money. We have already observed that the powers of the unions have recently been increased, and they now include the whole of the sanitary jurisdiction of the counties. Up to the year 1848, when the Public Health Act was passed, the need for sanitary legislation had apparently not suggested itself, and it is only in quite recent years that men have ceased to regard such legislation as the humouring of an amiable but expensive crotchet. Up to the year 1872 such sanitary measures as were taken in the country districts were under the direction of the parish vestries, who themselves in course of time developed into "sewer authorities," under the Act of 1865. But it was

not until 1872 that there was any effective action to secure the health of the rural districts. In that year an Act was passed, followed by another in 1875, under the combined provisions of which the whole country has been divided into urban and rural sanitary districts. Wherever it happens that a union contains no place of sufficient importance to have been constituted an urban sanitary authority, the union itself at once becomes a complete rural sanitary district, with the board of guardians as its single authority. When, on the other hand, a union does comprise an urban sanitary district, the remaining portion of the union is held to form a complete rural sanitary district, under the administration of the board of guardians, who, by the Act of 1876, are constituted one corporate body, whether acting in their capacity of sanitary or poor-law authorities, though it would seem that only the rural members of the board would act in cases where both urban and rural sanitary districts are comprised within the geographical compass of the union. Another very important accession to the powers of the union was conferred by the Highways Act of 1878, which enabled the jurisdiction of highway boards to be handed over to the authorities of the rural sanitary district whenever the two areas coincide. These highway boards were the creation of an Act of Parliament, passed in the year 1862, whereby the magistrates were empowered to divide the counties into highway districts, to be placed under the control of boards constituted upon much the same principle as the boards of guardians, though, as was to be expected, the elective members were chosen upon a different method, at a different date, upon a different scale of voting, and upon a different qualification. It was by the Act of 1878 that the county rate was charged with one-half of the expense of the main roads—*i.e.*, of the old turnpikes—except where, for some reason, they have been dismained, and of all roads declared by the county authority to be main roads—the other half of the expense being still borne by the highway district. A further extension of the powers of the guardians was effected by the Education Acts of 1876 and 1879, by which they were entrusted with the duty of enforcing the school attendance, excepting in parishes where a school board had been established. The union, then, besides being the secondary administrative area, and the only platform upon which the magisterial and representative authorities can meet, has in recent years displayed a flexibility and power of swallowing and assimilating kindred institutions which points to it as likely, not only to survive, but to develop.

We now come to the Parish—the primary and oldest of the territorial divisions—and one which, if its administrative functions have recently fallen into abeyance, still holds its place in the

hearts and affections of the people. The centre of the parochial system is and has been the parish church, and around this, with its attendant churchyard, there have clustered memories and associations too sacred lightly to be trifled with, and which give the parish a distinct life quite wanting in such artificial combinations as highway districts or petty sessional divisions. Every man knows to what parish he belongs, but no one greatly cares to what petty sessional division. When we remember that Archbishop Theodore of Tarsus, who lived in the latter part of the seventh century, is pointed at by the finger of tradition as the founder of the parochial system, it will be seen that the parish must stand on a different footing from those territorial divisions which are but the fitful creations of a magisterial convenience.

The parish and the township have existed side by side for more than a thousand years ; though, as in most cases, the areas coincide, the parish has come to be the township ecclesiastically considered, and in many parts of England the distinction between them is forgotten. It is important, however, to bear in mind that, originally, the parish was simply a part of the ecclesiastical economy of the kingdom—the district assigned to the ministry of a single priest. And it was natural that the bishops should follow the existing territorial divisions, and we accordingly find them assigning a township, or a group of townships, to the care of each priest—just as in our own day a county, or group of counties go to make the diocese of a bishop. But, if we turn from the past to inquire what position is held by the parish under the existing system of local government, we shall find that it has indeed fallen from its high estate, and, from being in itself a miniature of the realm, has become a little-regarded factor of the union or highway district. For, with characteristic disregard of the old landmarks, and those ties of a living sympathy, in the absence of which any administrative area must remain a geographical expression—with however much red tape its units are bound together—recent legislation has passed over all the old territorial lines, in order to map out the country anew into a perfect maze of parliamentary and lieutenancy divisions, each of which is admirable from the point of view from which it is constructed, but, unfortunately, without reference to any other. Thus, in the long line of legislation from which the Poor Law Amendment Act, the Sanitary Act, and the Highway Act stand out conspicuous, the parish has been uniformly ignored.

To have passed over the parish entirely, however, or to have reduced it to a unit useful for rating purposes and a convenient factor for the union, would have betrayed a consistency and an approach to system phenomenal in its rarity. Parliament has been true to itself, and the promoters of the Education Act,

passing in review the areas, new and old, into which the country is divided, pitched upon the parish as the most suitable of all for carrying out the working of this important Act. As the result of this judicious selection, the parish has started into new life, while the hot contests for and against the school board have brought about a sense of parochial unity unknown for generations. Until this last successful attempt to galvanize it into activity, the parish had been allowed to enjoy an honoured repose. The tide of legislation had set in against it, and "the heads of the parish in vestry assembled" was fast becoming a venerable myth. The control of its own paupers was taken from it, and the change was followed by the Union Chargeability Act; the parish constable gave place to the county policeman, and the lover of old forms must have felt that even the position of the parish beadle was insecure. The functions of the vestry were hourly becoming of a more shadowy nature; while its business capacity was guaranteed by its having a parson as *ex officio* chairman. With the Act of 1870, however, and the gradual development of the educational system, much of the old torpor has passed away, and the parish may yet become a unit not to be overlooked in any future scheme of administrative reform.

Having now passed in rapid review some portion of the complicated machinery by which the existing local government is carried on, it remains to consider the various schemes of simplification and reform which have been suggested. Of the various Bills which, from time to time, have been submitted to Parliament, the boldest and most statesmanlike was that backed with the name of Mr. Goschen in the year 1871. Speaking a few months ago at a public meeting in Rugby, Mr. Goschen said :—

Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet in 1874 brought in a Bill with which I was charged, aiming at a double reform—that of our system of local government and that of our system of local rating. In both cases the ratepayer is the pivot. As regards the new organization, we aimed at giving every parish or group of parishes—every unit, in fact, of local government—a civil head, a man on whom responsibility might fasten. The unit may have been too small; that was not the essence of the plan. The essential point was that every rural district should have a civil head. Towns have their civil heads, their mayors, who preside, as it were, over municipal life. What would municipal life be without the mayor? We sometimes smile at municipal eccentricities; but with all their imperfections our municipal institutions have taught the citizen self-government, and that civic pride which is not without real public advantage. Why should the inhabitants of country districts be denied the privileges which have done so much for the towns? We further proposed (and I hope the proposal will be repeated) that

all local elections should be held on the same registry, on the same qualifications, with the same forms, and on one day. All local officers, guardians, civil heads, members of local boards were to be chosen simultaneously by one civic act. We wished to give some local importance to these elections. The inhabitants were at least to know when they took place, and to have voting made easy. As it is, what do most of us know of local elections in rural districts? I have a little property in Sussex which, as a Nemesis of my curiosity as a student of local government, is situated in two counties, four parishes, three highway districts, and five ecclesiastical divisions. Have I ever voted for waywarden? Never. Or for an overseer? Never. Or for any parochial officer? Never, although I religiously open all parochial papers which come to me. I may have failed in one civic duty. I occasionally see notices on the church-door as I go in and out of church, but I have not read them. Somehow, the immediate moment before or after public worship does not seem the most appropriate time for the satisfaction of one's curiosity as a ratepayer. No, gentlemen: here and there real local interest may flourish; but in many parts of the country it cannot be said to exist. Interest is taken by the magistrates in sessions, and by farmers and landlords in the administration of the Poor Law. The guardians and the magistrates do their work earnestly; but the great mass of the rural population have no public life. It must be created, and to create it is not an unworthy task for the Liberal Party.

With the spirit of these remarks we are in cordial sympathy, but we must be permitted to doubt whether the means proposed were well calculated to attain the desired result. The marked feature of Mr. Goschen's Bill was the attempt to make the parish the unit area for rating and electoral purposes. Each parish was to elect a board of representatives, to whom was to be entrusted the executive duties hitherto belonging to the vestry, and also to choose a chairman who would become the civic head of the parish—the responsible and accessible officer to whom communication or appeal might be made. These chief parochial officers, voting by petty sessional districts, were to elect members who should sit upon the county financial boards as the representatives of the ratepayers—such members constituting half the board, the other half being composed of the justices. Side by side with this arrangement were certain proposals for strengthening the hands of the boards of guardians, and passing into their management certain matters which, for the most part, subsequent legislation has brought within the province of the union. The weakest part of this scheme was the selection of the parish as the unit area—an area which may confidently be pronounced too small. We have already seen that until the passing of the Education Act, with its consequent contests over the schools, the parish as a factor in local self-government had

fallen into disuse. And in spite of the sentimental interest which may long continue to cling to it, and which, under other circumstances, we should gladly have preserved, we must deprecate any attempt again to thrust it forward as a distinct element in political life. Nor could Mr. Goschen attach a large importance to such civic and public virtues as might be elicited in tiny contests raging in constituencies, which would be represented by a circle of little more than one mile radius. There is an incompleteness, too, about Mr. Goschen's scheme which cannot fail to be noticed; for, while the parochial system is brought into immediate contact with the county boards, the union, with its aggregate of powers, is left out in the cold, without apparent relation either to one or the other. Nor is it at all clear why three distinct bodies are necessary for carrying on the business of the county; and, whatever the areas selected, the first requirement ought to be that the larger should be some multiple of the smaller. The choice of the petty sessional district as the area within which the civic heads of the constituent parishes should vote for their representatives on the county boards is recommended by the fact that these divisions respect the boundaries both of the county and the parish, but nevertheless is open to serious objections. Not only are these divisions the most artificial of all the arbitrary areas into which the counties have been cut up, few but the magistrates' clerks knowing of anything but their existence, but they are essentially justices' areas; not binding men by the ties of any local interest, and therefore unfit for electoral units. If the petty sessional division had been the sphere within which any considerable body of men had been accustomed to work together for some important administrative purpose, there might have been some reason for adding yet another electoral area to the existing chaos. But, on the contrary, we find that all the chief local interests are centred elsewhere; that highway, poor-law, rating, educational, and sanitary questions—all the elements of local life—are, to a greater or less extent, common to the union. The difficulties which attend the choice of the union as the primary unit will be dealt with at a later stage of our inquiry; for the present it is enough to put forward reasons which seem conclusive against an electoral area, which, besides being wholly irregular in size and population, is not only new, but overlaps and differs from almost every other. At the same time it is fair to observe that since the date of Mr. Goschen's Bill changes have passed over our local government which would probably go far to modify his judgment as to the choice of the most convenient area, whether for electoral or administrative purposes. Thus, in the speech referred to in an earlier part of this paper, Mr. Goschen

expressed his readiness to accept some other unit than the parish, if that should be thought too small, urging that that was not of the essence of the plan, and insisting only that each rural district should have some responsible civic head to act as its organ and mouthpiece. And we can only regret that there is so little likelihood of the Bill which the present Government is pledged to bring forward being placed into hands so safe as those of Mr. Goschen.

The only other measure which need detain us is the County Government Bill, which was introduced by Mr. Sclater-Booth in 1878, and which shared the fate of its predecessors, being slaughtered with the innocents. In this Bill Mr. Sclater-Booth, again, adopted the petty sessional division as the electoral area; but the members of the county board, instead of being elected, as in Mr. Goschen's Bill, by the civic heads of the parishes within the district, were to be chosen by the boards of guardians. Provision was also made for securing half the places on the board to the justices. Every objection we have previously urged against the petty sessional districts holds good here. Indeed, Mr. Sclater-Booth contrived to introduce one additional source of confusion, by securing that the guardians should have two distinct areas, one for electoral and the other for administrative purposes, neither of which has the least connection with the other.

From the way in which this Bill was received in the Commons it was only too obvious that it would never be accepted as a final settlement of the question. And, in truth, the whole measure smacked of a grudging concession—the admission of a few farmers, chosen on some tortuously indirect method of election, to sit side by side with the magistrates, seeming like an attempt to save the principle and to close the mouth of discontent, without surrendering the reality of power. One good feature, however, we may notice in taking leave of this Bill, and that was the clause which provided that coroners should no longer be elected by the direct vote of the freeholders of the county. The office of coroner is judicial, and therefore not the fit subject for popular election.

We are now in a position to state what seems to us to be at once the boldest and simplest method of securing to our rural population that direct share in the ruling of their own affairs which has at last come to be recognized as the need of the hour, and which, more than any desire for increased efficiency or increased economy, has gone to swell the cry for reform. It will have been apparent that we regard the Union as the true centre of local government. And this not from any fanciful or historical reason, but simply because the experience of fifty years points



to it as the one vital factor in the local life of the counties. Of comparatively modern institution, the poor-law union, from being merely a confused aggregate of parishes packed together for the better administration of outdoor relief, has become the centre of a multifarious activity. We have seen how its powers have been gradually enlarged, so as to cover not only the working of the poor-law, but such widely different matters as highway, sanitary, and educational administration; while its area has been adopted for all purposes of registration, for the census, for valuation, and assessment.

An organization at once so powerful and so elastic may be trusted, if necessary, to digest even so old a morsel as the parish; though, as a constituent part of the Union, the parish might probably be preserved as a convenient rating area. But in proposing the union as the unit of local administration, we are met at the outset by the difficulty that its boundaries overlap the county. And this, no doubt, is a difficulty that has to be faced, and is one not easily disposed of. The habits of fifty years, the incidence of local rates, the debts incurred—all combine to forbid the facile remedy of everywhere lopping off the parts transgressing the county border, and attaching them to another union. The inequality of local taxation and the shifting of financial burdens which would be consequent on any extensive change of area have always been among the most formidable of the obstacles standing in the way of administrative reform. At the same time we may remember that the Union Chargeability Act is a standing example of the way in which such difficulties may be met and overcome. Another inconvenience attending a rectification of the boundaries of the union is the hardship which might be entailed upon the poor by giving them greater distances to travel before they could lay their cases before the guardians, under the existing system the workhouse being generally about the centre of the district. But if this reducing of areas to one common measure had not been beset with difficulty it would have come to pass long ago, and it would be surprising if the best mode of bringing order into the present confusion were also the easiest.

Once let it be admitted that the poor-law union, or rural sanitary district, which, as we are not now speaking of urban authorities, may be treated as identical, is the most suitable unit for rural local self-government and administration, and the supposed impossibility of making its boundaries fit in with those of the county may be lightly dismissed. First, we notice that there has been considerable exaggeration; for, when the unions are spoken of as numbering 862, the figure is arrived at by a process of reckoning certain unions twice, and even three times, over,

according to the number of counties they overlap. The true number is 649. And there is reason for supposing that a large number of the overlapping unions would present little difficulty, either from the smallness of the overlapping part or the sparseness of its population. Thus, in a memorandum of Mr. R. S. Wright, there occurs a passage which was quoted by Mr. Rathbone in the debate on Mr. Selater-Booth's County Government Bill, on the 14th of February, 1878, in which the following attempt at classification is made:—

Out of 650 unions, about 60 are wholly urban; of the remainder, about 410 are wholly comprised each in one county. Out of the 180 unions which remain, and which extend into several counties, the parts which extend into a different county from that in which the bulk of the population is situated have in 100 cases a population of less than 2,000, and in 54 other cases less than 5,000, and might probably be merged in other unions. In the 63 other cases the population of the outlying part exceeds 5,000. In some of these cases there will, no doubt, be some inconvenience in disturbing the existing unions. But, even if it should be thought expedient in certain of these cases to preserve the existing unions, with special provisions for representation on the county boards of the several counties into which they respectively extend, this does not appear to furnish a valid argument against simplification of areas and authorities in that great majority of cases in which no such special difficulty exists.

It has been suggested by Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, in a very able article, which forms part of the work on Local Government appearing at the head of this article, that power should be given to the Local Government Board to, in certain cases, create unions without workhouses, arrangements being made for the reception of their indoor paupers at a fixed payment of so much a head in the establishment of one of the neighbouring unions. This device seems well calculated to meet those cases where, whether from the geographical aspect of country or for reasons of local finance, it shall be found inexpedient to merge the lopped-off portion of a union in the adjoining area, and is a plan which has been tried with success in several districts of the metropolis. In some cases it might be found more convenient to alter the boundary line of the county, though such alterations might require to be effected with some delicacy to avoid injuring local susceptibilities. Such changes would only be of a very trifling nature—not to be perceived on the largest maps—and may be supported on the broad ground of national convenience; though we cannot think that Lord Edmund strengthens the position by reminding us that in early periods of our history county boundaries were frequently altered, quoting Mr. Pearson's "*Historical Maps of England*" to the effect that "*Waleran the hunts-*

man turned a yard land and a half out of the county (Hampshire), and transferred it to Wiltshire," or, even by reminding us that before the Conquest Monmouth and Lancashire were not counties at all. If we have to go back for our precedents to the period before the Conquest, we had better leave them alone.

Having once got the Unions within the lines of the county, there could be no difficulty in making the petty sessional and lieutenancy divisions conform to the same area, while the parishes have always been the constituent parts of the union.\* Taking, then, the union as the recognized unit of local administration, and as the sphere where the representatives of the rate-payers and the nominees of the Crown have for years met and worked together for the common good, we are led to the conclusion that we have here the model upon which the higher county boards must be built up. Considering the experience of the magistrates in county administration, and the length of time during which they have had the control of local government, and, above all, the many-sided testimony to the purity, efficiency, and economy by which their long rule has been marked, it would be only reasonable that one-third of the seats on the county

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\* Since these lines were written a bill has been laid before Parliament backed with the names of Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, Mr. Pell, Mr. Howard, and Mr. Yorke, "for the alteration of the Areas of Local Government in certain cases, and for the Re-arrangement of Boundaries." This Bill, which stands for the second reading on the 17th of May, leaves little to be desired, either in the way of thoroughness or finality, and if it ever becomes law will secure all the objects we have advocated above. The principal objects of the Bill, as expressed in the preamble, are to provide that no poor-law parish or union shall extend over the boundary of any county; that no poor-law parish shall be divided into isolated parts; that every highway parish shall be coincident in area with some poor-law parish; that highway districts shall be coincident with some rural sanitary district; that no poor-law parish shall be entirely included or surrounded by another. The means provided for securing these ends are of the boldest, full powers being given to the Local Government Board to break up parishes, to dissolve and reconstruct unions, and to alter boundaries, whether county or other. At the same time, in order to consult local feeling as much as possible, the eighth section of the Act provides that, before framing a scheme in relation to any case with which they are by the Act required to deal, the Local Government Board shall publish an advertisement in papers circulating in districts so proposed to be dealt with, expressing their intention of dealing with the same. If within two months of such publication the county authorities of any county, or board of guardians in any union, in which any part of any area which is thus proposed to be dealt with is situated, gives notice to the Local Government Board of their intention to prepare and to submit to them a draft scheme dealing with such case, the Local Government Board shall not themselves prepare any draft scheme until they have received the draft scheme so to be submitted to them. The same section goes on to provide that such schemes shall be submitted within twelve months.

boards should be reserved for them, the other two-thirds of the board being left to the free and unrestricted choice of the poor-law guardians of each county voting in the union district, which should then be the only electoral and administrative subdivision of the county. It is both likely and desirable that some magistrates should be among the members chosen by the guardians to represent them on the county board—the objection to government by quarter sessions being, not that it was magisterial, but that it was unrepresentative. The principle of indirect election has been adopted in all the legislative attempts which have been hitherto made to grapple with this question, and is supported by the authority of Mr. Brodrick in his essay on Local Government, appearing in the volume of the Cobden Club. The principle of immediate and direct election by the ratepayers has, on the other hand, been vigorously advocated in the same volume by Mr. Acland and Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice; and in the debates on Mr. Selater-Booth's bill a curious division of opinion on this subject was manifest—a division coinciding pretty much with the party lines. The Liberal contention for a system of direct election derives weight from the undoubted fact that such a system would secure to the people that larger and more immediate share in the ruling of their own affairs which it has been the single object of the movement to win. If the careful and economical management of the county affairs had been all that was required, there would have been no need for change in the existing arrangements. There is much, therefore, to be said in favour of a form of election which, as the most likely to rouse the ratepayers into public activity, and to induce them to take their legitimate share in local life, is best calculated to develop those civic and public virtues which it is the object of the measure to secure. On the other hand, the experience of the boroughs teaches us how surely a system of direct election leads to the introduction of a party strife into the ministration of local affairs—to a state of things where a public scavenger cannot be chosen without regard to his political complexion.

Common sense seems to demand that on a purely administrative board men should be chosen for their business capacities, and not for their allegiance to this or that political faction. The poor-law guardians are elected as men in whom the ratepayers have confidence, on the strength of business habits and powers of public usefulness, and therefore are well fitted for the task of selecting members for the county board, whose only true qualification is their capacity for managing the county business; while the added trusts reposed in them would tend to raise the position of the guardians, and so attract the services of a better class of men. The county board, therefore, would consist of a body of men

varying according to the size of the county, and whose number would be determined in each case by the Local Government Board, of whom one-third would be magistrates elected at quarter sessions and the other two-thirds the representatives of the ratepayers chosen by the guardians voting in the union districts. The whole board would be under the presidency of the Lord Lieutenant, while the Sheriff and the county representatives might sit as *ex-officio* members. Having thus got our county boards, it only remains to consider the functions with which they should be clothed. And these at the outset would consist of all the non-judicial powers exercised by the magistrates at quarter sessions, together with a general control over the management and administration of the constituent unions.

We say at the outset, for if we succeed in getting a governing body for the county, which shall be able to front the encroachments of the Local Government Board with something more than the collective opinions of the magistrates, and which shall speak with all the authority of a representative institution, it cannot fail, sooner or later, to attract to itself new duties and more extended powers. There is a wide range of subjects, such as factories, mines, arterial drainage, storage of water, schools of every grade, conservancy of rivers, commons, and even railway communication, which might, with great advantage, be committed to county boards. The dates of the elections and period for which members should continue to sit upon the board are questions which may fairly be left until the time comes for drafting the Bill, but for the sake of securing some kind of continuity of policy, as well as avoiding the effects of those violent oscillations of opinion which seem inseparable from a broad electoral basis, it would be well that members should hold their seats for three or five years; and, with a view to discourage anything like party contests, the members might retire by rotation in pairs. These, however, are details on which we have no wish to insist, if only the salient features of administrative reform can be accepted.

The administration of justice in the counties may, for the present, be considered as lying outside the sphere of legitimate reform. The criminal jurisdiction exercised at quarter sessions, and the power of the justices in the petty sessional courts, has worked well—the purity of their decisions is seldom, if ever, impeached, and any proposal to exchange the magistrates for such third-rate lawyers as might be substituted as stipendiaries would be universally resented. The kind of justice administered at the petty sessions is often of a rough-and-ready sort, but generally meets the necessity of the case. Here, perhaps, where the magistrates so often know the antecedents of the men who appear before them, more than

elsewhere, the sentences are determined less by the immediate merits of the case than the general merits of the individual; if the prisoner has not deserved quite such a severe punishment for this offence he has for another. And this tendency to take a broad view of the situation—to go beyond the offence charged, and to deal leniently or the reverse, according to the general character of the offender, is inseparable from any system approaching to paternal government. It is possible that the justices may lay too much stress upon certain offences, such as poaching, breaking fences, or stealing turnips—but this is only to say that they have their class idiosyncrasies; and if it were proved that they thought too much of turnip-tops, any other body of men would be sure to attach an undue importance to something else, at least as trifling and probably less nutritive. Otherwise admirably suited to its conditions, the unbought justice of the counties has still the damning fault of being anomalous, and we may some day hear the cry that the administration of justice ought not to be left in the hands of those who have not necessarily had a legal training. But for the present, and probably for many years to come, the judicial business of the magistrates may still be entrusted to them, and in any case has no place in any contemplated scheme for the reform of local government.

It is now time to sum the results which may be expected when our reformers have done their work. We have already stated that we look neither for greater efficiency nor any immediate economy in the management of the county expenditure. But we may fairly expect a saving in the method of collecting the various rates and in the reduction which might then be made in the numbers of the clerks, secretaries, and others holding official positions—some seven thousand of whom are now understood to be feeding on the public. The concentration of authority would probably result in local appointments being made with greater regard to individual capacity than hitherto—in the long run the surest of all the forms of economy. The possibility of rendering service on the county boards would afford an opening for that local patriotism on the value of which Lord Derby has insisted with characteristic emphasis, while opportunities would be afforded to that municipal ambition which would see in local success the stepping-stone to national eminence. Nor would the gain be a small one if the county boards, by relieving the Imperial Parliament of some of its burdens, were to set free that congested machine. But the result most directly aimed at, and the good most likely to be won, lies in the strengthening of local institutions, the increasing of local responsibilities, and the invigorating of local life. The country has long ago been com-

mitted to the principle that it is better that the people should rule themselves in a poor, imperfect, stumbling way, than that they should be governed with far-sighted wisdom by a despot. The political education of the people, therefore, and the fitting them for the right use of the franchise must always be objects of the first importance, and objects which may fairly be insisted on in putting forward a scheme of county reform.

Closely connected with this subject is the question of local taxation and the questionable possibility of relieving real property from some of its burdens. There is the farmers' complaint who have to look on, and to pay, while their children are being educated up into incapacity. There is the complaint that the whole burden of the highways of the kingdom is borne by real property—an injustice which becomes acute in the case of parishes through which the connecting road between two great trade centres happens to run, or a road leading from a railway upon which there is a heavy mineral traffic. There is the louder complaint that the whole maintenance of the poor falls upon the land—which seems inequitable, whether we regard the poor-laws as a form of national insurance against violence or the fulfilment of a Christian duty. These are questions calling for the national consideration, but for the present we must lay them aside, feeling that sufficient for the day is the reform thereof.

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### ART. III.—THE PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY OF ST. THOMAS.

*Sancti Thomæ Aquinatis Opera Omnia.* 25 Vols.  
Parmæ. 1852-71.

IN a late number of this Review I gave a very general account of the direction which the study of the nervous system, and particularly of the brain, has recently taken. Besides the interest which the subject must have in itself for every thoughtful mind, I had the further object of enabling my readers to judge of my accuracy, when I proceeded to show that the psychology of Aristotle, as stated by St. Thomas, is in substantial agreement with the conclusions of modern science, which I shall now undertake. I do so the more readily, because I was myself led to adopt the Thomist philosophy, not from any preconceived idea of its authority, but from finding it had so completely anticipated, in all its main outlines, the methods and inferences of physiology. I was struck with the contrast between this and the modern

schemes of philosophy, which seemed to have no special relation to physical science even when they were not contradicted thereby.

In the first place, the Thomist philosophy has always prominently asserted the intimate connection between physiology and psychology. In the earlier half of this century the French "spiritualist" school made this one of their chief objections to scholasticism;\* now the pendulum of human thought has swung in the opposite direction, and we have to protest, even more earnestly, against the study of the mind being swamped in that of its material instrument.

And, although Aristotle and, to a less extent, his scholastic followers, were even ludicrously mistaken as to many physiological details, their grasp of the general principles of biology was singularly clear and satisfactory. For example: the theory of evolution, as based upon the differentiation of parts, was well known and lucidly stated by St. Thomas, who traces it back to Plato; and if Aristotle and his school rejected the Darwinian theory, as crudely stated by Empedocles, it was for reasons identical with those which have weighed in modern times with such biologists as Asa Gray and Kölliker.

Moreover, the founder of the Peripatetic school and its chief reviver in Europe had both fortunately that habit of mind which can only be developed by the practical study of natural science. It is well known that the insatiable curiosity of Aristotle led him to dissect every available animal, and to base upon his dissections a natural scheme of zoological classification. The labours of Albert the Great have been less heard of, yet they have been described by a modern zoologist of note;† and there can be no doubt that he practically studied natural history with the industry and thoroughness of a German. I have only read his zoological works very cursorily, but I remember noticing that he speaks of dissecting the eyes of a mole, the central nervous system of many animals, and the heart of some rare cetacean which had been sent him from the North, besides undertaking journeys to study such natural phenomena as the growth of rare trees or the disappearance of rivers. Under such training St. Thomas was in no danger of ignoring the first claims of natural science and its bearing on philosophy.

It is still more important that there was no such difference in the Peripatetic school between the methods of studying mental and bodily phenomena as has prevailed since the revolution of Descartes. It is well known that the Comtists, and in

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\* See Sanseverino, "*Dynamilogia*," p. 317.

† Pouchet, "*Les Sciences Naturelles au Moyen Âge*."



England Dr. Maudsley, have protested against the mode of interrogating consciousness proposed by Locke and Mill, and followed by most psychologists. In so doing, they are unknowingly returning to the method clearly laid down by Aristotle and St. Thomas—namely, that the objects of thought must be studied before mental acts, and these, again, before the faculties of the mind can be investigated.\* In the Peripatetic scheme, indeed, biology and psychology are parts of the same science, as treating of the *Ψυχὴ*, or *anima*, a word which cannot be expressed by any English equivalent. "If we translate it 'vital principle,' it is this, but a great deal besides; if 'mind,' we leave out as much at one end as the former translation did at the other."† Aristotle's conception of the nature of life is, however, so completely implied in all the rest of his psychology that I must attempt some statement of it in modern language, and it will then appear to be entirely compatible with the present state of science.

It will be obvious on reflection that any rational explanation of the nature of life in general is only to be sought for in some higher generalization, which shall connect the phenomena of the inanimate world with those of living beings. It is the peculiar merit of Aristotle's theory to observe this primary condition of the problem, which (so far as I know) has been ordinarily disregarded by other philosophers. Like the earlier physical philosophers of Greece, he was met, at the outset of his study of Nature with the difficulty of reconciling the ceaseless change of the material universe with that fundamental unity and permanence which can be discerned in it. This difficulty would be the more pressing to him, because he was more profoundly convinced than his predecessors of the order, regularity, and law which govern the world.

He was led to the conclusion that there must be in all material objects two principles—a passive undetermined substratum, and an active determining cause of equilibrium or change; and these he termed *ύλη* and *εἶδος*, which we translate Matter and Form.

Many attempts have been made in the later history of philosophy to replace this view of Nature by one of greater simplicity, and to account for all the phenomena by the assumption either of forces or atoms alone. But as soon as details have to be considered it is always found necessary to amend both these hypotheses by assuming in the one case that the forces are

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\* Prius oportebit determinare de obiectis quam de actibus, et de actibus prius quam de potentiis (2 An. lect. 6, and 1<sup>a</sup> qu. 84 art. 1; 10 Ver. art. 9).

† Grant, "Ethics of Aristotle," vol. i. p. 236.

localized, and in the other that the atoms are heterogeneous.\* It will be observed that these qualifications reintroduce the dualism which is sought to be avoided; and the inadequacy of both dynamism and atomism thus revealed comes out more fully on further examination. This has been done by Dr. Martineau; and it will be difficult, if not impossible, for any one who follows his profound and subtle examination of the subject to avoid his conclusion. He says that "inasmuch as both *matter* and *force* are intellectual data, involved respectively in the principle of objectivity and in that of causality, neither can be substituted for the other. For ages each has been struggling to end the divided sway; but the rival, though often driven from the front, has always founded at last an impregnable retreat, whence its rights return to recognition when the usurping rage is past."† It will hardly be necessary for me to say that these two principles are assumed in the Peripatetic philosophy to be absolutely inseparable, and to be distinguishable, not by any physical or chemical analysis, but by that necessity of our minds which refers diverse phenomena to different sources. Thus, we seem compelled to ascribe the shape, size, and movements of the atoms which make up elementary bodies to some cause other than that which determines their extension. This distinction is even more obvious in the case of chemical compounds, where there must be some immanent power, building up the atoms into molecules, and maintaining them in what must often be a very complex equilibrium. When we come to the simplest animal bodies, we find that the manifold compounds of carbon of which they consist have still more urgent need of some co-ordinating and maintaining principle. This, stripped of scholastic language, is the function of Aristotle's *ψυχή*, St. Thomas's *anima*, and, so far as I am aware, it is a view of life in no point incompatible with modern science. On the contrary, it would be easy to multiply quotations, such as the following from Professor Tait, which entirely coincide with it:—"It seems from the observations of physiologists . . . that the vital force, if there be such, is not a force which does work, but merely directs, as it were, the other natural forces how to apply their energies. . . . The labourers are the physical forces, and the overseer the vital force."

Those who followed the controversy as to the nature of life, some years ago, between Professor Huxley and Dr. Lionel Beale, will observe that the Thomist view lies between them. The definition of life given by the former—the correlation of physical

\* Professor Birks ("Modern Physical Fatalism" cap. ix.) has given a summary of the principal theories advocated, which will bear out this statement.

† Modern Materialism, *Contemporary Review*, February, 1876.

forces—requires, by a mental necessity, the existence of some co-ordinating unity; but Dr. Beale exceeded the bounds of proof in supposing that this unity must be an entity distinct from the organism.

Several important consequences follow from this view of the nature of the vital principle which I have been endeavouring to state. I may mention one, as a singular illustration of what I said above, that St. Thomas's grasp of general biological principles is correct, even when he is at fault as to the particular facts before him. He taught that the *anima* could be divided, by the division of the body, in all animals that were sufficiently elementary to live without a variety of organs. He chose as his example the division of insects and worms, in which the segments appear to live when separated: this we know is an error, the first true instance of the kind having been discovered by Trembley in the last century.\*

Another corollary of this conception of the vital principle is that there can be but one in every living animal, and that the nutrition and growth of the body therefore depend upon it, as well as those highest operations of the mind, which in their scope transcend the organism.

This was a point of considerable importance in St. Thomas's day, as it supplied a refutation of the Averroist doctrine, then so widely spread, that there was only one intellect common to all mankind. St. Thomas, therefore, laid much stress upon it; and it is interesting to remark that it has been explicitly adopted by several physiologists, such as Dr. Carpenter and Mr. G. H. Lewes, the latter of whom says that Aristotle in this "stands at the point of view now generally occupied by the most advanced thinkers," referring specially to Mr. J. D. Morell as an example.

Although the connection between the soul and the body was so decidedly held by the Peripatetics to be an immediate one—both being looked upon as inseparable constituents of one whole—St. Thomas was not inconsistent in teaching that in action they were connected by some intermediary.† Here, again, he would have the unanimous assent of physiologists, who would all agree (whatever views they entertain as to the nature of

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\* F. Lepidi, the latest Thomist commentator, seems hardly to have apprehended his master's teaching on this point; so I quote one of several decisive passages:—"Ideo non quælibet pars animalis est animal, sicut quælibet pars ignis est ignis, quia omnes operationes ignis salvantur in quolibet parte eius, non autem omnes operationes animalis salvantur in quolibet parte eius, maxime in animalibus perfectis."—*De Anima*, X. ad 7<sup>m</sup>.

† "Anima unitur corpori ut forma sine medio, ut motor autem per medium."—*De Anima*, art. 9.

consciousness) that its immediate relations to the body, in sensation and motion, are all correlated to the discharge of nerve-force. In this matter, indeed, the new physiology is more consistent with the immateriality of the soul than was the old. The scholastics believed that the immediate servant of the mind was some *πνοή*, or *spiritus*—attenuated, yet still material. This was consistent with the general Peripatetic doctrine of *ἀλλοιώσις* (or change in the accidental conditions of a substance), which is the weakest point in their scheme of physics. Mr. Herbert Spencer points out\* that the discovery of insensible motion has enabled even materialist philosophers to realize that mind has no direct kinship with matter, but only with the undulations of imponderable substance.

In one other fundamental question as to the nature of the mind modern science has given its verdict in favour of the scholastic doctrine, and against the tendency of psychology since Descartes. That philosopher, as is well known, was believed to have made a great discovery in asserting that the essence of the soul is thought, so that the realm of psychology would be simply conterminous with that of consciousness; and in this he was followed by the philosophers of the eighteenth century, with the single exception of Leibnitz. The scholastics of that time, from Goudin to Roselli, objected that a large part of our lives is passed in a state of unconsciousness; but they laid no stress upon the more fatal objection, that mental processes, often of a very complex kind, must frequently be gone through without any trace of consciousness. This has been abundantly illustrated by modern physiologists, some of whose observations I noted in my previous article: and I need now only refer to Dr. Carpenter's doctrine of "unconscious cerebration," as it is so well known in England. The result of their study of this subject has been to show that Descartes' doctrine of the nature of mind is inconsistent with the present state of science; and this has been expressly pointed out by M. Ribot, who has devoted such particular attention to physiological psychology.† It is interesting to note that the parallel Cartesian doctrine of the nature of matter is likewise rejected by physicists.‡

I now pass from considering the nature of the vital principle in general to some of the details in which the Thomist philosophy harmonizes with modern science.

\* "Principles of Psychology," cap. 10.

† "L'Hérédité" part iii. cap. 1.

‡ "This error runs through every part of Descartes' great work. . . . We shall find it more conducive to material progress to recognize, with Newton, the ideas of time and space as distinct, at least in thought, from that of the material system."—Clerk Maxwell, *Matter and Motion*, p. 18.

As to the nature of the physiological process in sensation, Sir W. Hamilton found (I think hypercritically) that Aristotle's language was ambiguous. I think he would have no such difficulty with his mediæval followers, who are perfectly clear in asserting that it is of the nature of *alteratio*, under which they would have included electrical and chemical changes, and all other forms of molecular (as distinguished from molar) movements.\* These changes in the nervous system were called by the schoolmen *species sensibiles*, and have been much derided by late philosophers; but are obviously necessary intermediaries between the impressions made upon the sense and sensation. These were not looked upon by the schoolmen, any more than by men of science to-day, as images of the reality without, but as means by which that is known—"species sensibilis non est id quod sentitur, sed id quo sentitur."† Physiologists, in common with all men who are not "debauched by philosophy," are agreed on this matter, and I have no excuse for dwelling on a distinction, of which the importance to philosophy since Descartes can hardly be exaggerated. Its neglect was the main cause of that confusion of thought which issued in the idealism of Berkeley, and of which the climax was reached by Sir W. Hamilton, who (to the astonishment of Grote and Mill) rejected the teaching of his predecessors as repugnant to common sense, and yet himself asserted that we see, not external objects, but the rays of light in contact with the retina.

The scholastic teaching as to the *internal senses* is one of the most remarkable anticipations of modern science. Its essential point is the assertion that the sensory impressions derived from without are, in all the higher animals and in man, further elaborated by a series of mental processes, distinct from mere sensation, but equally connected with the action of the nerve-centres. Beyond this general statement, there was much divergence among the followers of Aristotle, owing to the fragmentary character of his psychological treatises. St. Thomas classified these mental processes into two stages, according as they are concerned with data, either immediately furnished by the external senses, or only implied and suggested by them, which were termed respectively the *sensus communis*, and *æstimativa*; with each of these he

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\* "Non est intelligendum, quod huiusmodi motus sit localis, quasi quorundam corporum defluentium a re visa ad oculum; sed secundum alterationem quæ est motus ad formam."—*De Sensu et Sensato*, lect 5.

† Scotus (quodlib. xiv.) puts the point clearly:—"Aliquid esse medium cognoscendi potest intelligi dupliciter. Uno modo quod sit medium cognitum, sic quod per ipsum cognoscatur aliud, sicut cognoscitur conclusio per principium; alio modo quod non sit medium cognitum, sed ratio cognoscendi solum, sicut species sensibilis in sensu est ratio sentiendi."

associated a distinct faculty and organ of memory, that connected with the *sensus communis* being named *imaginatio*, or *phantasia*, the other *memoria*.

This mode of looking at the higher sensory phenomena had, as it seems to me, several very important advantages over the classifications that have since prevailed. In the first place (what has most immediate connection with physiology) an attempt was made to localize each of these internal senses in different parts of the brain. This was based upon the vivisections of Galen,\* which led him and his followers to suppose that the cavities in the brain, called the "ventricles," were the receptacles of that *πνοή* which, as I have said before, was supposed to be the vehicle of sensation and motion. It is hardly possible now to repress a smile at what seems such a ludicrous mistake; but the principle followed was a sound one, and in remarkable contrast to the endeavours made by phrenologists to localize their ill-assorted groups of faculties.

The *sensus communis* has indeed been expressly assigned a seat by Luys, Meynert, and others, in the optic thalamus, a mass of grey matter at the base of the brain, where the various sensory nerves appear to converge. Physiologists do not generally admit this, but are inclined to hold that the *sensorium commune* is constituted by the close connection of the cells, in the surface of the central hemispheres devoted to sensory functions. Some very remarkable observations on this subject have recently been made by Ferrier and Tamburini, which promise that eventually the seat of this faculty may be fixed with considerable precision. The only attempt at cerebral localization made by the mediæval philosophers from which physiologists would decidedly dissent in principle is their looking for a separate site for the *imaginatio* and *memoria*, distinct from that of the senses of which they merely preserve the results. This was probably connected with the mistaken belief that sensation was connected with some movement of the *πνοή* or "vital spirit," which I have before alluded to, and which would need some place for its preservation. Modern science is agreed in teaching that every act of sensation makes some enduring change in the nerve-cells concerned, which registers indelibly what has occurred, and which represents - by association its original cause. Yet the latest writer on the functions of the brain—Munk—teaches that the seat of the memory of visual impressions differs from the seat of visual impressions themselves.

By the comparison of the data thus collected in the *sensorium commune*, Aristotle and his school taught that five percepts, or

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\* "Hipp. et Platonis Dec." vii. 3.

qualities of body, were learned. These he enumerated as Magnitude, Figure, Motion, Rest, and Number, which was probably only intended as a provisional classification; the whole of his psychological treatises being very fragmentary and incomplete. St. Thomas subjected these common objects of sense *αἰσθητὰ κοινὰ*\* to a further analysis, and (as Sir W. Hamilton† pointed out) was the first to show that they are all modifications of Extension. This suggests that it is interesting to notice what was St. Thomas's opinion on the question, so much debated since Berkeley's time by psychologists, and recently by German physiologists, as to the way in which we acquire our knowledge of extension. It is plain from such passages as the following, which might easily be multiplied, that he derives it from the comparison of the data of touch and sight:—"Si esset solus sensus visus, cum ipse coloris tantum sit, et color et magnitudo se consequantur, inter colorem non possemus distinguere et magnitudinem, sed viderentur esse idem. Sed quia magnitudo sentitur alio sensu quam visu, color autem non, hoc ipsum nobis manifestat quod aliud est color et magnitudo."‡ There is room in this theory, at any rate, for the results of either the nativist or empiricist views (and St. Thomas appears to incline towards the latter) whenever that very interesting controversy shall be settled.

The higher category of sensory faculties was only vaguely indicated by Aristotle, and first defined by Avicenna, to whom, or rather to whose Latin translators, the barbarous terms "*æstimatio*" and "*æstimativa*" are due.§ He pointed out that a large number of the properties of surrounding objects, recognized by animals, are only indirectly known by means of the external senses. In spite of much interesting matter in Albert the Great, St. Thomas, and Scotus, the account given by the schoolmen of *æstimatio* and *memoria* is more unsatisfactory than that of the other senses. But, under the equivalent term "instinct," modern science still confounds some of the most disparate phenomena of animal psychology; and this is the main reason why greater progress has not been made in their study. This is not the place for details; but it becomes clear, on examination, that many of

\* He is careful to point out that these are not the products of the *sensus communis*, seeing that the memory of past sensations would also be required (2 an. lect. 13).

† Note D on Reid, p. 829.

‡ 2, De An. lect. 1.

§ Albertus Magnus (Mem. et Rem. cap. i. tr. 1).—It is unfortunate for the fame of this great Arabian physician and philosopher that he should have been so completely overshadowed by his bolder follower Averroës. Even through the medium of barbarous Latin versions, a highly imaginative and poetical mind can be discerned, in great contrast to the philosophers of his age.

the most seemingly intelligent actions of animals are "automatic," or mechanical, being provided for by the structures I described in my former article, and being the results of the unconscious experience either of the individual or of the race. This side of the subject has been so ably elucidated by Professor Mivart\* that any one who desires further information may be referred to his paper. But there are some cases of animal instinct, which, as the Duke of Argyll has argued†—and I have seen no reply to his arguments—cannot be thus explained. He points out the difficulty of supposing that many actions could have been originated by animals, which we never see disposed to try a fresh career, or to do anything new. And if it be supposed they did so originally, and that what was once a result of inference is now a result of habit (instinct being on this view "lapsed intelligence") then the faculties of animals must originally have been much superior to what they are at the present day—a singular exception to the doctrine of evolution. Moreover, some of these acts (such as feigning death when captured, and leading an enemy away from the neighbourhood of the nest) would be positively prejudicial in the struggle for existence, unless performed very perfectly; they can therefore hardly have grown up by gradual development.

In such cases we may trace the germ and anticipation of reason; and this is a subject to which St. Thomas several times recurs. In like manner he traces the anticipation and rudiments of the human will in that conative faculty common to men and beasts, which the schoolmen termed *irascibilis* (Aristotle's *θυμητικὸν*, as distinguished from *ἐπιθυμητικὸν*). With that desire of filling up the apparent gaps in the series of creation which has struck modern critics as a prominent feature in St. Thomas, he several times dwells on this subject, and, as it is one of particular importance at the present day, I may be excused for quoting at some length from one of his less known works:—

Vis imaginativa competit animæ sensibili secundum propriam rationem; sed vis æstimativa inest animæ sensibili secundum quod participat aliquid rationis; unde ratione huius æstimativæ dicuntur animalia quædam prudentiam habere, sicut ovis fugit lupum, cuius inimicitiam nunquam sensit; et similiter ex parte appetitivæ. Nam, quod animal appetat id quod est delectabile secundum sensum (quod ad concupiscibile pertinet), est secundum propriam rationem sensibilis animæ; sed quod, relicto delectabili, appetat victoriam quam consequitur cum dolore (quod ad irascibilem pertinet), competit ei secundum quod attingit aliquantulum appetitum superiorem; unde irascibilis est propinquior rationi et voluntati quam concupiscibilis.‡

\* *Contemporary Review*, April, 1875.

† *Ibid.*, November, 1880.

‡ 25 Ver. art. 2.



These internal senses, as well as the corresponding active faculties, are, according to the Aristotelian view, as entirely dependent on the nerve-centres and connected with them as the external senses are. This is true alike of men and of the lower animals; but there are certain differences between the human and animal functions, which Aristotle suggests and St. Thomas brings into stronger relief. While in the lower animals all these come and go, their presence and prevalence one over another being determined by external influences and varied bodily states alone, in man they can be controlled and directed towards any object that the individual may desire. This distinction is most obvious in the case of the *æstimatio*, the results of which are attained in man, not usually by a natural instinct, but by comparison and inference from the results of the other senses: so, too, memory is in man developed into the power of recollection.\*

It will be remarked that there is one common requisite for the higher development of these faculties, and that is that there shall be a power of concentration on one subject, and exclusion of all others from consciousness. I may quote the words of Mr. Grote, in his "Aristotle," to show that this was the Peripatetic view, as understood by one to whom its physiological interest was probably unknown:—"The noëtic process," he says, "is an arrest of all sensory mental movement, a detention of the fugitive thoughts, a subsidence from perturbation, so that the attention dwells steadily on the same matter."

It may be remembered that in my previous paper I dwelt on the power that the higher nerve-centres possess to prevent or check the action of ganglia lower than themselves. This "inhibitory" power would seem to be the necessary physiological condition of attention, and, therefore, of all higher thought; and the teaching of Bain and Ferrier seems so far fully justified that the functions of the highest nerve-centres are inhibitory.

At the same time, there is something more to be said. Dr. Maudsley (whose real genius leads him, here and elsewhere, beyond the limits of the mere physiological school) makes the important remark that attention (which this inhibitory power serves) has a positive, as well as a negative side—"the force which we mean by attention being rather a *vis a fronte* attracting consciousness, than a *vis a tergo* driving it." Be this as it may, if these inhibitory nerve-centres are the highest discoverable by physiology, we must admit that they are governed by some higher force, superior, consequently, to all bodily function. The only alternative would be to believe in an infinite series of nerve-centres, alternately inhibitory and originating, resembling rather

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\* See especially *De Anima*, qu. 13.

the dreams of an Indian cosmogony than the sober conclusions of a science. This brings us to the limits of physiological psychology, its final testimony being in favour of the existence of human powers which are beyond its direct ken.

It would be beyond my province to describe and justify the Thomist division of the intelligence into the *intellectus possibilis*, and *intellectus agens*, or faculty of abstraction—a distinction which has been ridiculed in St. Thomas, but which Balmez showed has been revived by Kant.

This faculty of abstraction, which Dr. Maudsley admits is peculiar to man, was held by Aristotle to owe its power to some special infusion of that supramundane force which was so remarkable a factor in his conception of the universe. Without admitting anything of this kind, St. Thomas taught that the *intellectus agens* is enlightened by a power superior to human reason. We have seen him recognize an analogous power directing animal instincts, and theologians would tell us that he saw the necessity for a similar assistance for suprahuman intelligences.

There is one point of great importance connected with the faculty of abstraction, on which I may dwell. According to St. Thomas, the sole materials on which the *intellectus agens* has to work are the elaborated results of the internal senses, the "general images" of modern, or *phantasmata* of mediæval philosophers.\* This is expressed in the common axiom of the schools:—"Intellectus non intelligit nisi per conversionem ad phantasmata." These general images, or "phantasms" are needed, according to St. Thomas and his master, for the material of every intellectual act; being employed as symbols even in the most abstract thought, and in recurring to intellectual concepts already formed. He states his opinion most precisely thus:—"Propria operatio intellectus hominis in corpore est intelligere intelligibilia in phantasmatibus."† These statements will be doubted by no one who has even a superficial acquaintance with the Thomist philosophy; they are brought perhaps into the strongest relief by the objections which the Scotists afterwards raised.

It is hardly necessary that I should guard against misconception, by pointing out that St. Thomas is very far from supposing that any result, however elaborate, of mere sensory activity can ever be a sufficient cause of intellectual knowledge, of which it

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\* Both are ill-chosen names, because they erroneously suggest that they are exclusively derived from sight, and most akin to seen objects. The term *schemata* employed in Germany, is preferable.

† See for the fullest statement of this, 3 *An.* sect. 12 and 15, and *Mem. et Rem.*, sect. 2.

can only be said to supply the material.\* This, however, is not my present point. I wish to lay stress upon St. Thomas's teaching that sensorial always accompanies intellectual activity, because it coincides with the evidence supplied by physiology that the higher cerebral functions are called into play during all intellectual labour.

For instance, the manifold proofs of increased tissue-change in the brain during hard mental work are sufficiently accounted for on the Thomist hypothesis, not to require a materialist theory for their explanation.

Besides his belief in the correlation between the brain and the intelligence, St. Thomas also affirms, in the strongest manner, that the passions (love, fear, hatred, anger and the like) are affections of the body as well as of the mind. Aristotle had indeed taught as expressly that they are affections of both parts of that wonderful compound (τοῦ σκευαστοῦ), man; but the detailed account of them in the "Summa" enters far more fully into their relations with bodily conditions. Indeed, it is singular that Spinoza's description of the passions, which has been praised by modern physiologists, is a very fragmentary echo of the Thomist description, which reached him through Descartes.

In like manner, St. Thomas has, more fully even than Aristotle, allowed for the influence of abnormal bodily conditions on moral responsibility; so that all those relations between mind and body which have been so minutely studied of late would readily find their place in his philosophy.

The author of the latest work on this subject, Professor Calderwood, thus expresses the result of his investigations:—"Man possesses a higher order of life than the physical, yet in entire harmony with his physical organism, and so governing it, that the two constitute a unity of being." It will be seen that this sentence corresponds precisely to the sketch of St. Thomas's teaching on this cardinal point of psychology, which is all I have been able to give. The latter has, however, the scientific merits of clearness, precision, and analogy with the laws of inorganic being, to an extent unknown in any modern view of the subject.

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\* Non potest dici quod sensibilis cognitio sit totalis et perfecta causa intellectualis cognitionis, sed quod sit quodammodo materia causæ (1<sup>a</sup> qu. 84, art. 6).

## ART. IV.—MINOR POETS OF MODERN FRANCE.

## PART II.

IT may be remembered that the first part of our present study\* ended with a short sketch of Jasmin, the Troubadour of the South. We will resume our story with the name of JEAN REBOUL, the baker of Nîmes, whom Jasmin used to call his foster-brother. In Reboul we find another poetic genius who, in all simplicity, united the duties of his humble calling and the development of his great natural gifts, composing his poems while kneading the dough. His father, an honest locksmith, had been able to place him at school until the age of thirteen, when he was engaged as copyist by a lawyer of the town. To his ardent nature this occupation proved intolerably monotonous, and when his father died leaving his mother with four children, he decided upon his future employment. In this, like Jasmin, he preferred to ennoble a lowly estate rather than to attempt rising to a higher social position: he turned a deaf ear to all inducements to quit his southern home for the capital.

He first became known to the literary public by his verses entitled "L'Ange et l'Enfant," which appeared in 1828 in *La Quotidienne*, and were copied thence into other journals. No other poem by Reboul has had so many admirers. It has been translated, if we may say so, into sculpture, music, and painting, by various artists; and Lamartine, on reading it, wrote, in honour of its author, "Le Génie dans l'Obscurité"—verses to which Reboul made a worthy reply.

In 1839, when Reboul went to Paris in order to publish his poem of "Le Dernier Jour," he was interested, but not dazzled, by his first experience of life in the capital. During his stay every honour was shown him by the literary celebrities of the time; he accepted their attentions with grateful but dignified simplicity, and returned with pleasure to his ordinary life at Nîmes. There, it was his rule to accept no invitations; this, however, did not prevent his having many warm friends, especially among the ecclesiastics, professional men, and the youth of the place. To these, his little room, which from time to time received many illustrious visitors, was always accessible. Dumas describes this room as "of monastic simplicity," an ivory crucifix being its sole ornament.

Reboul stands apart among the modern poets of France in his deep and reflective conscientiousness, in his consistent realization

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\* In the DUBLIN REVIEW, October, 1881.

of the highest mission of poetry and of the responsibility of the poet. No other, with the same deliberate resolution, takes his stand avowedly on the side of God and Truth. The seriousness of subject and treatment which, from "Mes Premiers Vers, (À la Ste. Vierge)" to "Le Dernier Jour," his last and longest poem, especially characterizes the works of Reboul, is in remarkable contrast to the playful joviality of the *chansons* with which in his youth he entertained his gay companions and fellow *chansonneurs*. This marked change is probably referable to the successive bereavements he suffered and which he felt profoundly. Besides his parents, he lost his young wife a few months after marriage, and a second union was of scarcely longer duration. And these trials, while deepening his seriousness, deepened also his sympathy and compassion for the miseries of humanity. At the same time they elevated his aim and strengthened his powers, so that he is not merely using a figure of speech when he says, in "Les Deux Poètes,"

Mon génie est né de mes pleurs.

His favourite books were the Bible and Corneille; he was a great admirer also of Spanish literature, and would quote with enthusiasm the *romancero* of the Cid. The political revolutions of his country grieved his loyalty almost as deeply as its moral disturbance and religious defections wounded his reverent faith. In spite of endeavours on the part of "new" philosophers to convert him to their ideas, he refused to acknowledge "the sovereignty of the masses." But although the subjects chiefly dwelt upon by him were religious, moral, or social, they did not quite preclude others of a different nature. He delighted in the ancient ruins with which his native city and its neighbourhood abound. These, as well as the natural peculiarities of the locality, he describes in "Les Arènes de Nîmes," "Souvenirs d'Enfance," "Le Moulin de Genèse," "Le Château du Mendiant," and again in "Nîmes," a poem dedicated to Lamartine. Among his lighter productions the only gay little poem, which is also one of his earliest, is "Le Troubadour d'Occitanie," a portrait, in which (were it not for the date) we seem to trace the bright and sympathetic face of his brother-bard of Agen.

Souvent même, ange secourable,  
Au riche il donnait sa leçon,  
Et dans la main du misérable  
Mettait le prix d'une chanson.  
Ainsi, l'honneur et l'harmonie,  
La bienfaisance et les amours,  
Du ménestrel d'Occitanie  
Tissaient les adorables jours.

Et quand le ciel coupait leur trame  
 Pressant une croix sur son cœur,  
 Paisiblement il rendit l'âme,  
 Et s'endormait dans le Seigneur.

The contrast between these two Southern poets, alike the pride of Christian France, is remarkable. In Druidic times the one would have had his place among the vates and the other his harp among the minstrel bards. The maturity and gravity of autumn came early to the reflective poet of Nîmes, while the sunny spirit of the troubadour of Agen carried spring-time through all his year. Of Jasmin it might be said that he never wept without a smile, and of Reboul that he never, or rarely, smiled without a tear.

JEAN AÏCARD, who is also a native of Provence, wrote while living in Paris, two volumes full of more youthful than elevated enthusiasm, entitled "*Les Jeunes Croyances*" and "*Les Rebellions et les Apaisements*," in which he early announced his worship of the Beautiful. Wearying of Paris, he returned to the South, and has ever since sung of the land which absence had made doubly dear to him, and whose classic antecedents he recalls with pride.

Vieille Gaule à l'esprit Attique, au cœur Romain,  
 Souviens-t-en : la Provence est l'antique chemin  
 Par où la race Hellène et Latine à ta race  
 Apporta ses trésors de lumière et de grâce :  
 L'exquise politesse, l'honneur de nos cités,  
 L'Art, la douce Eloquence, et toutes les beautés.

His "*Poèmes de Provence*" are mostly descriptive. He makes us listen to the *mistral*, which curls the crest of the Rhône, and lashes it on in its impetuous course; he shows us Arles and the Aliscamps, *la chanteuse* Avignon, gay Marseilles, and stern Toulon. In peasant life he describes the ingathering of the mulberries and olives, the *ferrade* of the wild bulls, and paints the gleaners of the Camargue, who, while seeking their living in its fever-haunted marshes, too often "*n'y cueillent que la mort*." Then, in a series of pieces, he celebrates the grasshopper, "*l'âme du blé*," so in love with light, say the peasants, "*that he dies on the topmost spray of the topmost bough with the last ray of the setting sun*."

M. Aïcard is even too fond of description, especially as, in his pictures external Nature occupies almost the whole canvas, and man only appears as supplementary to the landscape. In a long poem which is in course of composition, the author intends to depict in a continuous and dramatic narrative all the aspects of popular life in Provence. The "*Mireille*" of Mistral is a true

epic in the language of the *félibres*, but one is still wanting in the French. M. Aicard could produce one if he would but study conciseness. It is much to be regretted that, amidst so much that is interesting and harmless, he should publish objectionable trash like the lines under the title of "Le Bain."

Among those Southern poets whose subjects are of a general character, and not intended in a special manner to reproduce local ideas and surroundings, M. JOSEPHIN SOULARY, of Lyons, is greatly admired by connoisseurs of the *art* of poetry. Besides "À travers Champs" and "Les Ephémères," he has published two volumes almost exclusively composed of sonnets ("Sonnets Humoristiques" and "Les Figulines"), compositions elaborated to the highest degree of form and finish.

Soulary is a perfect master of the poetic language of the Renaissance, and his extensive, but always select, vocabulary enables him to condense within the narrow framework of a sonnet whatever he intends to say. His poems rather resemble a studiously arranged bouquet in encircling lace than the fresh nosegay freely culled from garden or field. In the following verses, however, we are able to forget the polished mirror, attracted by the true touch of Nature it reflects:—

#### LES DEUX CORTÈGES.

Deux cortèges se sont rencontrés à l'Église.  
L'un est morne—il conduit la bière d'un enfant.  
Une femme le suit, presque folle, étouffant  
Dans sa poitrine en feu le sanglot qui la brise.

L'autre c'est un baptême. Au bras qui le défend,  
Un nourrisson bégaye une note indécise ;  
Sa mère, lui tendant le doux sein qu'il épuise,  
L'embrasse tout entier d'un regard triomphant.

On baptise : on absout ; et le temple se vide.  
Les deux femmes alors se croisant sous l'apside,  
Échangent un coup d'œil aussitôt détourné :

Et—merveilleux retour qu'inspire la prière—  
La jeune mère pleure en regardant la bière,  
La femme qui pleurait sourit au nouveau-né !

Another poet who, in delicacy of thought and treatment, greatly resembles Soulary, is the Marquis DE BILLOU, formerly known under the *nom de plume* of the Chevalier d'Aï. He, too, is careful to give his verses exact and symmetrical form. His muse never appears but *en toilette*, and with every fold of her robe gracefully arranged ; so gracefully, that the art of the arrangement does not appear.

CHARLES CORAN, a kindred spirit of the two last-named poets, although sometimes too epicurean in his tendencies, is one of those modest and refined writers whose fate it often is to be overlooked and forgotten. His first volumes of poems, full of elegance and chivalrous courtesy, scarcely obtained a passing remark when they appeared, the one in 1840 and the other in 1847. The poet was discouraged, and, after a silence of fifteen years, expressed a hope that the wine of his vintage, despised when new, would be found to have improved by keeping, so that

de mon claret, on fera Mâçon.

His little poem of "La Flamme" is mentioned with admiration by Sainte-Beuve as "in every way exquisite." The subject is a party of hunters who happen to meet on their way home after a day's sport. One is a farmer, another a churchwarden, a third a mayor, and a fourth a schoolmaster. But among them is another—*incognito*—who is a lover and a poet:—

#### LA FLAMME.

Chasseurs pris par la nuit; chasseurs lourds de gibier,  
Nous rentrons au pays par un même sentier,  
—Mais là-bas, quelle flamme brille?

L'un de nous, fermier, dit: "Au sommet du coteau,  
C'est Lucas, le berger gardien de mon troupeau,  
Dont le feu de sarment pétille."

Un marguillier répond: "Voisin, sans vous fâcher,  
C'est la lune qui frappe au faite du clocher,  
Notre coq perché sur l'aiguille."

Le maire de l'endroit poursuit: "C'est un brûlot;  
C'est un brandon d'émeute, un signal de complot.  
Ça, gendarmes, qu'on les fusille!"

"Erreur, mes bons messieurs," reprend un magister;  
"Regardez-le marcher: C'est le grand Jupiter:  
L'astre errant à vos yeux scintille."

Moi, tout bas à mon cœur, j'ai dit:—  
"C'est un flambeau,  
C'est la cire qui brûle au balcon du château,  
Dans les mains de la jeune fille.

"Le nocturne fanal, complice de l'amour,  
Annonce au gai chasseur qu'on l'attend au retour,  
Minuit sonnant, près de la grille."

M. LUCIEN PATÉ first became known in 1876 by his "Ode to Lamartine" and his stanzas on Molière and Corneille. His "Mélodies Intimes," besides sharing the usual defect of his



writings, which is want of power, are too full of the introspection which their name implies.

These four last-named poets, Soulayr, de Belloy, Coran, and Paté, are more or less closely linked with the very numerous class of writers who professed that love of Art merely for Art's sake which was a special feature of the literary period embraced by the Second Empire. This class, descriptive and musical, attended rather to sound than to sense; to form than to substance; to the jewelled goblet than to the quality of the wine it held, and affected an Olympian coldness, like that of the marble deities it delighted to portray. One characteristic of the poets most addicted to the mythological tendencies of this class is a corresponding tendency to invent the Nature they describe; and at the head of these unconscious inventors we may name *LECONTE DE LISLE*.

Exception must, however, be made in his favour when he deals with his native island and the scenery of the East. A native of the Isle of Bourbon, *M. Leconte de Lisle*, is the author of "*Poèmes Antiques*," "*Poèmes et Poésies*," and of a volume not very appropriately entitled, "*Poèmes Barbares*," besides the single poems called "*Le Sacre de Paris*" and "*Le Soir d'une Bataille*." He aims rather at vigour than beauty, but his special characteristic is a certain impassibility, real or acquired, which throws an air of indifference over his most graphic portraiture. He is never sufficiently in love with his subject to be carried away by enthusiasm, nor can any scene or any event for a moment shake his self-possession. We cannot except from this conclusion even the "*Sacre de Paris*," in which there is too much noise for deep feeling, and even the noise is not made without evident exertion. The ordinary style of *Leconte de Lisle* gives the impression of a proud nature, impregnated with a tranquil irony for everything in life. It is, therefore, no surprise to find him praising death and the eternal extinction in which his philosophy finds it agreeable to believe. Upon this, his favourite theme, he dwells with more affection than he bestows upon anything living. They, however, who have not arrived at this sublime indifference to everything but nothingness—"Le Néant"—will prefer the more cheerful subjects treated by the Creole poet; such, for example, as the lines "*Le Bernica*," in which he beautifully describes a spot in his native Isle of Bourbon.

*Leconte de Lisle*, is, perhaps, the most skilful versifier of the time, and his influence has told extensively upon the young generation of poets. On the death of *Alfred de Musset*, to whom he is immensely inferior in power, vividness, and reality, he nevertheless came in for a considerable share of the succession

and, without being popular in the true sense of the word, he has probably more imitators than any contemporary poet—notably in a certain elegant mannerism as to form, mythological preferences as to subject, and in the fatalism which is his favourite tone. As he and his coevals aimed at copying de Musset, so a docile tribe of youthful admirers copy him as their chosen master in their versified professions of melancholy, of paganism, or of despair.

M. AUGUSTE LACAUSSE, another poet of the Isle of Bourbon, and the author of “*Les Salaziennes*,” “*Poèmes et Paysages*,” besides the single poems called “*Le Cri de Guerre*” and “*Le Siège de Paris*,” is in many respects a contrast to his compatriot de Lisle. If by experience of life the latter has been steeled into a cold indifference, M. Lacaussade has been thrown into a state of agitated melancholy—in which his volubility suggests that he is in love with his nightmare. Passion and weariness, love—the love of great or beautiful things which have changed or passed away—and disappointment; these are his favourite themes. His counsels and warnings are often only another method of recurring to the contemplation of his wounds and their cause, and thus “while cursing to caress,” if not to propagate, the evil. Like Shelley, whom he resembles, M. Lacaussade forgets nothing—neither the pleasure nor its following pain. His “*Les Roses de l’Oubli*,” by which are intended the, as yet, unproducible *black* roses, was written in one of his gentler moods, but is melancholy enough. One of its six stanzas will give an idea of the rest :—

Il vient une heure froide aux angoisses mortelles,  
Nos amours les plus chers, ingrates hirondelles,  
Désertent notre toit par l’hiver envahi !  
D’irréparables fleurs gisent sur nos collines ;  
Tout dort ; seule, une voix, la voix de nos ruines,  
Nous dit : “ Cueille, il le faut, les roses de l’oubli ! ”

Too many of the poems of M. Lacaussade express irritation ; and true poetry, though it may be indignant, should never be petulant. The poems under the titles of “*Soleils de Juin*,” and “*Soleils de Novembre*,” although overcharged with lengthened descriptions, are of a higher tone than the foregoing, and occasionally express the aspirations of one who knows where the real source of consolation is to be found.

A poet of an entirely different stamp, and belonging to a group apart, is M. SULLY PRUDHOMME, one of the most prolific writers of the new generation, and one who, together with André Lefèvre, owns to ambition and self-assertion as his foremost characteristics :—

Je hais l'obscurité, je veux qu'on me renomme.  
Quiconque a son pareil, celui-là n'est pas homme.

And again :—

Si mon âme est juste, impétueuse et tendre,  
Qui le sait mieux que moi ?

Although Sully-Prudhomme is not, like Lefèvre and his following, intoxicated with his own science and philosophy, he is, together with a following equally numerous, in the habit of floating among the various systems, adopting from one or another just so much as suits his fancy at the moment, and is a stoic, epicurean, spiritualist, or materialist with the mood or the weather. This accounts for the strange mixture of diverse theories to be met with in "*Les Épreuves*," for instance, or "*Stances et Poèmes*," in which we are indoctrinated successively by Plato, Lucretius, Hegel, and Kant. Thus, intermingled with his philosophical varieties, we find a singular alternation of serious and elevated subjects, treated with an earnestness in the reality of which his extreme versatility makes it hard to believe.

MM. Lefèvre and Prudhomme, with their imitators, abuse de Musset for his want of respect for their favourite philosophers—because, in alluding to Kant, he spoke of "*le rhéteur allemand et de ses brouillards*," and of "*ce siècle*" as "*un mauvais moment*." Assuredly, de Musset, whose sufferings, if self-inflicted, were real, would have been lost in wonder could he have read the poem addressed to himself, in which M. Prudhomme suggests to him the consideration of "*the antique bas-reliefs on the progress of the arts*" as an efficacious remedy against despair! Four or five of the pieces in "*Les Solitudes*," especially the verses headed "*Le Collège*," are among the best that he has written, and evince real feeling. Among his lighter poems, these exquisite lines are found :—

#### LE VASE BRISE.

Le vase où meurt cette verveine  
D'un coup d'éventail fut fêlé ;  
Le coup dut l'effleurer à peine ;  
Aucun bruit ne l'a révélé.

Mais la légère meurtrissure  
Mordant le cristal chaque jour,  
D'une marche invisible et sûre,  
En a fait lentement le tour.

Son eau fraîche a fui goutte à goutte,  
Le suc des fleurs s'est épuisé ;  
Personne encore ne s'en doute :  
N'y touchez pas : il est brisé !

Souvent aussi la main qu'on aime,  
 Effleurant le cœur le meurtrit ;  
 Puis le cœur se fend de lui-même  
 La fleur de son amour périt.

Toujours intact aux yeux du monde,  
 Il sent croître et pleurer tout bas  
 Sa blessure fine et profonde :  
 Il est brisé : n'y touchez pas !

ANDRÉ LEFÈVRE, like Sully Prudhomme, proclaims his independence of any school or of any master, and, at the same time, his devotion to new philosophy is combined with antique paganism. He began his career with pantheism, elaborately worked out in his volume entitled "*La Flûte de Pan*;" he continues it by wandering, lyre in hand, blindfold, in a labyrinth of speculative theories, which land him in contradictory conclusions. Nevertheless, he anticipates that the publication of his "*Épopée Terrestre*" will provide a valuable aid to science in the establishment of the "*Terrestrial Ideal*." In this "*Épopée*" every spark of true fire is stifled beneath an accumulation of laborious disquisitions; and whether science will take the trouble to wade through a quagmire in order to land on a sandbank, remains to be seen.

M. Lefèvre is essentially an artist in the delineation of form. His verses often suggest a finished group of sculpture, in which the polished marble is made to embody a sensual idea. Occasionally, however, he may attempt to veil or spiritualize its grossness under the assumption of a symbol, as in the last lines of his long poem of "*Léda*," in which he says:—

Symbole fabuleux vêtu de volupté :  
 Le cygne est l'univers : Léda l'humanité.

Low as Lefèvre has too often allowed himself to descend, he has never, as far as we are aware, reached the depths of the heathenism glorified by another devotee of form and matter, THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, who, with only too much justice, has been called "*the French Swinburne*."

Mr. Mallock, in introducing this specimen of the "*modern Parisian school*," says that "*M. Gautier has been one of the most popular of all modern romancers*" (as also of poets), and "*hailed by men of the most fastidious culture as a preacher to these latter generations of a bolder and more worthy gospel*." He, then, in order to show the effect on morality of the denial of the existence of God, the soul, and a future state, quotes from his works passages of which the sensuality and the blasphemy is appalling.

Independently of these serious considerations, Gautier, as a

poet, is more prolific in flowing periods and brilliant ornamentation than in original ideas. Those he enunciates are beaten too thin, spread out, and exhibited from every point of view, until the reader tires of being told what to admire, when, how, and why. Suggestiveness, a chief charm of true poetry, is thus completely driven away.

The "Crépuscules" of M. PAUL NIBELLE belong to the very large class of "Poésies" and "Poèmes," upon which, before proceeding further in our remarks upon individual writers, it will be necessary to make some general observation; the poets who are more or less marked with the defects we shall signalize being too numerous for mention. We need not say that M. Nibelle is not chargeable with all the defects: his particular failing will be spoken of in its place. But when these poets are heard complaining of the indifference of the public, one cannot in such indifference see anything surprising. A chief defect of the contemporary poetry of France is the omnipresence of the author. In almost every collection of verses, whether grave or gay, a single hero occupies the scene, and addresses his readers all the time in his own name; and this hero is the author himself. This kind of monologue may at first have appeared interesting, especially when the author possessed a powerful individuality; but the charm of novelty has long been broken. There is something ludicrous in the long succession of little poets defiling before us, each playing the same part, each in turn relating his little misfortunes, his little vexations, hopes, fancies, and alarms, but never filling the theatre he has built all for himself. If the poet offered ideas he might command interest; for ideas, clear, connected, animated by feeling, and coloured by imagination, always win attention. Not a few French poets of the present day have less the infirmity than the avowed intention to be always dreaming instead of thinking. This is even their boast; *rêve* is the word that occurs most frequently in their productions. They "dream" about Providence, Nature, politics, and passions, particularly love. There are very few things, animate or inanimate, which are not accredited with this precious faculty—*rêver*. We need not take the trouble to say that reverie has a beauty of its own; a certain charm of vagueness, especially in lyrical poetry: what we here reprobate is that soft, languid reverie in which shapeless ideas and rainbow-tinted vaporous inanities follow one another without aim or purpose. We are no longer on the earth, where matter is solid, nor yet in the domain of spirits, where there is both light and strength; we are in a realm of shadows and vapoury phantoms that melt as we fix our sight upon them to learn what they are. And when these poets attempt to describe realities—terrestrial objects—the vagueness

of their style is even then such as to remind one of Scarron's picture, in which, with the shadow of a brush, the shadow of a coachman rubs the shadow of a coach.

These *rêves* have another disadvantage besides that of being without design or aim ; they are also without beginning or end. Try one : take a piece of a hundred lines, cut off twenty wherever you choose, from the beginning, or middle, or end, and it does not suffer : you strike no vital part.

Another characteristic : these dreams are invariably wet with tears ; melancholy being an important ingredient in the style of poetry we are considering. Boileau said, " Before you write, learn to think ;" now-a-days one should say, " Before you read, learn to weep." We do not deny that a touch of true melancholy has its charms, but constant melancholy, even in verse, grows wearisome, if not irritating.

Still another defect is their abuse of description. As soon as a poet finds himself at a loss for a subject, he falls to describing, often with endless minuteness of unnecessary detail ; and thus the ordinary substance of modern French poetry is, according to the testimony of a well-known French critic,\* chiefly made up of " Descriptions, Dreams, and Groans."

The "*Crépuscules*" of M. Paul Nibelle is among those volumes to which the foregoing remarks more or less apply. His poems are rightly named ; being for the most part of that vague and dreamy character imparted to the outer world by the deepening twilight. Still, we are not sure that they might not, with greater propriety, have been styled "*Les Brouillards*." Objects against a twilight sky show at least a clear outline, but these for the most part have none. Instead of action and life and struggle, instead of men and things, we have *souvenirs*, *émotions*, *regrets*, and the inevitable *rêve*.

When at the outset of his literary career, M. Legouvé (also a poet) went to ask counsel of Béranger, the latter said to him, "*Take care to be useful*." It is not enough to be satisfied with Art for Art's sake. See that you hold some belief, religious, patriotic, or human, in behalf of which you may exert yourself, and turn your thoughts to some account." This advice, not sufficiently borne in mind by M. Nibelle, is still less thought of by M. THALÈS-BERNARD ; whose "*Poésies Nouvelles*" are almost a London fog in comparison with the half-developed darkness of "*Les Crépuscules*." These "*Poésies*" are the result, the reader is informed, of M. Bernard's study of the poetry of " Germany, Scotland, Russia, Finland, Esthonia, Hungary, Roumania, Béarn, and Brittany, but, " principally, that of the Finno-Letto-Slavs ;

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\* M. C. Marthà, in an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

lugubrious races [whose voices mingle with the moaning of the Baltic." "The rest," he writes, "belongs to the author, who has endeavoured to transform the style by introducing an intellectual element—the agitation of thought in the presence of Nature, and its attraction towards the stars where our destinies must be accomplished"—whatever that may mean.

M. Thalès-Bernard, in many of his poems, evinces a real feeling for the beauties of Nature as well as a capability for harmonious versification, but he too often mistakes singularity for originality, and his literary taste cannot be relied upon.

Among the very few poets bold enough to be simple and light-hearted, and to eschew melancholy and even reveries, M. CHARLES MONSELET, the son of a bookseller of Nantes, holds a foremost place. His first collection of poems was published in 1834 under the title of "*Les Vignes du Seigneur.*" He was invited to Paris by Solar when the latter founded the *Époque*, and Monselet refused nothing—wrote romances, novelettes, comedies, and literary criticisms:—

Le principal étant de vivre  
Fidèle au "Tel père, tel fils,"  
Ma ressource devint le livre.  
Mon père en vendait; moi, j'en fis.

Ma verve fut vite étouffée  
Sous le journal: rude fardeau!  
La servante chassa la fée;  
L'article tua le rondeau.

Thus he sings in the metrical autobiography that prefaces his poems—poems, some of which have been suppressed with advantage in later editions. His poetry is for the most part characterized by keen observation and a playful good humour. A kindred spirit, in many respects is M. PAILLERON. He possesses a double talent. One, impersonal and active, full of youthful freshness and gaiety, is vigorous and at the same time acute; this it is which, applied to the observation of men and manners, has produced the skilful dramatic writer. The other, personal and meditative, delights in the expression of delicate emotions and feelings of affection, although even this is not always unmingled with lively satire. Among his most pleasing lyrics, are, "*Les Roses*," "*L'Aveu*," and "*Les Brumes*." Partly for its brevity, we quote "*La Tombe*."

Le premier que je vis mourir  
(J'étais trop jeune pour souffrir,  
On souffre à l'âge où l'on espère),  
Je le pleurai: c'était mon père.

Le deuxième (je le revois)  
 C'était mon frère cette fois ;  
 Je l'embrassai calme et farouche,  
 Douce au cœur, blasphème à la bouche.

Mais le jour où Dieu me la prit  
 (La troisième fois c'était elle,  
 Elle, ma mère !) j'ai souri  
 Et j'ai dit : l'âme est immortelle !

Depuis elle, depuis ce temps,  
 Je n'ai plus ni pleurs ni colère,  
 Et je ne souffre plus : j'espère,  
 Et je ne doute plus : j'attends.

Of the crowd of minor poets still unmentioned, it will suffice to name Dupont, Mürger, Bouilhet and de Banville, all of whom have earned sufficient consideration to prove the decadence of public taste.

PIERRE DUPONT, who celebrated in verse the Revolution of '48, is regarded by his admirers as a second Béranger. He has four strings to his lyre ;—the rustic, preferable to all the rest ; the bacchic, or erotic, without originality or any other kind of merit ; the political and philosophic, which is vague and tuneless, and the official—struck to order. His ideas are commonplace, his language inexact, his resemblance to Béranger as that of an indistinct lithograph to a clear engraving. He announced himself as a popular poet—that is to say, he wrote his songs for the only two classes who sing at the present day—students and artisans. He holds that the working-classes ought to be everything, and are nothing. The "*Chant des Ouvriers*," in which he invites the artisan to "*Drink to the independence of the world*," was a prelude to the socialism developed in his later writings. The workman *does* all ; all progress is due to him ; muscle may claim a monopoly of merit.

Nor do Dupont's social metaphysics improve when he addresses the other category for whom he wrote—the students :—

Enfants des écoles de France,  
 Gais volontaires du Progrès,  
 Suivons le Peuple et sa science ;  
 Sifflons Malthus et ses arrêts.  
 Éclairons les routes nouvelles  
 Que le travail peut se frayer.  
 Le Socialisme a deux ailes,  
 —L'Étudiant et l'Ouvrier.

When the sanguinary days of July had passed, the poet who had helped them on consoled himself by composing, in verses almost as bad as the sentiments they expressed, a "*Chant*



Funèbre" for the victims, and a "Chant des Transportés" for the men whose penalty he had assisted them to incur. But although he sang the Republic while the Republic lasted, with the advent of the Second Empire his inspiration took an imperial turn, and he sang of glory—how, may be seen from a stanza culled at random from the "Chant sur la Rentrée des Troupes 15 Août, 1859":—

Montebello, cimetière historique,  
Donne à Forey, grande, l'occasion  
De se montrer dans ce brasier stoïque,  
Et d'y tremper sa réputation," &c.

This, we think, will suffice. Only in rural subjects did Dupont show any of the qualifications of a poet. "Les Bœufs," "La Chanson des Foins," "Les Cerises," all possess merit; the same may be said of "Le Scieur de long," "La Chanson de la Soie," "Le Tisserand," and "Le Rêve du Paysan."

In 1861 HENRY MÜRGER, a "Bohemian," who lived out of the pale of society, died in a hospital, in the prime of life, on the day that his volume of "Poésies Complètes; ou Nuits d'Hiver," appeared from the press. He is an Alfred de Musset on a lower stage, and although possessing less brilliancy and power than his predecessor, there is in his poems evidence of sensitive and delicate feeling; his sensitiveness, however, almost always becoming morbid. The poet of *la folle Bohême* sings, in fact, of little else than disappointment and regret. Even when he invites the world to rejoice, he does not know how to set the example. The moral of his poems—if the term may be applied to writings in which morality is so often wounded—is, that life is dull and sad, and that no opportunity must be lost of enlivening it by pleasure; and the only lesson they convey is the avowed nothingness of the existence he had led, and worthlessness of the enjoyments in search of which it had been wasted. Bearing the date of 1844, are some pleasing but melancholy verses, called

#### ÉTRENNES À MA COUSINE ANGÈLE.

Nous avons tous les deux laissé derrière nous  
Une époque où la vie est bien bonne et bien belle;  
Je m'en souviens encor, vous en souvenez-vous,  
De notre enfance heureuse, ô ma Cousine Angèle?

Ils sont bien loin, ces jours, et déjà bien des fois  
Les ans nous ont touchés en passant de leur aile,  
Et notre gaieté blonde aux grands éclats de voix,  
Hélas! s'est envolée, ô ma Cousine Angèle.

Plus heureuse que moi, vous n'avez pas quitté  
 Le foyer de famille, et la voix maternelle  
 Conserve en votre cœur la sainte pitié  
 Qui n'est plus dans le mien, ô ma Cousine Angèle!

The death of Mürger was better than his life had been. On entering the hospital he asked for a priest, and died a reconciled penitent. By a too common perversity of fate a splendid funeral was awarded to the destitute poet, and attended by numerous representatives of the official and literary world.

To name LOUIS BOUILHET and his "Melænis, Conte Romain," and the "Odes Funambulesques" of THÉODORE DE BANVILLE is to descend into the very dregs of poetry. The "Roman Story" is as unworthy to be quoted as it is unfit to be read. The writer bears the stamp of a school which arose behind the literary school of the Restoration and Revolution of July, which has rapidly developed since 1852. This, the school of pure Realism, owns no belief, scarcely an opinion, few ideas, and no shame; it may not yet have sunk into the utter vileness of the misnamed *Veristi*, the latest offspring of atheism and revolution in Italy; but its tendencies, its intensified paganism, and its idolatry of license are the same.

The "Odes Funambulesques," by their very title, proclaim the depths to which contemporary poetry has been allowed to fall—and contemporary criticism with it; for it was hailed by a concert of praises from the literary world.

But we hasten from these degradations to quite another class of poems. The war and its attendant woes roused—not the funambulist, but—some at least of the poetic triflers from their dreams, and gave them a subject so full of dramatic pathos and patriotic interest that the marvel is to find how few it inspired.

The most noteworthy of the war-poets are PAUL DEROUËDE and FRANÇOIS COPPÉE. EMILE BERGERAT wrote an "Odelette Guerrière," which is sung throughout France, and also several other poems on the same subject, but, like CATULLE MENDÈS, he is often lengthy and exaggerated. M. Mendès, for instance, in his "Colère d'un Franc-Tireur," makes his hero keep the ambulance doctor waiting to operate upon him until he has delivered five pages of "sound and fury."

About a dozen writers have published a narrative in verse of some incident or reminiscence of the war—*e.g.*, "Le Soir d'une Bataille" and "Le Sacre de Paris" (already mentioned), by Le Conte Delisle, the "Cri de Guerre," by Auguste Lacaussade, "Les Paroles d'un Vaincu," by Léon Dierx, several by Bergerat, and others of more or less merit. But these are isolated pieces. The only volumes of patriotic poems, so far as we know, are the two by M. Paul Deroulède—"Chants," and "Nouveaux Chants

du Soldat." Nothing more earnest, more ardent, or fuller of vivid description has been written since the date of the war than these simple but vigorous pages, in which, alternately with the glow of devoted love for his country, there flashes, like the glint of a bayonet, his deep hatred of her foes.

There are several poems we should like to quote—"Le Turco," "Le Bon Gîte," and others; but we must perforce restrict ourselves to the following :—

EN AVANT!

Le tambour bat, le clairon sonne;  
Qui reste en arrière? Personne.  
C'est un peuple qui se défend,  
En avant!

Gronde canon, crache mitraille!  
Fiers bûcherons de la bataille,  
Ouvrez-nous un chemin sanglant,  
En avant!

Le chemin est fait: qu'on y passe!  
Qu'on les écrase, qu'on les chasse!  
Qu'on soit libre au soleil levant,  
En avant!

Allons! les gars au cœur robuste,  
Avançons vite et visons juste,  
La France est là qui nous attend  
En avant!

Leur nombre est grand dans cette plaine!  
Est-il plus grand que notre haine?  
Nous le saurons en arrivant,  
En avant!

Leurs canons nous fauchent? Qu'importe!  
Si leur artillerie est forte,  
Nous le saurons en l'enlevant  
En avant!

Où nous courons? où l'on nous mène?  
Et si la victoire est prochaine,  
Nous le saurons en la trouvant  
En avant!

En avant! tant pis pour qui tombe,  
La mort n'est rien. Vive la tombe,  
Quand le Pays en sort vivant.  
En avant!

As a pendant to "Forward," we should have much liked to quote "The Retreat," a sorrowful picture, that well deserves to be read. It is too long for our space. In *Væ Victoribus*, the

last poem in his first volume, M. Deroulède amply earns the title of a "good hater":—

Eh bien, moi je le hais, ce peuple de Vandales,  
De reîtres, de bourreaux—tous ces noms sont les siens;  
Je le hais, je maudis dans leurs races fatales  
La Prusse et les Prussiens.

\*            \*            \*            \*

Enfin, c'est là surtout le vœu de ma jeunesse,  
C'est seul pour quoi je vis, c'est à quoi seul je tiens,  
Que la Patrie en deuil se reprenne et ne laisse  
Que la Prusse aux Prussiens!

It is a curious fact that, although more numerous works of merit have appeared since the Franco-German war than for the same length of time before it, yet these works rarely bear the least trace or impression of what the country has undergone. Nor does the literature of France any more reflect the national situation than if an invader had never passed over it.

The most talented of the poets who have written of the war is unquestionably M. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE. "Un Episode de la Guerre Franco-Allemande" is perhaps one of the most remarkable of his war poems for poetic power, as the "Lettre d'un Mobile Breton" is for its touching truthfulness and simple pathos.

M. Coppée, born in 1842, published in 1867 his first volume of poems under the title of "Le Reliquaire." This was followed by "Les Intimités," "Le Grève des Forgerons," and in 1870-71 his poems on subjects relating to the war, besides, subsequently, several poems and dramas. In his earlier publications, "Le Reliquaire" and "Le Justicier," he not unfrequently imitates his "dear master," Leconte de Lisle; and in "Les Intimités" avows a strong predilection for Sainte-Beuve, de Musset, and the corrupt Baudelaire, putting the three together and calling them *les doux et les souffrans*. After this, it is no matter of surprise to find, intermingled with much that is excellent, many things to which a Catholic must object. The tone of more than one of his poems is that of calumnious insinuation. The long poem of "Angelus," for instance, is directed against sacerdotal celibacy, and "Les Enfants Trouvés" against the religious who devote their lives to the rescue and care of these poor castaways. A quantity of unnecessary pity is bestowed upon the *sombres âmes, stupéfaites*, who, being only cared for by *ces graves filles* are *sans amour tendre, ni caresse*.

A comparison of these lines, whether as regards form or feeling, with those on the same subject by the poet of Nîmes, places M. Coppée at no small disadvantage by the side of Reboul.

Before bringing this brief study on modern poets to a close,\* we would say that we are very sensible of its many imperfections. Should we be asked, however, why Autran and Turquetty, Lafenestre, and Manuel have been left without mention, as well as Bornier, the brothers Le Pas, Louisa Siefert, and Marie Jenna, the Adelaide Procter of France, we must plead the impossibility of compressing into an article matter which would fill a biographical dictionary. Our aim, moreover, has been to deal with only one or two representatives of each of the various shades of thought and belief as well as of style. An attempt to embrace each individual would produce an "Anthology," if not an enlarged edition of the "*Parnasse Contemporain*."† And yet, as we have already said, if poets abound, true poetry is comparatively scarce.

This conclusion, the justice of which may not be apparent to those whose acquaintance with French poetry is limited to selections, inevitably follows from the examination of the literature of which they are merely the cream; and, if it be true that we may judge of a nation by its poets, the fact would say little in favour of the France of the present Republic. An examination of facts has led us to this conclusion; and the reason of the facts is probably not far to seek.

In the first place, we must take into account the severe and repeated trials which, to go no further back than the last fifty years, France has borne, and her frequent political changes precluding the possibility of her hoisting very high the flag of patriotic, or any other poetical enthusiasm. For a true poet must be, more or less, an enthusiast. His ideal is perfection, and realities are illuminated with rays from his ideal. But enthusiasm cannot exist for unreality or for a convicted sham. The poet must believe, and even if his belief be misplaced it must at least be real, if the expression of it is to obtain a hearing. So long, for instance, as honest-minded men, even though revolutionists, believed in the Liberty which their country was to win, by breaking with its past, they sang their deity with an earnestness that breathed life and power into their song. But where, now, under the present Republic, should we find a Rouget de Lisle? The *chansons* of Pierre Dupont are like the airs on a barrel-organ, wound up to order, and very much out of tune, in comparison with the impassioned Marseillaise.

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\* We would here acknowledge our obligations to MMs. Léon Gautier, Nettement, C. Martha, and Etienne, of whose criticisms we have occasionally availed ourselves.

† The catalogue of M. Lemerre, alone, for 1880, contained a list of more than a hundred poets of the new generation, who employ him as their publisher.

And who can wonder? What enthusiasm can be real for Liberty which is despotism in a domino, for Equality which always limps, and for Fraternity like that of Cain and Abel? Who can sing nobly of a love which is mere license, of a religion whose sole hope is eternal annihilation, or of a heaven which, except for astronomers, does not exist? The wonder is that there are any poets left, and still more that they are so numerous.

There are comparatively very few of the contemporary poets of France, especially among those of the most recent development, whose works a Christian parent could place in the hands of his sons or daughters, if even he chose to risk contamination by reading them himself. Taken as a whole, and not forgetting a few honourable exceptions, the prevailing tone is irreverent and immoral; its general tendency to scepticism, paganism, or atheism, and its practical, if unavowed aim, to win the applause of the world by exalting the lusts of the flesh with the persuasive ability of the devil. These may be hard words, but they are true. On the other hand, during the explorations of which these few pages are the outcome, we have not unfrequently been reminded, in our twilight wanderings, of the well-known lines of a poet who has not only his warm admirers, but also his graceful imitators in more than one French presbytery that we could name—our own WORDSWORTH—who bids us, in one of his “Evening Voluntaries,”

Look for the stars. You'll say that there are none.  
Look up a second time, and, one by one,  
You mark them twinkling out with silvery light,  
And wonder how they could elude the gazer's sight.

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#### ART. V.—THE HOUSEHOLD BOOKS OF LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

*Selections from the Household Books of Lord William Howard, of Naworth Castle; with an Appendix, containing some of his Papers and Letters and other Documents, illustrative of his Life and Times* [Edited by the Rev. GEORGE ORNSBY, Canon of York and Vicar of Fishlake.] Published for the [Surtees] Society. Durham: Andrews & Co. London: Whittaker & Co.; Quaritch. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1878.

**A**CCOUNT books are strange things, of great but curiously varying importance. In the first years of their existence, as we all know, or ought to know, they have a very practical

value. Keep them some seven years, and they generally become waste paper. But let them escape that doom, and chance to be preserved, say for a century or two—behold, instead of *chartæ ineptæ*, they are again highly precious, but for very different reasons. The entries, however trivial originally—the mere “chronicles of small beer”—are the materials out of which the historian has to make up or to adorn his most interesting chapters, even as by some occult process the vegetation which rotted underground for ages is at last extracted in a new form, serviceable to man, yet still inscribed with true legends, to be deciphered by learned eyes. *Quorsum hæc?* the reader will ask. Even to introduce to him what was once the dry ledger of a steward’s office, but now a record yielding in every page nuggets well worth the sifting.

The volume before us (the sixty-eighth of the Publications of the Surtees Society) is a selection from the Household Books of the Lord William Howard, of Naworth Castle, better known by his *sobriquet* of “Belted Will Howard,” the most powerful personage on the English Border in the first two reigns of the House of Stuart. The chief points of interest in these papers, with all the preliminary information required to appreciate them, are collected in an excellent introduction by the editor, Canon Ornsby, and illustrated throughout by very learned and judicious annotations. The “Household Books,” it appears, are twelve in number, ranging from 1612 to 1640, but with many gaps. The editor has, with great discretion, refrained from publishing *in extenso* such a mass of almost identical details, but has abbreviated certain entries and given select items from the various years, transcribing, however, two years—the first and the last—in full, as characterizing, respectively, the earlier fortunes of Lord William Howard, and the later, when by wise management he had wonderfully improved his estates and the means of gratifying his liberality.

An article on “Arundel Castle and the Howards,” in a former number of THE DUBLIN REVIEW (January, 1878), has already indicated Lord William Howard’s place in the history of his house. He was born in 1563, the younger son of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded for having engaged to marry Mary Queen of Scots. He was, accordingly, brother to Philip, Earl of Arundel, the martyr of the Tower, and under his influence was reconciled to the faith of his ancestors about 1589. He married Lady Elizabeth Dacre, one of the three daughters and co-heirs of Lord Dacre of Gilsland, commonly called “Lord Dacre of the North.” Another sister, Lady Anne, married Earl Philip, above mentioned, and is well known from the ancient biography given to the world by the late Duke of

Norfolk. The sisters were wards of Duke Thomas, in consequence of his second marriage with their mother, widow of Lord Dacre. The marriage ceremony between Lord William and Lady Elizabeth took place when the bridegroom was but fourteen years old and the bride about a year older, as we make out their ages ; but they themselves told a guest at Naworth in 1634 that they "could nott make above twenty-five yeeres both togeather, when first they were marry'd," but then they could make above one hundred and forty years, and were very hearty, well, and merry. After the marriage Lord William returned to complete his education at Cambridge, and his wife went to live with her sister, Lady Arundel ; but their settlement in domestic life was not long delayed. Their eldest son, Philip, was born in 1581, and from them descends that branch of the Howards which is represented by the Earls of Carlisle, and still in possession of their ancestral fortress at Naworth.

The great estates to which Lord William and his brother were entitled in right of their wives became the subject of vehement and protracted litigation, the Dacre family claiming the inheritance against the direct descendants, their nieces, in whom by law their estates vested. First came Leonard Dacre, who, when he saw the case going against him, took up with the rebellion of the Northern Earls in 1569, deceiving Queen Elizabeth, however, so far as to be trusted with a share of the task of suppressing it. He collected forces and fortified the castle of Naworth, but was defeated in a sharp engagement by Lord Hunsdon at Gelts Bridge, in the vicinity of that stronghold, and took refuge in Flanders, where he died in 1573 ; where also his next brother, Edward, died later, leaving the great family suit in the hands of the third brother, Francis Dacre ; with whom, and with another claimant, Mr. Gerard Lowther, and with the Queen herself, who took possession of the estates in the counties of York, Northumberland and Durham, by Francis Dacre's attainder, Lord William Howard carried on, from year to year, a weary struggle, yet with as stout a heart as he could ever have borne in the battle-field. He was committed to the Tower in 1585, with his brother, Earl Philip, but, more fortunate than he, was released the next year. They fought their way before the Court of Chancery and the northern tribunals of York, Newcastle, and Carlisle, bringing no fewer than one hundred and forty actions against tenants who espoused Francis Dacre's cause. At one time the quarrel had nearly issued in an actual fight in the streets of Morpeth, the adherents of the Howards coming in arms to the town to hinder the holding of a court by the Dacres, the former supported by Sir John Forster, Warden of the Middle Marches, of which affair a most curious narrative is given in a memorial addressed by



Francis Dacre to Queen Elizabeth. The litigation at last ended in the Queen's waiving her claim, in consideration of a heavy payment by Lord William, his wife, and her sister (Earl Philip having died in the Tower). Lady Arundel alone paid nearly £10,000, and Lord William and Lady Elizabeth probably not much less. Sir Edward Coke "had assured the Queen that she had no right to those lands, and therefore advised her to part with them to the co-heirs;" and this was the manner in which she parted with that which she had no right to keep. It was in 1601 that Lord William found himself in secure possession of his estates, and a few years later he finally settled at Naworth. We have, so far, merely given the *summa fastigia rerum*, referring for details to Canon Ornsby's Introduction and to an elaborate narrative of the legal proceedings, drawn up by Lord William himself, which is printed in the Appendix. The manner in which he states the case *pro domo sua* shows that he was not only one of the greatest English gentlemen of his age, a very clever and accomplished jurist, but also able, it must be owned, to use pretty strong language as well as forcible reasoning.

The popular interest, however, attaching to the name of this great Border nobleman, under the title of Lord Warden of the Marches, or of the Western Marches, with other picturesque incidents, is singularly dissipated by Canon Ornsby's researches, which exhibit a more prosaic portrait, though possessed of the great recommendations of reality and truth, far more valuable than the imaginative creation which it displaces. Lord William Howard never held the office above mentioned, and never administered martial law on the Borders,

Or threatened Branksome's lordly towers,  
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the relations in which, as we have seen, he stood to that sovereign would certainly have precluded his being Lord Warden. In James I.'s time Lord Scrope was succeeded in that title by George, third Earl of Cumberland, after whose death, in 1605, there was no Lord Warden; but the government of the so-called "middle shires" was vested in commissioners, of whom Lord William Howard was indeed one in 1618. It seems he had some control over Gilsland, as lord of that barony, but he never had a garrison of one hundred and forty men at Naworth Castle, nor yet armed retainers, though he had a very large number of household servants, and though a few soldiers might temporarily be placed at his disposal. We do not forget the picturesque items of 1640 in the extraordinary payments (p. 359), relating to "my lord's light horsemen," to soldiers and watchers, and to "the paines and care of Leutennant

Swinnerton in defendinge of Nawarde," for which that officer is rewarded by Sir William Howarde's direction. All this might probably have been told, in substance, of most other great country houses at that time of civil strife. To resume: Lord William Howard was simply a most energetic magistrate, regarded with considerable awe throughout the Border counties, as taking care to have the marauders who infested the "loose places," and "the debateable land," or "Batable land," as they called it, within the wide range of his authority and influence, searched out and brought to justice, his sons now and then riding out armed in pursuit, and having to use their weapons in encounter. There exists in the muniment-room at Castle-Howard a list, in Lord William's own hand, of felons taken and prosecuted by him in Gilsland and elsewhere, comprising sixty-eight entries, all, with few exceptions, recording that the culprits had been executed. But he never can have consigned a moss-trooper to execution by the brief ejaculation of "Hang him!" as popular tradition tells, and will continue to tell, as in many similar legends, iridescent in memory, but passing off into sober colours, when placed in the light of written and contemporary records.\* Lord William's prisoners were all prosecuted, in due course of law, at the assizes at various places—Carlisle, Newcastle, Durham, &c., and dealt with no otherwise than similar thieves and murderers in other parts of the country. From the above list, and other documents given in this volume, it appears that the country adjoining the Border was harassed by cattle-stealers, house-breakers, and the like disorderly persons, sometimes escaping into Scotland, or packed off to Ireland, but constantly returning from thence. Besides the insecurity to life and property thus caused, the law was, to a great extent, inoperative, in consequence of the connivance of timid or dishonest magistrates. The country gentlemen themselves often had outlaws under their protection, either immediately or through others, at more than one remove; bail was continually granted where it ought to have been refused, and mercy often extended to offenders who ought at once to have been consigned to the gallows. These abuses had been represented in a vigorous manner by Lord William Howard to the Lords of the Privy Council in 1615, in answer to inquiries instituted by them as to the causes of such disorder in times of peace, and in spite of a garrison maintained at Carlisle at great expense. He points out with great straightforwardness and good sense the sources of the mischief—an idle garrison, sleeping officers,

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\* Fable is singularly destitute of originality, and the same story has perhaps often been told. See, for a very early example, Livy, iv. 17: "Levant quidam regis facinus . . . vocem ejus ambiguum, ut occidi jussisse videretur, ab Fidenatibus exceptam, causam mortis legatis fuisse."

justices of the peace who were past their work, a provost-marshal who was "of kinne and alliance to many surnames that have been heinous offenders, and some of them as yett no saintes." He was a thorough man of action, and quite prepared, as he hints, to take upon himself, if permitted, duties others were unable or unwilling to discharge. He was an instance in which ability and decision made a position which, in weaker hands, would have been much fettered, a highly efficient one—the second place, indeed, the first perhaps at the time, as it certainly became in traditional memory. By using powerfully such means as he had, he became everywhere felt, and, although a Catholic, in times of terrible bigotry was highly valued and trusted by the Government. One such person in such a period lays a foundation of security and comfort that is felt for generations after him, and to which even existing prosperity is traceably due. He did his utmost to restore what he called "civilitie" in a country where honest people were very much at the mercy of thieves and vagabonds, and with no lack of Justice Shallows to screen from the sword of the law the knaves who were their "exceeding good friends." Whilst, however, Lord William never hesitated to appeal to and enforce the law with due severity against the guilty, we find him making a firm stand against the abuse of power. In reply to a proposition of the king's (James I.) to have certain offenders "transplanted" to Virginia, he remarks that transplantation was not necessary in all cases; that "barbarous offenders had been winked at, and innocent soules, either out of private spleene or for greedy gain, have been sent awaie. Such a service, partially performed, is not pleasing to God, acceptable to His Majestie, or beneficial to this countrie." He adds: "An account is desired how the last 500<sup>li</sup> collected of the countree for the last transplantations was bestowed." Certainly, "a question to be asked."

Of the process by which the Lord William Howard of grave historical record became the Belted Will Howard and Lord Warden of the Marches whom we find in poetry and tradition, Canon Ornsby has some interesting remarks. He traces the latter to the recollection of earlier times, when the Dacres did maintain a garrison of retainers within the walls of Naworth, ready to raise the shout of "a Daker! a Daker! a read bull! a read bull!" (the heraldic cognizance of that house), and to follow their chieftains for a foray, or when stern acts of justice were doubtless dealt out on Border ruffians by Lord Wardens of two generations preceding. Though the great nobleman of the Stuart period was not in the position of his predecessors, the minds of the people were still filled with the images of these latter, and handed down in their colouring to posterity the

form and the name of a descendant whose actions and manner of life so much resembled them. It would, perhaps, be an inquiry worth making, how far the whole is due to Sir Walter Scott simply, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." His imagination seems to have been fascinated with what he saw of the surroundings of Lord William preserved at Naworth Castle, and he had at once placed him in his poetic romance, antedating him without hesitation a couple of generations. Can any antiquary say where and when the name of "Belted Bill" is first found recorded, and who first set it down from the mouths of the people, whilst the familiar appellation of "Bessie with the braid apron" was given to his wife, as the rich heiress of the Dacres?

To enter into the results obtainable from the mass of business-records and other documents so ably sifted and sorted by Canon Ornsby, we would first remark that the state of the Catholic religion in Northumberland is only indirectly illustrated by the great bulk of them. Some State papers are given of considerable interest on that head, but we cannot expect to be much assisted here, by mere household books, especially when there might be good reason for not entering disbursements referring to it. It is surprising, however, to find to what a degree Northumberland still remained Catholic, especially as regarded the great county families, and how dreaded any man was who might be capable by birth and abilities to take the lead on the Catholic side. Lord William Howard had, of course, made enemies by his vigorous enforcement of justice, and we find that his being a Catholic was brought before the Government with great malignancy by "accusers in the dark." A long letter from the State papers of James I., of about 1616, begins as follows:—

The Lord Willyam Howard is a knowne Recusant, dwellinge in the remote partes of England northward, unto whom the Recusantes of greatest note do dailie resort, viz. :—

M. Ratcliffe of Dilston, Roger Witherington, Randall Fennicke, the lord of Thirleway, with manie more of Northumberland, as also Joseph Huddleston, Joseph Porter Esquires, Sir Thomas Lamplughe, whose ladie is a Recusant, himself in religion verie backward, Sir Francis Duckett and his ladie and sonne, all Recusants, W. Laybourne, Mr. Preston, unto whose daughter and coheire the Lord Willyam hath latelie married one of his sonnes; the said Preston being a man of great howse and estate, about 1500<sup>li</sup> by yeare; and the number of Recusants dailie increaseth in those partes by his Lordshippe's countenance (p. 423).

Sir Walter has not forgotten this colouring when he describes the Northumberland of a considerably later period. The scheming spirit of Rashleigh Osbaldistone (in "Rob Roy") bears traces (amidst its utterly imaginary shades) of what the great novelist

had caught from his researches in those mines he knew so well, of the fear inspired by a capable leader such as Roger Witherington evidently was. But the Catholics of Northumberland in the seventeenth century were not Catholics merely from family traditions. Documents here quoted show that they took a keen interest in controversy, and that Government held in suspicion the circulation of Catholic books in Northumberland. We recommend all this to those to whom such investigations are congenial, as *hauri alienum a Scævole studiis*.

Abundance of gossip follows, partly showing the strange, rude manners that prevailed in that age, partly the small things that were thought sufficient to excite the jealousy of Government against men in such a position as his. It is complained that at Christmas some of his servants and tenants had "erected a Christenmas lord, and did most grosslie disturbe the minister in time of Divine service; the minister himselve granting toleration because he doth ordinarilie dine and suppe at the Lord Willyam's table, but never prayes with him." Nay, some of them had shot guns in the church, brought in flags and banners, played at bowls with pies and puddings in the church-allies, &c., &c.—things which, indeed, seem outrageous, but were doubtless relics of a time when barbaric festivity at that season passed off into a sort of saturnalia, condemned at every period, but which had not the same significance then that it would have now. Of a different nature, but more dangerous probably to Lord William, were such representations as that a lady had actually seen a letter from some nun "in a monasterie beyond the seas," in which she asked her father "to give thanks to the Lord Willyam for her quarteridge, which she receyved from the Lord Willyam, and she sayd Mrs. Payne did see the said letter, and hard it read by the doctor." Still worse: "The Lord Willyam is thought to keep a priest in his howse, which upon examination may more plainlie be knowne."

It does not appear that any action was taken by the Government on these charges, but Lord William, like other Catholics, was well watched by informers. He appears in an extant list of persons who were at St. Winefrid's Well, on St. Winefrid's Day, in 1629, and the same year an attempt was made to convict him of recusancy. There is not much further to be mentioned on this head, which is avoided by the Household Books. They contain, however, some anonymous payments, marked with the sign of the cross, which the Editor gives reasons for thinking may refer to the stipend paid to the chaplain, who at the time must have been one or other of three priests, all named Hungate and all Benedictines. Robert Howard, one of Lord William's younger sons, became a Benedictine. Some entries are found

for stained glass representing the Crucifixion, no doubt for the chapel at Naworth, and many referring to acts of charity. Certain church festivals, particularly St. Martin's Day and SS. Simon and Jude, are usually thus marked, the latter being the anniversary of Lord William's marriage.

It is interesting to observe that Lord William, besides being the great gentleman so many evidences prove him to have been, was also a scholar and the friend of scholars. Whilst still a young man he published "Florence of Worcester's Chronicle," with a Latin Dedication to Lord Burleigh, and Address to the Reader, which Canon Ornsby reproduces. This edition is mentioned by Camden as having been published by Lord William, *e bibliothecâ suâ quam habet instructissimam*. He was a personal friend of Camden's, of Sir Robert Cotton, and of Spelman; he was probably one of the original members of a primitive Society of Antiquaries, suppressed by James I., and was himself a zealous archæologist and collector of the Roman remains to which the attention of a cultivated person in that part of England could not but be attracted. He formed at Newcastle a large collection of MSS., as well as printed books, of which Canon Ornsby furnishes catalogues of great interest. From these it appears that his studies chiefly lay in theology, history, genealogy, and heraldry, the MSS. and books abounding in *adversaria* in his own hand. There is some reason to think he may have rendered into English a metrical Latin Life of St. Mary of Egypt, £15 payment for printing which, at his command, is the last item in the Household Books which connects him with literary work.

Turning now to the miscellaneous information to be obtained from these registers, the orderly collection of results given in Canon Ornsby's preface is so complete that it seems almost a superfluous task to go over the same ground again; still, some illustrations taken from his pages cannot but interest the reader, and the Household Books themselves supply almost inexhaustible details of the same kind. To the historian the topic of the value of money is one of the most important, and on this some very safe and well-judged conclusions are drawn by the learned Editor. He thinks that, if we take four as the multiple, we shall probably arrive at an approximation to our present standard, justifying his calculations by the wages of labour at the period, which were 6*d.* a day, 3*s.* per week, which, multiplied, gives 12*s.*, long the ordinary week's wages in the North till the recent unsettled state of the labour market. Other data are house-rent, prices of cattle, &c., *not* wheat, which at that time was too dear to be an article of daily consumption with the Cumbrian labourer, who chiefly—as, indeed, is still very much the case—fed on oatmeal.

Three or four very valuable pages, which must have cost a great deal of labour, follow the Introduction, containing a classified summary of the prices of grain, cattle, horses, provisions, wages, &c., between the years 1612-40. We pick out a few specimens:—

In 1620 wheat was 6s. 8d. to 8s. per bushel; oats, 1s. to 1s. 3d. In 1626, wheat, 4s. to 5s. 2d.; barley, 4s. 11½d. A bull was 50s.; a cow, 10s.; pigs, 4s. to 5s. each; a young pig, 1s. 2d. *Cloth*, per yard.—A pair of Spanish blankets, 27s.; broad cloth, 6s. to 7s. 4d.; calico, 4d. to 8d.; stockings, 3s.; pair of Scotch do., 5s. 2d.; pair of silk do., 38s. to £2. *Fish*.—Cod, 7d. to 1s. 2d.; flounders, per doz., 7d. to 9d.; lobsters, 1d. to 3d.; salmon, 1s. 3d. to 5s.; trout, per doz. 6d.; turbot, 1s. to 2s. *Coals* (in London), per chaldron, 19s. to 21s. 10d. *Groceries*.—Sugar, per lb., 1s. 2½d. to 1s. 6d.; oranges, per doz., 8d. to 1s. *Horses*, £2 to £10; two grey Friesland geldings for the coach, £40 5s. *Provisions*.—Goose, 6d. to 3s.; hare, 4d. to 8d.; a lamb, 3s. 4d. to 3s. 8d.; a mutton, 2s. 8d. to 9s. 4d.; pigeons, 1½d. to 2d.; wild goose, 10d. *Wages*, per day.—Bricklayer, 10d. to 1s.; carpenters (without victuals), 1s., with victuals, 6d.; gardeners, 10d.; ordinary labourers, 6d.; mowers, 10d. to 1s. *Wine*.—Claret, per gallon, 2s. 6d. to 2s. 8d.; white wine, 2s. 4d. to 2s. 8d.; beer, per barrel, 6s. *Miscellaneous*.—Leather portmanteau, 10s. 1d.; ream of paper, 5s.; a mastiff, 10s. 8d.; a bloodhound, 2s.; gunpowder, per lb., 1s. 6d.; physician's fee, £1 (pp. lxxv.-lxxviii.).

The last example is a curious instance of nearly the same nominal sum being still retained in the present day, after more than two centuries. If the value of money then was about four times greater than it is now, of course we ought to be paying our physicians *four* guineas instead of *one*. But it must be remembered that this is not the only consideration that enters into the case; the numbers in the profession must be taken into account, and also that the fee is taken from the books of a great nobleman. The same is also the fee given to a dentist—*e.g.*, “To Dockter Moore; for his advice to my lord, being trobled with toothatch, xx<sup>s</sup>.” On the other hand, immediately after this entry, “To Mr. Clark, a tooth-drawer, x<sup>s</sup>” (p. 314). The entries for law-charges would furnish materials for an interesting notice; a single specimen must suffice: Sir John Walters, attorney-general to Prince Charles in 1619, has for his opinion a fee of £3 6s. We cannot help here mentioning an amusing scrap which turns up in connection with the courts of law. Under the heading of “Rewards,” in 1620, we find the following:—“To the foull in the Star-Chamber, ij<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>.” The Editor remarks:—“The *court-fool*, as we know, no unimportant personage in those days. We learn from this item that there was a privileged person of the same kind who frequented the Star-Chamber, and often, doubtless, interposed some pungent saying

to enliven the serious business which went on within its walls." We see here of what use old account books like these might be to the historical painter or to the novelist.

With very little help from the imagination the same documents afford materials for many a picture of the daily family life at Naworth Castle in those days, the dresses of its inmates, their furniture, their amusements, their hospitality, their travelling; in short, they make us know a good deal more than could be known, even at the time, except by a very observant person. It would be hardly fair to help ourselves to extracts from the Introduction under these several heads, tempting as it is to find such a well-chosen array of curiosities brought together to save us trouble. Instead of so doing, we shall (with its assistance) turn over the pages of the accounts, and place before the reader what most strikes our own eye in the same direction, by which means, though we shall often hit on the same points as the learned Editor, here and there we may give equally interesting details which are omitted by him, since, as he says, an exhaustive analysis would occupy far more space than an Introduction usually affords.

To begin with what is of prime necessity, the article of food. It might be said of Lord William Howard's castle, naturally in a much greater degree than of the house of the Franklin in Chaucer, that it there "*snew mete and drink.*" For the former, at least, particularly in the supplies of wild-fowl, a British ornithologist would have found himself as much interested in the larder as the epicure. Not only the ordinary game occur in abundance, but many that are less familiar—sheldrakes, red-shanks, stockdoves, herons, puffins, gulls, widgeons, sparrows, and small birds generally appear, with the teal, the mallard, the curlew, the green and grey plover, and the lark. Beef is never mentioned, and mutton very seldom, since this, with venison, was furnished from the estates themselves; lamb, veal, and pork were purchased. Fish is as well represented as may be expected in a great Catholic house; and besides salmon, sturgeon, turbot, flounders, whiting, &c., we notice lamprey, eels, Esk trout, cockles, oysters, whelks, mussels, thornbacks, scate, gurnet, &c., and even a seal occurs. At the beginning of Lent in 1620 no less than 2,660 oysters were brought at one time. Salt fish was used in great quantities, sometimes sent down from London. Thus, "for packing up 240 linges and hawberdines, iij<sup>s</sup>. To ship-menne to be careful of 7 barralls of linges sent from London by sea, ij<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>." (p. 340). Canon Ornsby notes it as remarkable that fish was sent all the way from Hartlepool to Naworth, and that the Northumbrian coast furnished at all times the chief supply. On the Cumberland shores it seems there was little



enterprise in sea-fishing, and he quotes Camden in illustration, who says, "The ocean which beats upon this shore affords great plenty of the best fish, and, as it were, upbraids the inhabitants with their idleness, in not applying themselves closer to the fishing-trade" (p. xlvi.).

As to dress, there is copious information under various headings, such as "my Lord's owne expenses," "my Ladie's expenses," "my Lord's parcells," "my Ladie's parcells," &c. It is noticeable that, whilst many articles are of a costly description, there was also economy exercised of a simple and primitive kind, country tailors and sempstresses being constantly employed, and working at the houses, as they still do in humbler life in the North, and inexpensive material, as serge and grogram, often used. An amusing instance of the same prudence is such an entry as this:—"To the tayler for *translating* Mrs. Marye's gown, and other worke, iiij<sup>s</sup> iij<sup>d</sup>." "Translating" means, of course, turning and altering. It gives us an idea of the homely manners of the age to find now and then payments made for trifling purchases, such as some lace, or a basket of "spells" (chip-baskets), made by my Lady at the gate, no doubt of travelling packmen, like those whom Shakspeare has immortalized in Autolycus. Indeed, almost all the things mentioned in his song where he enumerates his wares might be illustrated from these accounts, though it certainly was not at the gate that the Lady Elizabeth bought her "Cypress lawn," or her "gloves sweet as damask roses," or her "masks," or her "golden quoifs and stomachers." The following are a few of the endless items we might quote from these sections:—"Three ells of watchet [pale blue or sea-green] sarcenet for the little gentlewomen's gowns" cost xxij<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>; iiij. yards of lace, bought at the gate by my lady, cost xvj<sup>d</sup>; vij. ells of crimson rich taffety, for Mrs. Mary, were xvij<sup>s</sup> the ell; six yards of *gowld* and silver lace xv<sup>s</sup>; "a pair of daunsing pumpes, viij<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>"; "a black fanne with a silver handle for my ladie, viij<sup>s</sup> iij<sup>d</sup>;" "ij. payre of black gloves for Mrs. Marie and Mrs. Elizabeth Howard, xij<sup>d</sup>; one ounce of seede pearle, xx<sup>s</sup>; one beaver hatt for my ladie, iij<sup>li</sup>."

The married sons of Lord William, with their families, lived at Naworth Castle in the patriarchal style; many entries consequently throw light on material expenses connected with bringing up children; but as regards education, we do not find much. Canon Ornsby, indeed, concludes that Latin entered into the instruction given to Mrs. Mary Howard (afterwards Lady Wintoun) as a girl of fifteen, because "a Latin primer" was bought for her, price vj<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup> (p. 109). But *quære*, whether this was not an office-book? It is true that the alphabet, &c., was often printed for children at the end of books of devotion,

but it may be doubted whether a grammar was called a primer so early as 1619. The price, too, seems high for a grammar. Compare another entry, which the editor does not notice in connection with this: "To Henry Clarke for thre bookes, one a misl (*missal*), one a primer, xxiiij<sup>d</sup>" (p. 231).<sup>\*</sup> Turning over that page, we find, after an entry of "20,000 (!) of white bugles and 100 nedles," for Mrs. Mary, which together cost 3s. 6d. "a Dictionarie Poeticall, v<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>."

Purchases of books for Lord William are frequently mentioned, but the titles often omitted by the accountant, which is of the less consequence, as we have such ample and valuable catalogues from other sources. Among those in the accounts we may mention "a book called Blossées." Canon Ornsby correctly interprets this a book written by Blossius, and mentions his "Psychagogia: hoc est, Animæ Recreatio, quatuor libris distincta." "A bouk of the Duchee of Cornwell"—an account of the Duchy of Cornwall, by Judge Doddridge, on which also is an interesting note. "A bouk called Vinson's Cataloge of Honor" = "A Discovery of Errors in Brooke's 'Catalogue of Nobility,' " by Augustine Vincent. "For fourteen almenecks all bound together and others unbound, iij<sup>s</sup> ix<sup>d</sup>. For Daneel's 'Historie in English' ['The Collection of the History of England,' by Samuel Daniel], vj<sup>s</sup> vi<sup>d</sup>." "For a booke called the 'Life of Marie, Queane of Scotts,' xl<sup>s</sup>." "For one English Harbell, xvij<sup>s</sup>." "For three little bookes of Bellermine's woorkes, v<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>. For Pontus, his 'Meditations in English' [the well-known De Ponte, still in use], in two volumes, xx<sup>s</sup>. For one Booke of Dialinge for my Lord, iij<sup>s</sup>. More to Mr. Humphrey Robinson for 'Flos Sanctorum' [Ribadeneira's] and other bookes for my Lord, xxix<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>" (pp. 256, 257, where see the Editor's notes). Pictures are often named, though Lord William does not appear to have gone to any great expense in this particular, and to have rather patronized the comparatively humble performances of local artists. Several entries show his antiquarian tastes; for example, a reward to some one "for finding an earthern pott" (no doubt, Roman pottery); transporting "a great stone" to Newcastle, also doubtless one of the numerous Roman antiquities to be found in that part of England. Other entries, no less curious, relate to his scientific tastes, and prove him, like Sir Walter Scott, to have had a great fancy for clocks and dials. All which shows him to have been at least a great exception to the prevailing

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\* We leave this remark as it stands, but we have since met with a third entry, which seems to prove, after all, that the editor is right. "For 2 dictionaries and a *Latine primer*, for litle Mr. William Howard, 8<sup>s</sup> William his soone, xvij<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>" (p. 343).

barbarism and ignorance which Macaulay ascribes to English country gentlemen of that age.

The notes abound with many judicious and learned illustrations to peculiar words, and we could have wished that the editor had appended to the volume an index to these annotations, which would answer the purpose of a glossary. (The index of proper names is very complete.) Perhaps a selection from such comments will not be uninteresting to our readers. It must be somewhat miscellaneous, from the very nature of the materials, but in this, as in so many similar researches, to quote Autolycus once more, it often happens that

Whilst we wander here and there,  
O then we go most right.

One great and obvious use of books like the volume before us is the light they often throw on passages which require it in the great literature of our country. For example, who will not remember the samphire-gathering, "dreadful trade," in *King Lear*? More than one entry in Lord William's account books shows the value attached to this article at the time. For example (p. 89), "July 5. Mr. Sandes his man bringing twenty-one gulls and *sampire*, v<sup>s</sup>," which the candidates for the various public examinations may do well, like Captain Cuttle, "to make a note of when found," for it is just the sort of thing which examiners might produce in their next paper. Canon Ornsby annotates:—

The Rock Sampire (*Crithmum maximum*); one of the names by which it is known in Italy is *Herba di San Pietro*, from which, no doubt, its English appellation may be derived. It is still occasionally used as a pickle. Evelyn speaks well of it as a material for a salad.

The "Nine men's morris" in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is another curiosity which is here found, though with a slightly different name—"nine holes." "The game seems to have been sternly discouraged by Lord William Howard, on account, no doubt, of the gambling which resulted from its practice amongst the humbler classes in the neighbourhood." This note, with quotations from Drayton, Herrick, &c., is placed under the following entry:—"Rec. of John Bell for one of his sonnns, for his amerciament for playing at ix. holes, vj<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup>" (p. 69).

The fashion of having dwarfs as attendants on great ladies in those days is illustrated by the following amusing scrap:—"To my ladie of Arundell's dwarfe bringing rootes of hearbes and sweet meates to my Lord, x<sup>s</sup>," where the editor refers in a note to a letter of July 17, 1620, from an Italian agent of Lord Arundel's, which mentions Rubens having made a sketch of the Countess, "with *Robin the dwarf*, the fool, and the dog." The

original of this curious letter (in the possession of the Duke of Norfolk) is given in the Appendix. Spenser had such pictures in his mind when he described Una :

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,  
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,  
Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
Of needments at his backe.

—*Faerie Queene*, B. I. c. 1, v.

The sections of the Account Book headed "Rewards" are often very redolent of old times. For example, "To a minstrell at the gates, vij Marcii, xij<sup>d</sup>." "To the waites of Richmond, xij<sup>d</sup>." These were musicians who went about the country, especially at Christmas, and we believe the appellation is still used in the North of England. "To the piper, by my Ladie, upon New Yeare's daye, v<sup>s</sup>;" "To John Mulcaster the piper, for playing here all Christenmasse, xx<sup>s</sup>;" "To a blinde herper, by my Ladie's command, x<sup>s</sup>;" "To a fellowe with a hobbie horse, by my Ladie's command, ij<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>." We are not here to understand part of the nursery furniture (toys, by the way, are not often mentioned), but the property of some itinerant popular exhibition; as in the line of Shakspeare:—

For O! for O! the hobby-horse is forgot.

The charities are often touching. "To a poore man with a soare face, by my Ladies commaund, x<sup>s</sup>." Join this with a later entry, and you can quite make up materials that would do for one of Wordsworth's ballads: "November 8. For a windinge sheete for Richard Wilkinson with the soare face, v<sup>s</sup>" (p. 243). "To a pore leper boy, vj<sup>d</sup>." "To Person Warwicke, by my Lord's commaund, xx<sup>s</sup>. To his wife, from my Ladie, x<sup>s</sup>." This was the Protestant vicar of the parish, who seems to have been in a state of "chronic impecuniosity," but had his share in the kindly and thoughtful benefactions which so often occur throughout. Later on, we find the poor vicar in great straits, but helped out bountifully: "Lent unto Mr. Warwicke, Viker of Brampton (to redeeme him from the Pursivantes' handes), and to be payed again at Lammas, 1634, xx<sup>li</sup>." The country-parsons in those days, and in that primitive part of England, did not hold their heads very high. Witness this entry: "To the Viker of Over Denton, for his half yeare's wages due at the Annuntiation of our Blessed Ladie, 1634, x<sup>s</sup>," (p. 339). "To Robert Raylton, Clerk, for his half-yeare's pention for preatching at Witherall due at Michelmas, 1634, v<sup>li</sup>. More for his quarter wages for servinge the cure, xxx<sup>s</sup>" (p. 340). The domestic manners are now and then exhibited in a pleasing style by the presents given at humble weddings. Thus, "To my young Lady,

at Jannet Armstrong's wedding, xj<sup>s</sup>. To Jannet for Mrs. Mary, xj<sup>s</sup>. For Mrs. Aletheia, v<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>." For Mrs. Elizabeth, v<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>, For Mr. Phillip, ij<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>" (p. 182). Jannet was evidently a great favourite, each of the little ladies and their brother being well supplied with gifts at the bridal. The name tempts us to quote another entry, of quaint simplicity:—"Nov. 21. *Corbye*. To little Jennett for her halfe yeares wage due then, x<sup>s</sup>. To Jennett Fisher for her half yeares wage due then, x<sup>s</sup>. To *a nother litle Jennett*, x<sup>s</sup>" (p. 304).

The "Rewards" sometimes give us interesting traces of facts too familiar at the time to be otherwise noticed; for instance, payments are made for watching the orchards against the depredations of deer, not, it seems, from the park where they had been killed off, but ranging the mountainous district around. Here the Editor has a valuable note illustrating this from the contemporary state of things in Hatfield Chase, in Yorkshire, as recorded by the local antiquary, De la Pryme, sufficient to remind us of grievances arising from this cause, which had a very appreciable share in bringing about the great French Revolution. It appears, too, from these Household Books, that wild cattle were still found ranging the Northumberland hills in a state of nature, and not confined, as at present, in enclosures, as at Chillingham Castle. A constantly recurring charge is *saufee*, which singular word seems originally to have signified a sort of blackmail (the *salvus* and *fee*), but had evidently become obsolete in that sense, though the name was still retained. The word *boon* is mentioned in connection with personal service rendered by tenants on feudal obligations. It seldom happens the Editor has left a really difficult word unexplained. Perhaps "umbells" (p. 89) is an exception. It seems to mean some part of a deer, but we are at a loss for examples to verify this explanation.\*

Sometimes an entry is illustrated from living memory, which would puzzle the rising generation—*e.g.*, "dust-boxes" for a library table, meaning the boxes with drilled lids in old-fashioned

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\* There is a note (p. 39), about *kerers*, a very uncommon word, on which it seems the glossaries throw no light; but the Editor remarks that Mr. Atkinson, the accomplished author of the "Cleveland Glossary," had suggested to him that *kerers* might mean the persons employed in attending to sheep which had been injured in the process of clipping, and which consequently required the application of ointment, pointing to the Anglo-Saxon verb *kere*, "to heal, or cure." We hardly know whether it is worth while offering another guess, but from a very curious extract given in Ames's "History of Printing," and quoted in Henry's "History of England," vol. x. p. 302 (Book V. ch. vii.), it seems that an ancient provincialism in Kent, for "eggs," was *ceyren*. Now eggs might enter into the composition of a salve, which would support Mr. Atkinson's explanation, though founding it on another etymology.

inkstands, which contained the sand sprinkled over wet writing before the invention of blotting-paper. We may remark, in passing, that we once discovered that a youth, not precisely of the uneducated class, was ignorant of the signification of the word "tinder." And yet the ignorance was natural enough. Tinder, till lucifer matches came into use, was in constant requisition for the purposes of the flint, steel, and brimstone matches, which apparatus, cumbrous and barbarous as it seems now, was indispensable for lighting fires "in the days before railways." Since then, its domestic use has quite disappeared. Perhaps "sickle," "flail," "scythe," before long, may need explanation.

An entry which Canon Ornsby illustrates by a very valuable note may interest both the classical and the ecclesiastical reader: "To one for a wax booke, ij<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>" (p. 54). This means tablets of wood or ivory thinly coated with wax, and used with a sharp-pointed style, after the manner of the ancients, which, as he remarks, it is curious to find lingering so long. From this note we quote the following details:—

Tablets of this kind were used in the Church very commonly in mediæval times for ritual directions to those who were engaged in the services. Dr. Rock tells us ("Church of our Fathers," vol. iii. pt. 2, p. 128) that the library of the ancient and venerable church of St. Gall still possesses "*sex lignæ tabulæ cera obductæ (olim pugillares Scotticæ dictæ) quæ ratiocinia æconomica referunt.*" He quotes De Moléon ("*Voyages Liturgiques de France*") as noticing that in certain churches they had "*une table enduite de cire, sur laquelle ils écrivoient avec un poinçon les noms de ceux qui devoient faire quelque office ou fonction.*" And he remarks the same thing done at the Church of Tours. Horman ("*Vulgaria*," fo. 81), also quoted by Dr. Rock, tells us that "*tables be made of leves of yvory, boxe, cyprus, and other stouffe, daubed with waxe, to wrytte on,*" and that the *stilus* or *graphium* was called a pointel; "*poyntyllis of yron, and poyntyllis of sylver, brass, boone, or stoone, havynge a pynne at the end*" (p. 55).

Two entries may be quoted, that might exercise the ingenuity of the unlearned reader. "Genefer, the 18th Nov., ij<sup>s</sup>. Andeirns, ij<sup>s</sup>." The Editor shows that the first, which means "juniper," was used as an agreeable addition to a fire, quoting from Bishop Cosins' Household Accounts (1665) an item for "jenefer to burn in my Lord's fire." "Andeirns" = andirons, movable irons placed in the hearth for the support of wood or other fuel. The word is aptly illustrated by some lines from Shakspeare:—

Her andirons  
 . . . . were two winking Cupids  
 Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
 Depending on their brands.—*Cymbeline*, ii. 4.

Now and then the spelling is phonetic enough to give us a hint of the provincial pronunciation of the period, and it is amusing to find how faithfully the sounds are still preserved—*e.g.*, *boey* (boy), *pickter* (picture), *near* (mare), *gowld*, &c. Many items throw light, also, on the origin of proper names. We find proofs from them that in the early Stuart times some appellations were still in a state of transition between the mere designation of an individual from his employment and the surname in the strict and modern sense. Thus (p. 354), there are entries relating to “James Chamberlaine” and “John Porter,” servants whose true surnames are thus disguised; the first being one of the *valets-de-chambre*, as the Editor’s note explains (and as might be further illustrated from Shakspeare, where “chamberlain” is used to signify the servant in an inn now called “boots”). As for John Porter, his true name elsewhere appears as John Woorden. So, “To David *Coachman* for his charges goinge to bespeake one payre of coach-wheeles besides Chester, x<sup>s</sup>” (p. 336). Still more curious instances are “Lancelot *Watch*,” who is paid v<sup>s</sup> “for looking to the gates at Naward 6 weekes,” and John *Trumpeter*, v<sup>s</sup> (p. 131), evidently employed at the Assizes, for the entry immediately follows one relating to that important occasion.

The amusements of a household like that of Naworth Castle naturally appear from time to time in the accounts. Card-playing, but especially “tabells,” are often mentioned, the latter term signifying draughts or backgammon, the Lady Elizabeth often sending her page to the steward for money to pay her stakes. Embroidery with gold or silver thread was much the fashion. The taste for dramatic performances prevailed very strongly in England in that age, before its violent suppression by the Puritans, more so probably even in small and remote towns than at present in places of much greater pretensions. Companies of strolling players were not unfrequently patronized by the Castle, and, as we have seen, the minstrel and the piper were always welcome. Field sports are matters of course, and races, too, are mentioned as attended at Langomby (the popular name for Langwathby, a place five miles from Penrith). Among the amusements as well as the serious pursuits of a great proprietor we may reckon planting and other improvements, on which head many important notices may be gathered from these records; for example, the search for coals by means of *boring-rods*, on which, and on the whole subject of coal, some very complete as well as compact information is given in the Introduction (p. xliv.).

To the same source we must refer the reader for a careful and picturesque description of Naworth Castle itself, which was one

of a chain of fortresses studding the English Border from Berwick to Carlisle, and, notwithstanding a great disaster by fire in 1844, and the unavoidable restorations, still shows much of its original aspect in the stately towers and massive walls from which the warders kept their outlook over the wild frontier. But above all, the gallery, library, oratory, and bedroom in Belted Will's Tower, remain uninjured, much as he left them, even a portion of his books and MSS. being still preserved *in situ*. Painting and carving, both religious and heraldic, keep up the same striking recollections; and beneath are the dungeons, which, if they could speak, might tell many a thrilling tale. The volume is illustrated by two photographs, one from a most characteristic portrait of Lord William himself, which witnesses to the firmness that carried him through the great Dacre suit and to the truth and courage that has been made evident by all that has been told of his public conduct. This picture, by Cornelius Jansen, is at Castle Howard. The other, quite as suggestive in a different way, represents his wife, Lady Elizabeth, as a girl of fourteen. It is taken from the original at Gilling Castle, in the possession of Mrs. Barnes.

A word in conclusion may be said with reference to the religious aspects of a volume like the present. Antiquarian learning has so often been placed at the service of bigotry and malice, that it is a pleasure to recognize the spirit of fairness and kindly and reverential feeling displayed by Canon Ornsby. If the word "Romish," in a very few instances, were altered, we do not recall anything that is not governed by the most thorough good taste: and this contrasts very favourably even with the school with which he shows most affinity—we mean the learned Anglicanism of times antecedent to the recent movements, which sympathized, from the mere fact of its learning, with the grandeur and beauty of Catholicism, if not always with its doctrine. We can only wish for him and others the grace to discover at last that it is from the doctrine that the grandeur and beauty germinated, which, in its absence, are but as gardens of Adonis, flowers and even gathered fruitage, but destitute of root.

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## ART. VI.—JOHN INGLESANT.

*John Inglesant : a Romance.* By J. H. SHORTHOUSE.  
New Edition. Macmillan & Co. 1881.

A SIGN of the times, though nowise encouraging to watchers from Lookout Mountain, to the men that forecast our religious tempests and seasons of halcyon peace, has lately been the flight inshore, steady, swift, and ever more frequent, of stormy petrels, as we may call them, winging their way from the broad dim seas of romance. That always unquiet element now holds within itself, (and the gravest have begun to see it) all manner of beliefs, aspirations, and tendencies, the deepest thoughts and suspicions our age is brooding over. And it is sending landward, we say, storm signals in the shape of allegories fraught with mystic meaning, with moralities and theories, systems of reason, schemes of religion, under the garb, for the most part, of very strange speech. The careless reader now scents a significance, something to call typical or inspired, in his light literature. Allegories are grown into a stock department at Mudie's. And, most noteworthy of all, the shameless stories that public opinion would otherwise condemn have found favour in the eyes of some, as though they might be Religion in masquerade and Truth intoxicated. So astonishing is the age we live in!

One of the latest storm-birds arrived is a strange creature, of mixed and most varied plumage, driven on our shores from far-off seas of Platonism, Mysticism, Inward Lights and Divine Silences—the perilous waters our ancestors were sailing over two hundred years ago, but by this generation seldom visited. A suggestive and peculiar book is “John Inglesant,” readable by all the world, but subtle in drift, full of changing colours, abstruse, romantic, melancholy, and religious. Seen in one light, it shines with the beauty of holiness; in another, it has the leaden hue of a seventeenth century pamphlet against Jesuitism, Popery, and mediæval superstition. The sayings in it are not easy to reconcile with any creed; and the form is no less unusual than the matter seems perplexed. A critic, if severe, might describe “John Inglesant” as a hybrid, for it combines romance with metaphysics; he might tell how it mingles false and true in proportions out of the common, and hope that even Darwinism (which holds out a premium upon fertile hybrids) would never bid it increase and multiply. Yet its author, we imagine, is a thoughtful, religious, benevolent spirit, eager to see things as they are, and in temper candid. How comes he to assail the faith of Catholics with bankrupt histories, found insolvent in open court and many times declared

so? He would seem to challenge criticism at Catholic hands. Nor will it surprise him, surely, if the most lenient verdict on our side should deal with "John Inglesant," as the Persian soldier was dealt with in Herodotus (or is it in Xenophon?) that, for saving the King at the cost of his dignity, was first crowned and then beaten with rods. For if in any wise he has defended truth, yet it must be acknowledged he has trailed its imperial purple in the dust.

This anomalous but beautiful work comes to us from a Platonizing mystic, who aims at revealing the spirit of his thought in a romance, which is to serve him as an *ὄχημα*, or vehicle for his philosophy, like the chariots in the Phædrus, which bore along gods and demons and their attendant train in procession through the sky. But whoever desires to tell a story must have a story to tell. Not even the austere thinker, if he turn romancist, can escape that law. He needs as interesting a fable as if he understood nought of entities, quiddities, ambiguous middles, categorical imperatives, and all their tribe. He must be secret, surprising, powerful, and a skilled hand at catastrophe. Our author in the preface prays us to hold him excused. From him we are to look neither for sparkling dialogue, picturesque effect, nor unguessable plot. But there is cunning in this: he has no mind to paint his delicate monsters on the outside of the show. A feast of good things and, to add a fresh piquancy, no bill of fare—such is "John Inglesant." On reading, it proves as tragical, secret, surprising, as rich in quality as it well can, without plunging us into an atmosphere of carbonic acid, mysteries of the Old Bailey, and suchlike; or maliciously leading us counter on a false trail and a double scent. It surprises, but as life does; not as that unique artist, Mr. Wilkie Collins, would do it. Stage-grouping, in the author's opinion, is rarely the order of nature; our days do not run in the curve of five acts and an epilogue. But "John Inglesant" abounds in adventure, love, and pageantry; it is pathetic, and has here and there a touch of quiet humour. Not the Platonic irony, indeed; its writer, though his mood is sometimes sceptical to a high degree, lacks the airy smiling imagination that has made some sceptics the best of company. He looks at you gravely, always; but there may be detected the faint echo of a laugh occasionally in his turns of speech. For scene-painting, footlights, and a pleasant antique sort of dancing, accompanied by fine sweet music, chiefly of the violin and other stringed instruments, the book makes due provision. Its personages are many, but not a crowd; their entrances and exits have the grace that marks their time—the century of Vandyke and Charles I. Their English is clear, well-chosen, courtly, and not pedantic; so seldom anticipating that we use now (though not quite unmixed, and never, we think, free from

modern accent) that critics have likened it to a transcript from Clarendon. Too easy a sentence! These new antiques succeed best in the twilight (*sit venia verbo*) of newspaper criticism; they do not bear close comparison with Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, or Clarendon himself. But enough: whatever praise of this kind the work merits, may it not be read on the last page but one of *The Spectator*? To the story, therefore, without more delay; and, after that, the moral!

We are in the palmy days of High Church and Toryism, when pulpits were resounding with passive obedience and Puritan saints were leaguering together to hurl down Church and King. A brief overture tells us how Thomas Cromwell drove out the monks from Westacre Priory, a delightful old house on the edge of the Wiltshire Downs, and put in their stead the Flemish race of Inglesants, to keep that part for the Crown against the Pope, a task they loyally undertook. The head of the house has now two sons, Eustace and John, twins, and marvellously resembling one another. But Eustace, the heir, is bred among the royal pages at Whitehall; and John, a dreamy, silent boy, has grown up in the country under grave masters, from whom he has learnt his Greek verbs, taking them in a deep infusion of Platonism. There are three elements in Plato, says the book: the Socratic, or negative, argument, that simply overthrows received opinion; the pseudo-scientific, to which Plato was liable from the condition of knowledge in his day; and, finally, the exalted flight of the transcendental reason, which, leaving alike the scepticism of the negative argument and the dreams of false science, flies aloft into the pure ether of the heavenly life. John was to be conversant with every one of these, but most of all with the direct experience whereby the Infinite and the Divine makes itself known to the spirit. He has heard wonders, too, of that Rosicrucianism which has since proved grandmother to Freemasonry, Illuminism, Mesmerism, and other quack mysteries and mumblings. Deep reverence for "the pure and apostolic branch of the Church established in these realms," and for its anointed head, he could not fail to inherit. And when, in his boy's way, he asked questions that no one could answer, he naturally fell back on his own musings, rambling by himself over the downs, fishing, meditating, dreaming, and praying. Here were the ingredients of a mixed cauldron! But how could any of them be wanting in the age of the Mystics, the Carolinian Divines, and the Cavaliers? Another ingredient, however, and that very potent, was yet to be thrown in. The Inglesants had ever stood by the throne, and as near it as they could get. They were pious people; but the prevailing complexion of their faith was determined by Act of Parliament, and, as the physician prescribed, so did its colour vary. Had they been free to obey the will of Heaven, their surmises

concerning it would have led them back to the Church of their fathers. They sighed after peace. But, whilst none were readier to follow their own Church in the ways of reconciliation, they would not budge an inch without her. All they dared was to hope much, and lend a willing hand to the efforts then constantly making for union of old and new. The number of conscientious High Churchmen was not now inconsiderable; the multitude of waiters on Providence had ever been large. Thus, in spite of Platonism and Puritanism, it was the hour between light and dark when bats fly abroad. The dusk of Religion, the reign of Cant, the futile efforts of so many insincere men to halt between God and Baal, did not invite saints or apostles; but every creature of uncertain species that crept more than it flew, and was endowed with sharp teeth and leathern pinions, might now be industriously on the wing. Besides the four primal elements of society, there is a fifth which distils the properties of these into a kind of intellectual slime—not intellect, but, as it were, the compost of intellect. To this by no means pleasant medium, which we may call intrigue, our book (so far as we can construe it here) assigns a corresponding species of living creature, famous enough, but not easy to define or secure. The Catholic Church is said to have reared it with the greatest success; but Protestants, it would appear, know most of its nature and history. Need we say that the species indicated are the Jesuits? Our author means to speak much good and not a little evil of them. He will not call them hypocrites, indeed, giving them the benefit of a charity we fear they must decline. But if his account of their belief and their actions be true on the whole, (as we are sure that it is, on the whole, quite false), then *we* must take leave to call them hypocrites; and so, we make certain, will our readers. We had rather condemn the Society with Pascal than absolve it with “John Inglesant.” Why we must so vitally differ from the book, not only where it blames, but even where it refrains from blaming the sons of St. Ignatius, we hope to explain as we proceed.

To these imaginary Jesuits, therefore, the Inglesants and their like afforded infinite pabulum. The Jesuits lived with them, directed their consciences, ruled their households, taught them dancing and the use of the rapier; and in all things held them with a velvet glove that concealed an iron hand. The Jesuit, as we gather from “John Inglesant,” was an incarnation of the wicked Italian proverb, “*Lingua sciolta, pensieri stretti*,” the art of speaking as he pleased and meaning what he chose he had brought to perfection. He was at this time hoping to conquer England for the Holy See. But the weapons of his warfare would have astonished St. Paul, for they were neither miracles nor virtues, but tongue-fence and word-craft, accomplishments

that dazzled, carnal wisdom that made the next world a stepping stone to this, and natural goodness utterly misapplied in the pursuit of power and greatness. To sum up: the readers of "John Inglesant" will find themselves believing, or tempted to believe, that the Jesuit of Charles I.'s day was in genius an Admirable Crichton, in morals a Machiavelli, and in fertility of resources—himself, the nonpareil of villains. Again will our author deprecate so harsh a judgment. But if the Jesuit was not so, why represent him as doing such deeds or teaching such a philosophy as must needs stamp a Catholic with infamy not less than this? For consider the story. When Jesuits abounded everywhere except in prison, and their machinations overspread the land like a fold of cobweb to be cut through by no sword, disentangled by no skilfullest unravelling, Westacre Priory could not well escape them. Accordingly, the most fascinating and powerful of them all came down to Wiltshire as John was learning to construe the *Phædo* and the *Apologia Socratis*. Father Saint Clare, though a master of knowledge, was no Platonist. He preferred to hold with Aristotle, but read him asquint, from the scholastic angle of vision, construing the *Ethics* as if Machiavelli had helped Duns Scotus to write them. The Exercises of St. Ignatius, the Morals of the Stagyrte, and the Politics of the Florentine he resolved, with the simplicity that marks a great mind, into one all-comprehensive maxim—to wit, "The end justifies the means." Thus did he formulate the Grand Arcanum of the Society, and lay bare the mystical significance of their copy-book inscription, A.M.D.G. We submit that upon no other principle can his life be interpreted. The world, whatever John Inglesant may urge to the contrary, will hold him for a model Jesuit, and what is "Jesuitism" but the expediency of evil raised to a dogma of the Faith? Father Hall (to vary his name by an alias, as he did himself) lays down to Inglesant that the difference between the Roman and the English Church is unimportant and slight; that he must not become a Catholic because his father does not wish it; that the most practical lesson of life is to regard all men as alike—to recognize that creeds and opinions are the mere results of chance and temperament; that no party (meaning, so far as we can tell, no Church) is, on the whole, better than its rival; that the largest of the creeds can but inadequately shadow forth an aspect of the Truth, and that all we can demand of ourselves is loyalty to serve the party we have chosen. Now, this teaching (which we do not combat here) may sound reasonable in Protestant circles; it has been widely accepted, perhaps, in the Church of England, and soothed an aching conscience when perplexed by doubts it could not resolve. But to Catholics we shall seem to be uttering a truism when we say that no priest—no Jesuit—

could have held or taught it without falling into hypocrisy and religious scepticism. To decide that forms of religion are indifferent is, in practice, to renounce them all; and the man that can affirm nothing definite or capable of expression in human speech may call himself to-day a Platonist and to-morrow an Agnostic, but his temper and line of argument are at last and inevitably those of Lucretius, Protagoras, and the Sceptics. Such a one can never be a Catholic, and if he professes the faith and wears the insignia of the Catholic priesthood, he is, in the utmost rigour of the term, a hypocrite. For what else can persistently concealed freethinking be, in a Church that requires from every member the assent of the heart, and not merely of the lips, to her whole teaching? That Saint Clare's unbelief was an exceedingly humane instinct which forbade him to be cruel or cynical, as it forbade him to dogmatize, cannot alter this. He has some noble qualities; we would not deny them. Though despising party distinctions, and holding that Jansenist and Jesuit, Papist and Puritan are all one, he feels the deepest love and tenderness towards mankind; like a modern poet or preacher, he exclaims that nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life. A gentle villain, and only half a Jesuit! But he does, for all that, justify the end by the means. Thus he trains Inglesant to be a student of human nature—keen, courageous, and imperturbable. He is the sole master of the growing boy, and gains boundless influence over him. Yet their characters remain distinct. John is an enthusiast, and has mused upon the Divine Light, the Idea that filled the world of Plato, and, like a tender dawn, was the herald of the Dayspring from on high. In a certain sense, our English youth is Plato come to life again. His soul is akin to the soul of the Athenian seer and poet. For the types of Humanity never die; from age to age the world is like itself; and the newest things are ever the most ancient. It has been said that were Plato to return from the realm of shadows there are three men living he might take for his ideal Socrates. And yet they differ as much as individuals may—the subtle theologian from the perfect art-critic, and both from the master of modern thought at Oxford. And so, despite the opposed colours of their time, Inglesant and Plato were the same spirit.

But with visions that unfit the head for device and the hands for action Saint Clare, however much he might comprehend them, had still no sympathy. He had renounced the world only to rule it. He watched the young Platonist narrowly. John kept on dreaming his dream of immediate communion with the Highest. He did not know that many others were dreaming, too, or that George Fox would by-and-by stitch for himself the suit of leather wherein he was to walk independent of folly and

fashion, casting aside the forms of the Reformers as they had cast aside the forms of the Catholic Church. Not from the Quaker prophet did he learn that Mysticism was an extant creed, but from a volume which he came upon of the school of St. Theresa, and which he read through repeatedly with a joyful beating heart. It spoke, he thought, like Plato, of the Inward Light, of acquiescence in the will of the Supreme, and the bliss of renunciation. But why did it stoop from sublime heights to speak also of the priest, the director? Was not this to quench the Spirit in a muddy pool, and trouble the Eternal Silence with a tumult of voices? He sought out his early teachers, and prayed them to pull this tangle straight; but one inveighed with Synesius against the fanaticism of the Alexandrian mystics, another dwelt on ceremonies and Laudian ritual. The best of them, a gentle old Anglican, but no Laudian, put him in mind of what he had learned long ago, that we live in the Unseen Presence, and that all things else pass away. Saint Clare listened, smiled, said nothing, and took John, one fine morning, up to London. This was the turning point in his life. For many years he was an instrument ready to his master's hands, an agent at once powerful and unsuspected of the Jesuits in their designs upon England. Saint Clare lived in close intimacy with Charles and his Queen; he had scouts everywhere, and could himself dare all things, going in disguise or appearing openly as his plans required. He converted nobody except under compulsion, for he dreamt of enacting the part of Cardinal Pole, and one day absolving the nation; and now he introduced John into the Queen's household, making him an honourable, because unconscious, spy.

The young man became a courtier, but did not cease to be a saint. He was graceful, easy, winning, considerate, a chivalrous loyal gentleman; but the malady that was born with him hung about him still; enthusiasm went clad in velvet and Valenciennes lace, not a whit less fervent than if its raiment had been Fox's suit of leather. The inward light drew him towards that Church in whose atmosphere he now was breathing; and he would have followed his bent, but that contrary influences wrought on his sensitive mind, so quick to feel the most remote attractions, so anxious to rightly account for them that it was ever tremulous and undecided. "We call ourselves free agents," says the author; "was this slight, delicate boy a free agent, with a mind and spirit so susceptible that the least breath affected them; around whom the throng of national contentions was about to close; on whom the intrigue of a great religious party was about to seize, involving him in a whirlpool of party strife and religious rancour?" But, we ask in turn, is not that the mood of scepticism? Every man is free that can hearken to his con-

science. However, Inglesant was to undergo a complicated experience, no doubt. On the one hand, he learned at Little Gidding, the noted monastic household of a certain Nicholas Ferrars, that grace and consolation may seem to flow from the communion-table of the Church of England as it flows, says our book, from the gorgeous altars of Rome. For the house in Northamptonshire, though monastic, was not Catholic. On the other hand, St. Clare inculcated by every method that forms and ordinances, though helpful, are unequal to the soul's desire. "If the Blessed Sacrament is amongst them" Nicholas Ferrars asks, "what more can Christians seek?" Were Inglesant a High Churchman, we might smile at his simplicity, and answer that Augustine wrote against the Anglicans of the fourth century—the Donatists—expressly to convince them that sacraments and schism will never make a Church. But Inglesant was no more an Anglican of Laud's school than his biographer is of Pusey's or Keble's. To neither of them are sacraments a divinely ordained channel whereby the Spirit is given. In the eyes of both all forms are valid, when we can believe in them. But, meanwhile, our author makes a strange confession. "The strongest of all the motives that lead to Rome" is, he declares, "the craving after the sacrifice of the Mass." Words, surely, worth reflecting on, and opening to us the deeps of human nature; for the Mass involves the Church and the whole sacramental system; and what becomes, then, of our ethereal Platonism that clings to no one symbol more than another, and the Church of England whose communion must borrow its grace from the heart of the believer? Mr. Shorthouse has seen for a moment into things as they are. For in the true Church objective realities give rise to feelings, and feelings do not create their objects. If humanity craves after the Eucharistic sacrifice, does that suggest no corresponding reality bestowed from Heaven?

But the world is a comedy. Inglesant, though devout and a Platonist, was human, too. Among the sisterhood at Little Gidding, there was one whose face troubled him a little where she knelt in contemplation; and, when his eyes wandered, his affections followed them. He fell in love. The author, gravely admitting that even the quest of the ideal has sometimes taken this way, sketches Mary Collet in the subdued yet pleasant tints of which he holds the secret. Mary had thought of vowing herself to the single state, but her bishop was a wise man, and exhorted her to the free obedience that he knew must end some day. Secluded in Northamptonshire, she has unwittingly captivated the feelings, not only of the courtier from Whitehall, but of a wild Puritan fanatic, who protests with many com-punctious visitings that all things are vanity except Mary Collet. He is drawn well, and one must laugh at him and pity him in a



breath. He touches even the compassion of his rival. Inglesant, in a fine chivalrous way, pleads for him with Mary in the nuns' parlour : it is, in fact, the courtship of Miles Standish over again. But the Puritan has small chance of winning. Our pensive nun asks by expressive change of countenance the question a New England maiden might whisper demurely, " Why don't you speak for yourself, John ?" We can fancy his eloquence in reply, and a pretty scene it is ; the recluse in sable lawn with downcast eyes, listening to her Vandyke cavalier, and half turning from him, as if he and she were figures in a legend of Renunciation and Love. There is, one hardly knows why, something laughable in the notion of a Protestant nun ; it reminds us perhaps of Queen Elizabeth, as Shakspeare too flatteringly painted her, " the virgin thronèd in the west," and passing on, " in maiden meditation fancy-free." John Inglesant could not view his cloistered lady in so exhilarating a light, however, as we may, to whom she seems irresistibly pleasant. For though she bent his gaze towards earth and hindered his conversion, neither he nor the Puritan made a conquest of her. It was not a time, she said, to spend their days like lovers in a play ; he must follow the King, and she her calling. But she could return his affection even whilst she went into her convent again. And John rode back to Whitehall.

By this time his drawing towards Rome had grown less and less. For St. Clare was resolved that his agent should lose neither influence nor position by renouncing the Church of England. Among the Queen's servants he was likely to be tempted ; and, by means that are left in the dark he brought him near King Charles and made him Esquire of the Body. Such is the dexterity of a Jesuit in Romance ! Though he seem to have no faith, he can move mountains as well as those that have. His next was a more delicate step. It is good to take away the occasion of sin, but best to pluck it up by the roots. Inglesant had only one fault ; he was given to religion, he was *exalté*, as the French would call him now. Did he not require a strong counter-irritant ; for example, a dose of scepticism carefully administered ? The Jesuit had ere this impressed on him " a broad philosophical view of things ;" but, being a Christian and a priest, he could not well enlarge on the beauties of materialism. It must be attempted by another hand. Accordingly, he makes Inglesant known to Hobbes—as famous a writer then as Jeremy Taylor, and much more famous than Milton, but now, happily, dwindled to a shadow. From his book he was nicknamed Leviathan ; misconstrued as an Atheist ; and more hated and feared than understood. He at once saw through the Jesuit's cunning, and laughed over it ; not refusing, however, to speak

his mind about Rome. Inglesant's notion that the Catholic Church was a unique society, realizing the Ideal and manifesting the Divine, was, he told him, a delusion. Romanism meant the narrow conceptions of an ignorant priest, trivial details, and the torture of habitual confession. Its system of impostures, grotesque superstitions, and unrelenting cruelty made it fitter to be a dance of satyrs than the Church of Christ. But in no sense would he allow the private spirit whereon Inglesant was for staying his belief. How if the spirit were a delusion too, resting on authorities and customs, but with no ground in experience? John, though far from convinced, could not answer him. He went away sad, more estranged from the Catholic teaching, and half inclined to doubt whether he was sure of anything but the objects of sense and touch. By so drastic a remedy did the reverend Machiavelli, S.J., disperse the threatenings of conversion in his pupil. Our author narrates these wonders with an unmoved countenance. We feel he is quite in earnest. There was a great humorist that could read as a piece of deep divinity a meditation on a broomstick, and move no muscle. But that was Swift, and Mr. Shorthouse is very unlike Swift. He is absolutely serious. And because he is serious, Catholics will be apt to cry out with a well-known writer, "O Truth, how many lies are told in thy name!" But "John Inglesant" is not the author of them; he has read that the like things have come to pass, and he frames his Romance on the laws of probability as laid down in the great Protestant Brazen Legend, which will more than match the least credible of Golden Legends he could retort upon us.

Inglesant was now in the main stream of politics. He watched all the parties keenly. He beheld the rise and fall of Strafford, wondering that the wind of noisy clamour had sufficed to overthrow him, and bring him to the block. Charles's inexplicable guilt or cowardice drew upon him a fearful visitation in the romance; one of those touches from beyond the tomb that abound in the records of enthusiasm. To illustrate the author's style, we will quote it almost textually:—

It was two nights after the execution. The guard was set at Whitehall, and the "all night" served up. The word for the night was given, and the whole palace under the sole command of Inglesant, as Esquire in waiting. He had been round to the several gates, and seen that the courts and anterooms were quiet, and then came up into the anteroom outside the privy chamber, and sat down alone before the fire. In the room beyond him were two gentlemen, who slept in small beds drawn across the door of the royal bed-chamber. The King was in his room, in bed, but not asleep; Lord Abergavenny, in waiting, was reading Shakespeare to him before he slept. Inglesant took out a little volume of the classics to read. The night was perfectly still, and the whole palace wrapped in a profound quiet, almost oppressive

to one who happened to be awake. Inglesant could not read; the event that had just occurred, the popular tumults, the shock of feeling the royal party had sustained, the fear and uncertainty of the future, filled his thoughts. The responsibility of his post sat on him to-night like a nightmare; a sense of approaching terror in the midst of the intense silence fascinated him, and became almost insupportable. Fancy filled his mind with images of some possible oversight, and of some unseen danger which might be lurking even then in the precincts of the vast, rambling palace. Gradually, however, all these images became confused, and the sense of terror dulled, and he was on the point of falling asleep when he was startled by the ringing sound of arms and the challenge of the yeoman of the guard, on the landing outside the door. The next instant a voice, calm and haughty, which sent a tremor through every nerve, gave back the word "Christ!" Inglesant started up and grasped the back of his chair in terror. Gracious Heaven! who was this that knew the word? In another moment the hangings across the door were drawn sharply back, and with a quick step, as one who went straight to where he was expected and had a right to be, the intruder entered. It wore the form and appearance of Strafford—it was Strafford—in dress, and mien, and step. Taking no heed of Inglesant, crouched back in terror against the carved chimney-piece, the apparition crossed the room, drew the hangings that screened the door of the privy chamber, and disappeared. Inglesant recovered in a moment, sprang across the room, and followed the figure through the door. He saw nothing; but the two gentlemen raised themselves from their couches, startled by his sudden appearance and white scared look, and said, "What is it, Mr. Esquire?" Before Inglesant, who stood with eyes and mouth open, the picture of terror, could recover himself, the curtain was drawn hastily back, and the Lord Abergavenny appeared, saying in a hurried, startled voice, "Send for Mayern, send for Dr. Mayern, the King is taken very ill!" Inglesant, by this time recovered sufficiently to act, seized the opportunity, and hurrying through the antechamber and down the staircase to the guardroom, found one of the pages, and despatched him for the Court Physician. He then returned to the guard at the top of the staircase. "Has any one passed?" he asked. "No," the man said, he had seen no one. "Did you challenge no one a moment ago?" The man looked scared, but finally acknowledged what he feared at first to confess, lest it should seem he had been sleeping at his post, that he had become suddenly, as it seemed to him, conscious of some presence in the room, and found himself to his confusion the next moment challenging the empty space. Failing to make anything of the man, Inglesant returned. Lord Abergavenny was relating what had occurred: "I was reading to the King," he repeated, "and his Majesty was very still, and I began to think he was falling asleep, when he suddenly started upright in bed, grasped the book on my knee with one hand, and with the other pointed across the chamber to some object on which his gaze was fixed with a wild and horror-stricken look, while he faintly tried to cry out. In a second the terror

of the sight, whatever it was, overcame him, and he fell back on the bed with a sharp cry." "Mr. Inglesant saw something," said both the gentlemen at once. "I saw nothing," said Inglesant; "whatever frightened me I must tell the King." He was sent for. Deadly pale with his eyes on the ground, and speaking with the greatest difficulty, he then told his story; of the deep silence, his restlessness, the sentry's challenge, and the apparition. Here he stopped. "And this figure," said Abergavenny, in a startled whisper, "did you know who it was?" "Yes, I knew him," said the young man; "would to God I had not." "Who was it?" Paler, if possible, than before, and with a violent effort, Inglesant forced himself to look at the King. A contortion of pain, short but terrible to see, passed over the King's face; but he rose from the chair in which he sat (for he had risen from bed and even dressed himself), and with that commanding dignity which none ever assumed better than he, he said—"Who was it, Mr. Esquire?" "My Lord Strafford." Abergavenny stepped back several paces and covered his face with his hands. Inglesant dared not stir. The King continued to stand with his commanding air, but stiff and rigid as a statue. It seemed as though he had strength to control his outward demeanour, but no power besides. The silence grew terrible (vol. i. pp. 124-129).

In the next chapter civil war has broken out, and the King takes up his abode at Oxford, of which city this brilliant sketch is given:—

There has never, perhaps, existed so curious a spectacle as Oxford during the residence of the King. A city unique in itself became the resort of a Court under unique circumstances, and of an innumerable throng of people, of every rank, disposition, and taste. The ancient colleges and halls were thronged with ladies and courtiers; noblemen lodged in small attics over bakers' shops in the streets; soldiers were quartered in the college-gates and in the kitchens; yet, with all this confusion, there was maintained both something of a courtly pomp and something of a learned and religious society. The King (whose Court was at Christ Church) dined and supped in public, and walked in State in Christ Church Meadow, and Merton Gardens, and the Grove of Trinity, which the wits called Daphne. A Parliament sat from day to day; service was sung daily in all the chapels; books of learning and poetry were printed in the city: and the distinctions the colleges had to offer were conferred with pomp on the royal followers, as almost the only rewards the King had to bestow. Men of every opinion flocked to Oxford, and many foreigners came to visit the King. There was in the country a large and highly intelligent body of men, who hovered between the two parties, and numbers of these were constantly in Oxford—Harrington the philosopher, the King's friend Hobbes, Lord Falkland, Lord Paget, the Lord Keeper, and many others. Mixed up with these grave and studious persons, gay courtiers and gayer ladies jostled old and severe divines, and crusty tutors used the sarcasms they had been wont to hurl at their pupils to

reprove ladies whose conduct appeared to them at least far from decorous. Christmas interludes were enacted in Hall, and Shakespeare's plays performed by the King's players, assisted by amateur performers; and it would have been hard to say whether the play was performed before the curtain or behind it, or whether the actors quitted their parts when the performance was over, or then in fact resumed them. The groves and walks of the colleges were the resort of this gay and brilliant throng; the woods were vocal with song and music, and love and gallantry sported themselves along the pleasant river-banks. The poets and wits vied with each other in classic conceits and parodies, wherein the events of the day were portrayed and satirized. Wit, learning, and religion joined hand in hand, as in some grotesque and brilliant masque. The most admired poets and players and the deepest mathematicians became "Romancists" and monks, and exhausted all their wit in furthering their divine mission; and, finally, as the last scenes of this strange drama came on, fell fighting on some hardly contested grassy slope, and were buried on the spot, or in the next village churchyard, in the dress in which they played Philaster, or the Court garb in which they wooed their mistress, or the doctor's gown in which they preached before the King, or read Greek in the schools (vol. i. pp. 156-158).

With such unpretending skill does our author paint, upon the blank darkness of the past, that crowd of "ladies dead and lovely knights," with here and there figures of moral grandeur towering above them, that followed the King to battle and ruin. Foremost in all purities and courtesies was John Inglesant, fighting till he went down at Edgehill, winning the name of a hero in the public mouth, and of more than hero with his friends at Little Gidding, coming with art and delicacy to the rescue of ladies in distress, taking to his love the comrades that loved him for his irresistible kindness and gentle dealing; in all things approving himself loyal, devout, and brave. A beautiful character of a man! He meets on the battlefield his Puritan rival, receives from him one last affectionate greeting, and sorrowfully looks on at his death. He is sent by Father St. Clare to London during Laud's imprisonment and trial; brings the fallen man what comfort is possible, and, at no slight risk, attends him on the scaffold. Laud's execution is told with much feeling. By all Church people it was accounted a martyrdom; and, says the author, wherever the news came, "it was added that Mr. John Inglesant, the King's servant, who had used every effort to save the Archbishop, was with him to the last." He went back to Oxford, and thence with the royal army to Naseby, where Royalism fell before Cromwell. Our friend had seen his last of youth now; nor was he to taste security or happiness again for many years. His master was shaping a mission for him on the King's behalf, such as no man of less heroic temper than Inglesant could dare.

For Charles's sake he was to do that which must seem in a Churchman treason to his religion, and in an Englishman base betrayal of his country. The Jesuit bade him proceed to Ireland, where the Catholics were then treating with Lord Glamorgan almost on their own terms. Inglesant was to hasten the treaty, and to persuade the confederated leaders that Charles would abolish the Penal Laws, and make a free passage for Irish troops into England. His papers bore the royal signature, but between him and his master it was understood that the King would never own them. Charles was to reap the good fortune of the enterprise, and Inglesant the evil. He gladly consented. But all he foresaw came to pass. He reached Kilkenny, brought the treaty to an issue, and, making his way back into Chester disguised, was there taken. His adventures remind one of General George Monk and the siege of Nantwich. And now the crisis was upon him. Had Charles, or had he not, invited an army of Irish Papists to lay waste English homes? The Roundheads affirmed as passionately as the Cavaliers denied it; and Inglesant's evidence was needed to prove either way. He showed no lack of spirit or invention; he was an agent of the Jesuits, and they had forged the King's name. Charles at Oxford consulted with St. Clare how he might shield his own dignity and save Inglesant. But St. Clare answered that the King must keep silence, and let his servant go to the scaffold, as he would set him in the front rank on the field of battle. The trial came on. Inglesant bore it heroically, never flinching from his ignominious part, and only once or twice by an involuntary flash of nobleness betraying that he was not the base thing he feigned. Milton, whose eyes were yet undimmed, caught the truth in a moment; and the Parliament concluded that Charles had indeed written the name which even experts could not bring home to him. If Inglesant were taken to the scaffold, might he not confess? So Cromwell argued; and he and another were condemned to die at Charing Cross. This is how the trial ended:—

The completest silence prevailed, broken only by a faint sobbing and whispering from the pitying crowd. Colonel Powell prayed for a quarter of an hour with an audible voice; then taking leave again of his friends, and directing the executioner when to strike, he knelt down to the block, and repeating the words, "Lord Jesus, receive me!" his head was smitten off with a blow. A long deep groan, followed by an intense silence, ran through the crowd. The officer who accompanied Inglesant looked at him with a peculiar expression; and, bowing in return, Inglesant passed through the window, and as he mounted the steps and his eyes came to the level of the interposing scaffold, and then rose higher than it, he saw the dense crowd of heads stretching far away on every hand, the house windows and roofs crowded on

every side. He scarcely saw it before he almost lost the sight again. A wild motion that shook the crowd, a roar that filled the air and stunned the sense, a yell of indignation, contempt, hatred; hands shook and clutched at him, wild faces leaping up and staring at him, cries of "Throw him over!" "Give over the Jesuit to us!" "Throw over the Irish murderer!" made his senses reel for a moment and his heart stop. It was inconceivable that a crowd, the instant before placid, pitiful, silent, should in a moment become like that, deafening mad, thirsting for blood. The amazing reaction and surprise produced the greatest shock. Hardening himself, he faced the people, his hat in his hand, his pale face hard set, his teeth closed. Once or twice he tried to speak; it would have been as easy to drown the Atlantic's roar. As he stood apparently calm, this terrible ordeal had the worst effect upon him. Other men came to the scaffold prepared by holy thoughts, and the sacred tender services of the Church of their Lord, feeling His hand indeed in theirs. But with him, how different! Denied the aid of prayer and sacrament, alone, overwhelmed with contempt and hatred, deafened with the fiendish noise which racked his excited overwrought brain! He became hardened, fierce, contemptuous now. Hated, he hated again. He felt as though engaged in a mad duel with a despised yet too powerful foe. He turned at last to the officer, and said, his voice scarcely heard amid the increasing roar, "You see, sir, I cannot speak; do not let us delay any longer." The officer hesitated. A Parliamentary man advanced to Inglesant and offered him a paper. He told him in his ear that even now he would be set at liberty, if he would sign the true evidence. The Parliament knew he was not guilty, and had no wish to put him to death. Inglesant saw the natural rejoinder, but did not think it worth his while to make it. Only get this thing over, and escape from this maddening cry, to something quieter at any rate. He rejected the paper, and turning to the officer, said, with a motion towards the people of inexpressible disdain: "These good people are impatient for the final act, sir, do not let us keep them any longer." The officer still hesitated, and looked at the Parliament man, who shook his head and left the scaffold. The word of command was given; and the soldiers fell out of their ranks so as to mingle with the crowd. At once the officer took Inglesant's arm, and said hurriedly: "Come with me to the house, quick!" Not knowing what he did, Inglesant followed him. They had need to be quick. A yell, to which the noise preceding it was as nothing, terrible as it had been, a shower of stones smashing every pane of glass, and falling in heaps at their feet, showed the fury of a maddened injured people, robbed of their prey. The officer looked at Inglesant and laughed. "I thought there would be a tumult," he said; "come with me." He led Inglesant still almost unconscious, through the back entries and yards, the roar of the people still in their ears, till they reached a stair leading to the river, where was a wherry and two or three guards. The officer stepped in after Inglesant, crying, "Pull away! the Tower!" then leaning back and looking at Inglesant, he said, "You stood that very

well. I would rather mount the deadliest breach than face such a sight as that" (vol. i. pp. 267-270).

Not altogether equal to Walter Scott nor the workmanship quite thorough; but here is honest historical painting, and, in more than one point, keen insight into life. The story now takes a peculiar turn. After the King's execution Inglesant was kept prisoner in the Tower. His brother Eustace, who was wedded to a great lady and held the family estates, had been but a slack Royalist, and, by his efforts, John at length was set free. Eustace bore the welcome news to the Tower, and with it an invitation to his wife's seat in Wiltshire. That eccentric personage had gathered round her pretenders of every colour—astrologers, physicians, Platonists, seekers after the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone. Rogues in grain, and wise men that lacked fortune, galled each other's kibe in her hospitable courts. Among them was an Italian known during his travels to Eustace, and his determined enemy. The young man, resolved to drive him from Lady Cardiff's house, had warned her that he was even now setting out thither. But she in reply begged him to defer his coming, on grounds astrological, which she defined more closely by sending him a horoscope full of threatening signs. This he laid before his brother. John, as becomes an accomplished scholar and pupil of St. Clare's, is learned in the stars. He convicts the scheme of more than one error; but allows it to be rightly drawn. Whereupon they consult a magician, or stargazer, at Lambeth. It is the familiar scene; the circles traced on the floor, the rod of power, the faintly-glowing lamp, the indispensable brazier of lighted coals. Then the astrologer, in his costume *de rigueur*, enters, and again we read of the sable raiment, the consecrated crystal, and the boy that looks into its depths and sees marvellous apparitions therein. He sees a great room, richly furnished, and a tall dark man with long hair and a dagger in his belt—the assassin Malvolto administering a drug to Lady Cardiff. But here his sight grows dim; he turns suddenly to John Inglesant, and asks him to look in the crystal; which, upon persuasion, John attempts. At first he perceives only a mist, but by degrees, as the mist breaks, he makes out another chamber which Eustace knows to be part of an old family mansion where they must pause on their way down. John looks again, and cries out, "I see a man's figure lying before the hearth and the hearthstone stained as if with blood. Eustace, it is either you or I!" The magician eagerly bids him look once more, but he angrily refuses; and, as he speaks, a blast of wind, sudden and strong sweeps through the room, the lamp burns dim, the fire in the brazier goes out; a deathly coldness fills the room, and the floor and the walls seem to heave and shake. The dread unseen



spirits pass away in storm. But they had unfolded his doom to Eustace; and, by a series of seemingly disjointed accidents, he was led to the house at Mintern where murder lay in wait for him. The last John Inglesant saw of his brother was in the fatal room, the young man stretched beneath the great carved chimney, as the vision had shown him, on the white hearthstone; his hair and clothes steeped in blood, and the Italian's stiletto in his heart.

The story is here, in spite of its astrology, most graphic; and for readers of romance has mounted to its second great wave; the first being John Inglesant's trial. Now that his King is beheaded, his brother done to death, his party all ruined, John himself fares forth, a banished man, from home and country. He crosses to France, to Paris, meeting in a cloister there his old love, Mary Collet, and taking her parting words as a message from Heaven. But which way now? Must he ever be intriguing, discussing, liming his soul with worldly deceits? Can holiness agree with courts and camps? He is now willing to live as Catholics live around him. But he felt the need of a more spiritual teacher than St. Clare. Was the Jesuit view of life the sole commendable and orthodox at Rome. He bethought himself of a former friend, Hugh Cressy, an Oxford scholar of rare attainments, now become a convert and a Benedictine in Paris. He went to him; and the interview was affecting and momentous. Cressy bore no likeness to St. Clare. He sought neither influence nor greatness; he believed in his Divine Master. To John Inglesant he offered a home at Douay, and with it a life-long prospect of lowliness, self-denial, and obscurity. The reward he could promise was the treasure of peace, days like the days Christ lived through, and Heaven at last. The Teacher was to be One crowned with thorns; the light, a mysterious eclipse of natural powers; the life a silence as upon Calvary. A high calling, in truth; but John asked himself, tremulously, am I called? and could not answer Yes. Slowly and sadly he went away from Serenus de Cressy; and who shall decide, asks the author, deeply moved, whether he was at that moment quitting Christ's company or no? Can he be a modern in whose mind such thoughts have sprung up? Impossible, we might say, were we ignorant that our author is everywhere intent on discerning the Inward Light, be its outward manifestations what they may. He is a Mystic; he is not a Catholic. Thus can he draw so nigh to us, yet be moving all the while upon a curve that obeys its own law and must bear him far away at last.

But the day after Inglesant visited Cressy all was changed. Alas, the Jesuit came! Mr. Shorthouse cannot know how incredible a thing his Jesuit is to us. For we hold him to be a

mere impossibility, a chimera, a symbolical nobody in the stage directions, own brother (as has been said) to First and Second Murderer, and, in brief, all carved out of the carver's brain. That artist, we repeat, is not Mr. Shorthouse. He is the spirit that invented Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," and the thousand-and-one lying tales of horror that even yet have not run their course. How sad that these fantastic nonentities must squeak and gibber among our author's creations! But we are come to the final appearance of St. Clare. Arrived in Paris, he finds Inglesant almost distraught; rage, despair, and melancholy take hold of him on leaving Cressy's; and he is at his wit's end. St. Clare wonders, but is not daunted. Like a plausible demon he offers him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory. He shall go on a diplomatic mission to Rome, travelling as a friend of the Society; introductions to the secret cabinets of Cardinals, Princes, Sovereign Dukes, and what others he may desire shall not lack; high as his genius may lift him he has license from Father-General to soar. The Jesuit wins. But yesterday Inglesant was casting away ambition; to-day he takes with a cynical smile all it holds out to him. Not the world's pleasures; he is no voluptuary; but the tinsel magnificence of power, and the servitude it involves to things visible. For an immense hunger is eating his heart; he cannot forget Eustace or forgive his murderer, and the love of Mary Collet he has thrown away, to feed on dreams instead. Such is the chaotic perplexity, the passion without bound or shore, to which Jesuit Machiavellism, in league with Fortune, has brought our Platonist! Whereupon, his task being well over, *exit* St. Clare. For which relief, kind author, much, nay our heartiest, thanks! Yet the Jesuit's splendid daring and astonishing make-up must not go unapplauded. Seldom has an automaton, the cunning work of Dædalus, shown such flexible joints, or appeared so lively and amusing. We regret that his anatomy has been laid bare somewhat often; for now even children at a pantomime can tell you all the watchsprings there are in him. We fear he must ere long be disposed of, and his harlequin disguises thrown in to make it a bargain, at Rag Fair.

Inglesant, however, he is not to ruin. The divine fire has been hid under ashes; but it glows, it is not dead. A wider scene opens, that Italian world which in loveliest form and colour makes visible the Greco-Roman life, elsewhere extinct; irrecoverable now except from books, and these preyed upon by pedantic dullards. There is Naples, the only genuine Greek city left in Europe, beautiful, gay, wicked, teeming with quick passion, dancing the tarantella, like a Mænad rapt out of sense by musical frenzy, and painted for us, that have never seen one, on an antique lustrous

vase. There is Florence, the severe city of the Poet that came back from Hell and flung the gloomy greatness of his song over Duomo and Palazzo, the grim mediæval stones of which enchant us, we know not how, and are themselves a Dantean poem. There is Rome, Mother of the World, an epitome of all that man has been, of all that he shall be, a symbol in time deep as Eternity, the Sphynx of Christian Europe, couched by Tiber on its yellow sands, a woman's face, a lion's heart. Rome has read the riddle of the ages, or it is not known; has she not the answer to it in her bosom? Oxford, Laudism, Puritanism, Royalism, how mean they have suddenly grown! They are as sand-heaps in the wilderness, which the breath of the simoon will scatter. But though, for thousands of years, the simoon has rained its deluges of fiery sands upon the World-Emblem, it is not overwhelmed; it rests calm as ever, colossal and yet most beautiful; mysterious, motherly, unchanging; wondrously attractive, unconquerable. Towards that immense vision John Inglesant is setting his face. He lingers amid the quaint outlying cities—marble Siena, sculpturesque Florence, Umbria of sanctified renown; he perfects himself in the sweet Italian speech, and makes faithful friends. But his melancholy distaste for life and a touch of insanity (bequeathed him on Newbury Field by a sword-stroke) drive him to Padua, where he puts on monastic weeds. Constant longings beset him to take Serenus de Cressy at his word; why not turn back into France and walk henceforth in the road of the Holy Cross? But he is not cheerful, as a true postulant should be; sadness weighs upon him, and a dreamy sense that not only are all things phantoms, but he himself a phantom among them. It was the age of Charles I.; the times were not a little crazy, from overmuch haranguing and revolutionary fever. Nor does Platonism fail to vex the mind's balance; on a sudden its votary feels himself in a world of ghosts, of bodiless shadows, and ideas that lack dimension. John Inglesant, says the author, must have graduated saint or madman had not his genius appeared to him very strangely—under the figure, let us call it, of Aristophanes in a scarlet biretta. It was, however, a man that answered back to touch as well as sight. The head like Molière's, or a heathen deity's, classic, graceful; the countenance fine, marked with the knowledge of good and evil in many a fold; the mind rapid, daring, free, able to look calmly upon the contrasts of life, sated with experience, tolerant by reason of its own proud self-sufficiency; the temper inclining to scornful laughter, capable of every feeling so long as it promised the unknown. In short, Aristophanes turned to a Roman Cardinal! He came to Padua; offered Inglesant a splendid

career, such as might cure speculation by changing it to an amused study of mankind ; tells him life is a game of cards ; that all things are ruled by Necessity, without reference to our fears or beliefs ; that only lunatics endeavour after nobleness, though they never compass it ; that the sum is we should live out our day with ease and pleasantness. Who can be sure of himself? Inglesant, feeling his kindness more than his arguments, accompanied Cardinal Rinuccini to Ferrara, and thence to Rome. He was in the mood that, since his day, has grown with our growing knowledge ; that enjoys, whilst keenly watching, the myriad sensibilities that lie in a complex organism ; and is sceptical to the utmost, for it makes trial of all things, but judges of none. He was like an actor, at home in every kind ; cast for comedy as for tragedy, yet never remembering what, off the stage, he really is. Thus the Cardinal advised him :—

Each man [he said] plays (to a solemn bass of mystery and of the unseen) his own descant, as his taste or fate may suggest ; but this manner of play is so governed and controlled by what seems a fatal necessity, that all melts into a species of concord ; and even the wild passions and deeds of men are so attempered that without them the entire piece would be incomplete.

Perilous wisdom this ; but how endlessly more subtle than the Jesuit's arid algebra of metaphysics, and more likely to prove that the end, be it God's honour or man's perfection, will make all means right ! Faith, if it would here stand firm, must almost undermine its own foundation ; which is, surely, that good will come, at last, out of evil. As come it will, no doubt ; but never by undoing the law of righteousness in detail (as Rinuccini thinks) to establish it, somehow, on the whole. John Inglesant and his worst temptation are face to face.

But the tempter speaks to his mere understanding ; there is a spectacle that kindles his imagination and lifts him to higher emotions, more natural in him, and needing no casuistry for their defence—the spectacle of religious Rome. Infinite were the lights wherein the city gleamed to an eye that saw its imperial glories, its treasures from ancient wrecks, its shrines and churches, and the dreamy desolate grandeur of its vast Campagna. But these were, too, the trophies of Christian victory ; the lights yielded an image at once sacred and winning ; how could Inglesant resist it ? Our author feels that a tolerant philosophy, such as moulded Roman manners, giving them the delightful gentleness which can be intellectual when it will, may, perhaps, consist with the most genuine religion. Though his Cardinal be Epicurean, his Roman people are not. He is even struck with the happiness they enjoyed—

A people whose physical wants were few and easily supplied; a city full of strangers, festivals, and shows; a conscience absolutely at rest; a community entirely set apart from politics, altogether at one with its government by habit, by interest, and by religion; constituted a unique state and mental atmosphere, wherein such philosophy naturally flourished.

This sounds like a description of El Dorado; the actual Rome had its darkness and its miseries, as we too well know. But can Modern Europe show us its equal? Upon this topic, and these chapters, written with a delicate originality, with feelings that seem to mingle deep sadness, yearning, distrust, love, and blind uncertainty, in a cup commended by the author as much to his own lips as to ours, we would fain linger; every way suggestive they are, and their eloquence subdued and melting. Italian life comes before us in them as a perpetual sacred drama; nor does it keep the burlesque or humorous at a distance; but, taking man as he is made, condones what is pardonable, hallows what is innocent, is at home in the great churches, and sets up in the market-place the Cross as a symbol of Eternal Mysteries. The old Greek lightness, caught long ago from Athens and Corinth, has, no doubt, infected the Italian blood. Their religion, as the clear mind of Goethe viewed it, is the Beautiful. "The Beautiful," he says, "is higher than the Good—it includes the Good." But if simplicity, good humour, affectionateness, temperance, patience, and courtesy are Christian virtues, then Italy is not so far from the Kingdom of God as our tourists are now saying, like David, "in their haste." John Inglesant would not have held with them, for he became Italian in all things. Had fate smiled on him, he would have lived and died near Rome. And he might have lived on, listening to the Cardinal's refined but heathen discourses on Greek and Etruscan art; he might for many a season have taken part in his classic suppers, with their oldest of wines and newest of sonnets: he might have won a second dukedom to the Holy See, as he had won for it the dukedom of Umbria; had not his evil star driven him into marriage and engaged him in the lately born heresy of Molinos.

The story now abounds in pretty old-fashioned situations, and is gracefully quaint like the devices at a Carnival; its effect heightened by certain bravuras, as De Quincey would call them; certain musical descants on the glorious clearness of Italian landscapes, the silence, splendour, and sanctity of St. Peter's at Rome, the fairy-like and shadowy hues of Italian evenings, and the Peruginesque beauty of the Apennines shivering in springtide with all their fresh green woods. A striking proof that it is the mind and not the eye that sees; for the author, we understand, has scarcely travelled, except in imagination. Meanwhile, his

hero, falling in at Florence with a company of revellers, makes acquaintance with the Cavalier' di Guardino, a nature moulded on the pure lines of Renaissance wickedness. But the Cavalier has a sister; and this Lauretta, who is nowise of Mary Collet's unworldly mood, becomes an attraction to John Inglesant. It is thus that he crosses the path of Malvolti, the assassin, for Guardino and he had long been comrades. Inglesant, standing one afternoon near the stage of a Florentine theatre, is taken by the murderer for his brother's spirit; but the illusion, though it recurred again, was momentary, and henceforth our Englishman needed all his courage and skill to escape the snares laid for him. He grew to be a great person at the Vatican. The Jesuits were ever his good friends, and, among less shining employments, sent him to the last Duke of Umbria, that he might persuade the unhappy old man to devise his territories to Rome. Inglesant fulfilled the task in his own way. He repaired to the palace in Umbria, a stately pleasure-house and miracle of florid architecture, and stayed there long, comforting as he could the scrupulous soul of the Duke, whom confessors and divines had depressed into the blackest humour. He became his friend, and was winning him to cheerfulness again, when a message from Florence recalled him to Lauretta. Malvolti had planned to make an end of his integrity as well as his life. The scheme was subtle, but that which might ruin an Italian had little power upon a calmer mind; and our friend came off the victor. He hurried straight to Rome; for Innocent X. was just dead and the Conclave assembling. A place was found for him in it as secretary or confidant of Cardinal Chigi, who, after a long delay, came forth from the Cappella Paolina to be crowned Pope. But here the story rises into a region of wild romance, so beclouded with mystery and murder, with factions, premeditated poisonings, and midnight encounters, that we suspect our chronicler (being strange to these things) has taken Guicciardini as an authority on Alexander VII., when he is only such, if at all, on Alexander VI. The year 1655 is not the year 1492. However, one is glad to forget the Conclave, and mount, with Inglesant, to the hills once more. His Duke of Umbria has left his dukedom to the Church, and is dying. We cannot stay to argue a case in feudal law; nor does it signify now what claim the Popes had upon Urbino or Ferrara, which the author is here glancing at. By the intricate Italian politics of the seventeenth or any century, the prerogatives of St. Peter neither stand nor fall. But the Duke was obeying his conscience. That he could die calmly, clad in the *veste angelica* of religion, he owed to this gentle stranger, whose silence in matters of policy was a stronger argument than much diplomatic protocolling.

He bestowed on Inglesant a fief in the Apennines, created him Cavalier di San Giorgio, and would have him hasten to Rome and wed Lauretta, that the news might be brought to Umbria ere he died.

It was at such a height of fortune that Inglesant, in glistening armour, with a retinue of richly attired servants about him, overtook, in a wild mountain-pass, his brother's murderer. Malvolti is in rags and miserable; unarmed, alone, he lies at the mercy of his captor, and with all manner of supplication he prays Inglesant on his knees to spare him. A mild light breaks suddenly over the countenance of the young man. He is touched with divine compassion, and lets Malvolti go. No wonder, when in the still morning he communicated at the altar of a wayside chapel, that his face seemed grave and shining like an angel's, and his sudden coming and vanishing again were long famed among the hills as an apparition of the heroic St. George! A season of calm followed. When Malvolti passed from the scene, his companion in vice, Guardino, could not be found. Inglesant, wedding Lauretta, took her to his new home in the Umbrian solitude, and the years glided on like a downward lapsing stream, peacefully. But the fairy tale is not ended yet; nor can it end at all in that simple recitative, "They lived happy ever after." Inglesant woke one day to feel that the plague was spreading dusky wings over the land. Lauretta urged him to seek her brother, whom she still loved; and with unwilling heart he trode the familiar streets of Rome once more. He was led on to Naples, and beheld, as on a stage, that most awful sight of horror, a southern city festering to death in tropical sunshine. Guardino he could only track by plague-stricken ways. But a surprise was in store for him. In the great hospital, doing loathliest offices among the dead and dying, he came upon Malvolti, a murderer and infidel once, but now converted. Eustace's brother and Eustace's assassin met in the eventide at Santa Chiara; and in the vast stillness Malvolti told his tale. Eustace had been revenged at last. In a frantic brawl the Cavalier' di Guardino had put out his comrade's eyes with a dagger; and the unhappy man must have perished body and soul had not a light from Heaven shown him his Redeemer. It was at Rome. He had reached the Capitol, and sunk down beneath the balusters at the top of the marble stairs. But we will let him speak. The season is Christmas:—

Close by, in the Ara Cœli, the simple country people and the faithful whose hearts were as those of little children, kneeling as the shepherds knelt upon the plains of Bethlehem, saw the Christ-child lying in a manger, marked out from common childhood by a mystic light which shone from his face and form; while the organ harmonies which filled

the church resigned their wonted splendours, and bent for once to pastoral melodies, which, born amid the rustling of sedges by the river brink, have wandered down through the reed music and festivals of the country people, till they grew to be the most fitting tones of a religion which takes its aptest similes from the vineyard and the flock. . . . Suddenly, it seemed to me, I was conscious of a general movement and rush of feet. The churches became emptied, the people pouring out into the streets; the dead Christs above the altars faded from their crosses, and the sacred tapers went out of their own accord; for it spread through Rome, as in a moment, that a miracle had happened at the Ara Cœli, and that the living Christ was come.

Malvolti continues, in a passage of remarkable weirdness, its lines all clear, but its effect strange and ghostly, reminding us of Holman Hunt:—

He came down the steps of the Ara Cœli, and the sky was full of starlike forms, wonderful and gracious; and all the steps of the Capitol were full of people down to the square of the Ara Cœli, and up to the statue of Aurelius on horseback above; and the summit of the Capitol among the statues and the leads of the Palace Caffarelli, were full of eager forms; for the starlight was so clear that all might see; and the dead gods, and the fauns, and the satyrs, and the old pagans, that lurked in the secret hiding-places of the ruins of the Cæsars, crowded up the steps out of the Forum, and came round the outskirts of the multitude, and stood on the fallen pillars that they might see. And Castor and Pollux, that stood by their unsaddled horses at the top of the stairs, left them unheeded, and came to see; and the Marsyas that stood bound broke his bonds and came to see, and spectral forms swept in from the distance in the light, and the air was full of powers and existences, and the earth rocked as at the Judgment Day. He came down the steps of the Campidoglio, and He came to me. He was not at all like the pictures of the Saints; for He was pale, and worn, and thin, as though the fight were not yet half over—ah, no!—but through the pale and worn look shone infinite power and undying love and unquenchable resolve. The crowd fell back on every side; but when He came to me He stopped. “Ah!” He said, “is it thou? What doest thou here? Knowest thou not that thou art mine? Thrice mine—mine centuries ago when I hung upon the cross; mine when thou camest a little child to baptism; mine when, forfeit by every law, a servant and friend of mine gave thee over to Me. Surely I will repay.” . . . He passed on; but among ten thousand times ten thousand I should know Him; and amid the tumult of a universe I should hear the faintest whisper of His voice.

Well for us could we break off here, amid visions that, however beyond the reaches of common thought, have still their corroboration in the unbidden voices whispering in every man's inward ear. The Fioretti of St. Francis might record such a grace as that Malvolti received, and in turn bestowed; for he and



Inglesant discovered their common enemy and ministered to him during a loathsome agony. But the romance had a larger purpose, and one less edifying to Catholic minds. The beautiful woman must end in a fish's tail; Mr. Adolphus Trollope must write a sequel to Hawthorne's "Transformation." For when Guardino and Malvolti were gone, Inglesant returning home, found wife and child lying dead within his own threshold, and sought comfort once more in religion, taking the habit of the Benedictines at Rome. There he watched the dawn, as he deemed it, of a spiritual new birth coming over the city. He had long known and revered Molinos. This apostle of Quietism, whose name and teaching have grown very dim to us, appears in "John Inglesant," as a mild, enlightened, liberal soul, not lacking courage, and of a purity equal to his wisdom. He won the heart of our English Platonist; which need not surprise us, for their principles were the same. Both would have described themselves as men intent on the real essences of things, struggling against men intent on the mere forms and semblances of things; both were champions of the mysticism that overspread Europe in the seventeenth century. They carried to perilous excess the doctrine of the Inward Light, which under the modern name of Free Thought is disintegrating society, and as Free Humanism is abolishing morality. They were disciples of the Spirit. Molinos dreamt of a religion that should be founded on other elements than a sense of sin. Obedience to the spirit, which he termed the mystic death, was a trance of all our powers, suspending conscience and lifting us to a region where good works and the ordinances of the Church—confession, prayer, mortification, and the Sacraments—were not so much as remembered. The soul, arrived at renunciation of all its activity, was free. But what if the senses revolted against law and conscience? Molinos answered that the deeds of the flesh could not sully the enraptured spirit. Here is the root and principle of Quakerism, that ordinances are naught. Here is the Platonism that, dissolving the unity of man, fixes his gaze upon the abstract and makes that his god. Here is imagination exalted, instinct let loose from reason, realities tending to become dreams, and dreams realities. If to lean on the forms of things alone be superstition, and to sacrifice the present to the past be death, is it not true that we never actually transcend such forms or can cut ourselves adrift from History? And what enemies are more dangerous to humanity and progress than fanaticism pretending a commission from the Most High? There is not a principle in our nature that can govern alone. And the synthesis that combines them all to our present and lasting good is the faith of Holy Church, whereby saints may be philosophers, and poets become prophets of the

Infinite. We may dispense with art in religion (since forms of belief and practice are simply this) when birds fly without wings and light is made visible without a medium. But can there be a more dreadful delusion than to see God where He is not, or to imagine ourselves more enlightened than Jesus Christ? Molinos was deluded so, and he drew Inglesant with him.

How shall we tell the story? In the mildest of versions it will read like a satire. And we do not wish to satirize "John Inglesant." But we must remember that there are two histories of Molinism. The Protestant tradition asserts that Molinos, a holy and much persecuted man, had thought of bestowing on Rome a higher religion, where informality, routine, and praying by rote were not to be tolerated. His heaviest stroke was aimed at habitual confession; and the device he suggested was that none should confess unless they had fallen into deadly sin. As the contemplative could only sin by lapsing into reflection and activity, it was clear they need never confess at all. A short way, truly, with the Jesuits whose occupation was to absolve fashionable sinners. But the great company of spiritual directors took the alarm. They had counted on their invention of "Sufficient Grace" as the finest of springes to catch woodcocks; but here was a Spanish mystic outbidding them with the cry of "No Confession." They must strike him with paralysis, or be themselves stricken. In a moment they decided. Molinos was at once arrested; Father Esparsa, a back-sliding Jesuit that had licensed his pernicious book, disappeared and was seen no more. But what need the Inquisition care for Habeas Corpus? Seventy persons in a single day vanished from Rome, and not a man, unless he confessed at the Gesù, could sleep in peace. Nay, the cry was that even the reigning Pope had spoken kindly to Molinos, and was perhaps a Quietist in secret; but the General of the Jesuits examined and absolved him, and confidence was restored. Did our author ever see the Grand Inquisitor in Schiller's "Don Carlos"? That invincible man was half-minded to make an *auto da fè* of Philip II. But the King repented; and so did the Pope. He gave up Molinos and sat by to watch the struggle between Quakerism and Jesuitism. The fine ladies and gentlemen to whom Molinos was an oracle of Heaven, were now roused from their mystic siesta, or prayer of quiet, and held a picturesque meeting in the palace of the Pope's nephew. Thither came cardinals, princes, monks, nuns—a rare *dramatis personæ*—and among them Inglesant. But his chastened eloquence availed nothing. The conspirators did not believe in each other; and they quailed before the Society. Soon the meeting slipped away like water; and swift as lightning, or the Atlantic cable, report of it was carried to the enemy's head-quarters. Though he knew it would be so,

Inglesant demanded an interview with the General. Ought he not to make a last effort for freedom and light? But the Old Man of the Mountain was wary, inexorable, sarcastic, and triumphant. Inglesant would have been content with toleration; he did not ask for approval. But, to our amazement, he shrank from the argument he could have well sustained. The Molinists might be fanatical; but what were the Jesuits, if they were all like Saint Clare? Not Catholics surely; more like hypocrites and Sadducees, one would think. He took a different line. The Society, he urged, had held a course of compromise with all men, and especially with the weak and frail, and this he had ever thought a trait much to be admired, that wherein it had been likeliest to the Divine charity itself, though the world had been very severe upon it. Why not now apply that policy to dogmatic differences which had become a tradition in dealing with sins of the flesh? Why not extend a little of that infinite pity to the submissive and pure in heart that seek after God? "Else you will fall into inconsistency, and then it will be difficult," he remarked with a prophetic glance toward Pascal and Sainte-Beuve, "not to write a satire about you." The General was almost shaken out of his propriety. For less boldness than this, he told Inglesant, a man had found that there are dungeons in Castel Sant' Angelo which pay no window tax. But it was a passing shower. He soliloquized in the melodramatic style we may easily suppose, and sent Inglesant away with his blessing, to receive which the Quietist knelt with his wonted grace on the steps of the Gesù, thereby seeming to recant his opinion and betray his party. The prisoners were released on abjuring tenets they had never held. Molinos himself retracted in the great Inquisition-Church of the Minerva; and our author thinks that the Roman populace, on seeing him, shouted "Fire, fire!" But we would submit that they were tolerant and philosophical, as we have heard; and they cannot have delighted much in faggots, the San Benito, or roasted flesh; for they had not feasted, we think, on a single one of these things during at least a hundred and fifty years. Molinos, at any rate, was not "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Neither was he shut up in the windowless quarter of Sant' Angelo. Confined in a monastery he certainly was. He might be thankful to fare no worse. The Spirit of the Age (which is neither angel nor devil) reviled toleration in those days as worse than Socinian, as blank Atheism. That Spirit had witnessed Servetus agonizing in the flames, a century before, and could still remember how Melancthon had put heart into Calvin on the occasion, writing to him: "*Tuo judicio prorsus assentior; affirmo etiam vestros magistratus juste fecisse, quod hominem blasphemum, re ordine judicata, interfecerunt.*" There was no Liberalism at

Lambeth or Geneva; and there was less toleration than at Rome. Our author dwells on the clemency shown in this business of Quietism, as in many another like it, by the Holy Office. True, in the romance, John Inglesant enjoys for a few days the view from Castel Sant' Angelo; he is, as it were, imprisoned; but this was an almost playful warning from Father-General that he must now seek his native air, and meddle with Roman mysteries no more. They take an affectionate, nay tender, leave of one another; Inglesant loved the Society still, nor did they deal harshly with him. But that is the last glimpse we catch of Rome and the Jesuits.

John came back to England, an Anglican once again, and founded on the borders of Wales a house of prayer, where he died and was buried. Carved on his tomb is a profession of the only things he held certain—"Sub isto marmore, Joannes Inglesant Peccator, usque ad judicium latet, expectans revelationem filiorum Dei." But he bids us farewell more pleasantly, walking in the meadows over which Worcester Cathedral looks out towards the Malverns, and when sunset is flooding the sky and the gentle river. There he sums up the argument of his life and of the book. He cares little for politics. His heart is in the battle of the Churches, which divides a man against himself, obedience and faith against reason and freedom. It is an awful agony. But one thing has now grown clear to him—the tyranny of Dogma. It is that which sentences Rome; for Rome has traded on the highest instincts of the heart—its love and passionate remorse, its yearning after the unseen, its faith and self-denial. For the stones of her foundation she has truths as deep as life or death; but she has set up her gates on the suppression of knowledge, and her walls by banning free thought. She has played into the hands of vice, greed, and cruelty. She is the enemy of the human race. The Catholic Church is not so much a system, then, as Satan that has got into Christ's judgment-seat? Questionable!

But the Church of England, he declares consistently enough and not ironically, has neither equal nor parallel. Logic may scorn her; but what matter? She allows reason and faith to dwell side by side. She has abolished confession and priests that work miracles; still she offers her sacraments (by Act of Parliament) to every British subject, and they avail with "those that believe in them." Her discipline is imperfect; but her destruction would be a calamity. When it is argued that she speaks only with bated breath; that Rome has a logical position nor ever falters in her tone; that if absolute truth be revealed, there must be an oracle to expound it, and that oracle Rome, he replies: "Absolute truth is not revealed, and that is the only answer possible. Treating Christianity as the absolute truth

has debased it, inflicting on us dogmas and creeds, which suit only base mechanic understandings." Then the Idealist in him speaks: "Superstition is one extreme, Scepticism another. Hold fast by Divine Light and the Law of Progress. Virtue, Justice, Love are not mere names beginning with a capital letter. They are elements of the Ideal, which is, though we know not where, and our highest culture views it still from afar. But let us keep loyal to Progress, Development, Evolution (a real instinct in us, explain it how we may), and then, treading Superstition under foot, imitating Christ, the Master of the Ideal method, we shall, though on earth, have our conversation in Heaven."

These are high themes. Have we leave, ere sunset fades off the tower of Worcester, to say a word upon them, by Severn-side? Roman or not Roman is ever the question. Look at the great structure Inglesant will seem in the popular imagination to have reared; a thing monstrous in its architecture—vast, gloomy, unhallowed; haunted by demons; with a name and its interpretation sculptured above its portals. The name is Rome, the interpretation Jesuitism. Two distorted figures, like Titanic caryatides, bear the immense edifice upon their shoulders—Machiavelli the Jesuit, Aristophanes the Cardinal. They must be taken as types, not accidents, of the Catholic religion; otherwise, indeed, the story is somewhat out of date, and its argument against us a fallacy. Demolish these sons of Atlas, and the Temple of Iniquity must fall; it will be seen as a caricature or cloud-phantom, a little dubious sunshine reflected in grotesque combinations upon miles of mist. Where then, we ask, do these Jesuit unbelievers, these Cardinals that, like Roman augurs, never look one another in the face without smiling, these religious that die for their faith but count it a mockery, inhabit in the world's annals? Has John Inglesant chapter and verse for them? We do not speak of this individual or that, although it is our candid conviction that no such Jesuit as Saint Clare ever lived. Neither do we speak of men that secretly disbelieved the creed they taught. The Church that could not reach them need not answer for them. But we ask for proof from our author that his Jesuit sums up the Society of Jesus, and his Cardinal the Sacred College. What manuals, treatises, secret correspondences, "lettres édifiantes," will he produce in court as evidence? These are old calumnies to rip up again; how came a Platonist and lover of the truth by such worn-out gear?

We are afraid he wove the threads together in the famous loom *a priori*; by combining Jesuit maxims misunderstood with traditional legends never verified. But suppose the *a priori* loom is capable only of weaving romance, and not history? The truth has now been incarnate amongst men since the coming of Christ; it is a great visible Fact, though supernatural, too. Its

dimensions are not to be taken Platonically, with a theodolite. If History shows that the Catholic Church and the thing called "Jesuitism" be inextricably combined, we will allow John Inglesant that Christianity, as a distinct and regal power in the world, is spent. The days of the Son of Man will be over, then; and we must needs wait, despondingly enough, for "the blaze of a purer Mythos." Only let us first understand, quite clearly, what Jesuitism is. A very precise description of it was once given in "*Fors Clavigera*," as follows:

My friends, says Mr. Ruskin, the follies of (this creed), many and great though they be, are practically summed in the denial or neglect of the quality and intrinsic value of things. Its rectangular beatitudes and spherical benevolences—theology of universal indulgence and jurisprudence that will hang no rogues—mean, one and all, in the root of them, incapacity of discerning, or refusal to discern, worth or unworth in anything, and least of all in man; whereas Nature and Heaven command you at your peril to discern worth and unworth in everything, and most of all in man.

How this winged word transfixes, like an arrow, our F. Saint Clare! Is he not done to the life? His scepticism, his leniency, his lax theologies and moralities—it is the very man, as he shows in the book, however the author meant him. This, too, is Carlyle's Jesuit in the *Latter Day Pamphlets*, that has put out the lamp of his intellect, and sells formulas in the marketplace, indifferent himself of what kind they are, as a blind man might sell green or yellow spectacles according to the demand. Here are the earliest Jesuits, and Escobar and Diana, and the Father General in our story, and the whole Black Militia. Only mark well, reader, that Ruskin has not been describing the Jesuits at all; he has not said a word about them; he is defining, not Catholicism, but Liberalism! Is there no light shown us here? Surely, the Jesuits that preach Christ everywhere and the Liberals that crucify Him all day long, are not and never have been one and the same. Theories are a fleet of glass when they dash upon the rocks of history and experience; and such a rock is the antagonism, not to be put by, of religious Liberalism and the Church. If one of these two be the thing called Jesuitism, the other is not. Our author declares that the Jesuits have carried into all lands the worship of Jesus Christ. That is a vital admission. But not they alone, we say. The Church through all her orders and ministries has exalted the person and mind of her Master and poured out His grace on mankind. Is not this, as Ruskin calls it, discerning the intrinsic quality and worth there is in all things? For to preach Christ is to advance Humanity. And, on the other hand, do not the stammering speech, the helpless no-creed of the Church of England, prove that

it does not discern the quality of any fact whatsoever? Or shall we call its hesitation to dogmatize a sign of ineffable knowledge? Its thoughts are, perhaps, too large for utterance; its silence veils a sanctuary. But the English Church is not exactly silent; it only has no creed because it has so many. It is a refuge, by law established, for sceptics of every colour—High, Broad, and Low; for those that incline to worship Christ as the Son of the Father, and those to whom, like John Inglesant, he is a Hebrew Plato and Master of the Ideal. To affirm or deny His Majesty will leave Anglicanism what it is, a human thing, and by no means a divine thing. But if the Roman Church denied Him, or raised another to equal honours with Him, or resolved His teaching into a Platonic Quietism, that day would be her last. This we think undeniable; does it not, in the light of Ruskin's definition, offer food for thought? Through all the dimness and obstructions of this lower world it is growing clearer that the Ideal Christianity is Rome. And if Christ cannot save a world fast hurrying to ruin—burning its religion as “a pestilential heap of Hebrew old clothes,” and falling to savagery and nakedness—where is the power that can? How many virtues are not dead, how many noblenesses not falling extinct, outside the magic circle of the Church? Christianity, we hold, is absolute truth made visible in the forms most sacred, congenial, and intelligible to man; nor will the perilous trance of Quietism ever supply to the world of men and women the abiding energy that transforms the weakness of the flesh to the splendour of the spirit.

May not this be the key to “John Inglesant”? He would fain come to the Father, but in drawing nigh to Him he is tempted into forgetfulness of the Son. Surely when Christ said “No man cometh to the Father except by Me,” He meant also, “No man abideth in the Father unless He abide in me.” We cannot transcend the Son, nor express the divine truth but according to His mind. Acknowledge His grace and presence among mankind, and the Church will seem as manifest as the light of noonday. But to acknowledge Christ is to exchange Free Thought for the simplicity that believes in His word as truly as it feels His undying influence. Our author sees God as in a dream; for the vision of things in the sunshine we need the euphrasy and rue of humble faith that will purge our eyes from the sleep wherein we take phantoms for realities. That soaring Cathedral of the Ages that he has been viewing from without and calling Romanism and Jesuitism, seems to him now a pile of mouldering ruins; the dead of eighteen centuries lie beneath its pavement; and shattered arch and fallen architrave and here and there a column not yet flung down are but melancholy memorials of what they wrought. The great stained windows

seem darkened glass, clamped together by mildewed bits of lead, and holding on them for awhile some smutch of hieroglyphic painting; the altar and sacrifice and golden lights an earthquake has removed. He studies the horizon, and no fresh stars are coming up the sky. The future is dark; the grey years bear a burden towards us we cannot see. He does not hope; but like a true mystic he can resign himself to the unsearchable will. How different, we say to him, had he faith in the Word of the Father! He might know the Cathedral of the Ages then, as it truly is; a temple all glorious within; its lamps kindled for the sacrifice that consecrates and ransoms Nature no less than Man; its music never silent; its song of all kindreds and peoples as they kneel in white raiment round immemorial shrines; its windows flaming with ruby and amethyst, and the number numberless of saints immortalized and hierarchies made visible in Heaven; and, casting down lights like the promise of morning on the Eastern altar, he might lift his eyes above, to the Rose of Christ.

WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

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ART. VII.—RECENT EVIDENCE IN SUPPORT OF  
1 JOHN v. 7.

1. *Codex Fuldensis*. Edidit ERNESTUS RANKE. Marburgi et Lipsiæ. 1868.
2. *Italafragmente der Paulinischen Briefe nebst Bruchstücke einer Vorhieronimianischen Uebersetzung des ersten Johannesbriefes*. Von L. ZIEGLER. Marburg. 1876.
3. *Études Bibliques*. Par M. L'ABBÉ LE HIR. Paris. 1869.
4. *A New Plea for the Authenticity of the Text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses*. By the Rev. CHARLES FORSTER, B.D. Cambridge. 1867.

WHEN the Revised Version of the New Testament was first published, we expressed some strong opinions with regard to its textual omissions. It is a satisfaction to find that these opinions have been confirmed by certain articles in the October and January numbers of the *Quarterly Review*. No one who has read Dean Burgon's defence of "the last twelve verses of St. Mark" could fail to recognize the writer of those articles. Dean Burgon has lost all patience with the revisers and their work. At first his cry was, Who shall revise the revisers? Now he pronounces their work an "utter failure," and its case "simply hopeless." He accuses the revisers of "hopelessly unsettling the



faith of millions," of sowing "broadcast over four continents doubts as to the truth of Scripture, which it will never be in their power either to remove or to recall." He says that "if the Church of England were to adopt their disfigurement of the sacred page, she would deserve to be pointed at with scorn by the rest of Christendom." There is one textual omission, however, made by the revisers, for which even Dean Burgon has no word of condemnation. We refer, of course, to the well-known verse in St. John's first epistle, about the Heavenly Witnesses. The brave defender of the integrity of St. Mark's Gospel joins in the general surrender by Protestants of this verse to the continued assaults of textual critics. This surrender of one of the strongest defences of dogmatic truth is only too complete; and, strangely enough, it has been made just one hundred years after Gibbon sapped it with his "solemn sneer." In thus surrendering, Dr. Alexander, the Protestant Bishop of Derry, who treats of St. John's Epistles in the last volume of the "*Speaker's Commentary*," claims credit for what he calls "the candour of Christian criticism." We should prefer to call this characteristic feebleness of Protestantism against rationalistic attack, downright cowardice. It is all very well for Dr. Lightfoot to talk of there being other texts which prove the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity. But are they quite sure—it has been well said—that they have any text so clear or so strong as 1 John v. 7? Pearson found it needful in his exposition of the Creed; the Westminster Confession of Faith could not dispense with it. Dogmatic belief among Protestants is not so strong in these days that it can afford to give up the support of a single verse of Holy Writ. But it is not simply a question of giving up one among several texts; the mischief lies in the humiliating confession, drawn forth by Socinian pressure, that what Christians thought to be Scripture was only an interpolation; that for centuries Christians had rested the central dogma of their faith on a spurious verse. The taunts which Anglicans uttered against the Catholic Church on account of the False Decretals will surely return upon their own heads.

Now, we maintain that this base surrender is not merely a crime, but that it is also a blunder; inasmuch as they have surrendered at the wrong time—just when the case for the verse was at its strongest, and the hostile attack was growing feebler. Since the controversy first arose about this memorable verse, all fresh evidence has gone to support its authenticity; and we maintain that the arguments in defence of the verse were never so strong as in this, the hour of Protestant surrender. We have no intention of inflicting upon our readers even a summary of a discussion so old, so complicated, and so dry. Dr. Tregelles gives a list of some fifty or sixty treatises on this question alone.

Erasmus and Stunica, Sir Isaac Newton and Bentley, Porson and Travis, Simon and Martyn, Griesbach and Scholz, Burgess and Turton, are some of the combatants who figure in the strife. Our object is to bring forward some recent evidence in support of the disputed verse, and thus to show that the case is stronger than ever it was before.

But first we owe an apology to our Catholic readers for troubling them with a discussion which is needless in their regard. As we Catholics have not received the sacred Scriptures at the hands of biblical critics, so neither can they deprive us even of the shortest verse. It suffices for us to know that the Council of Trent commands us to receive the sacred books, "*with all their parts*, as they are accustomed to be read in the Vulgate edition." And there is good reason for thinking that the Fathers had this very verse in their mind when they referred to disputed parts. Père Simon and Dr. Scholz, alone among Catholic writers, have questioned the genuineness of the verse on critical grounds, though they received it on the authority of the Church. If, like St. Augustine, we believe the whole Gospel on the authority of the Catholic Church, there can be but little difficulty in accepting her judgment on a single verse of a single epistle. Still, it is not well for Catholics to suppose that in this or any other controversy, evidence and authority are wholly opposed, or that textual critics have all the argument on their side.

Every one who has read anything of this discussion knows how important a place is held by a certain Prologue to the Canonical Epistles, commonly ascribed to St. Jerome. The writer of that Prologue finds fault with certain unfaithful transcribers for omitting the verse containing the testimony of the Heavenly Witnesses. If it were but certain that this preface came from the pen of St. Jerome, there would be an end to the discussion; or, rather, the discussion would never have had a beginning. All we know of the preface is this—that it was found in almost all the Latin Bibles from the ninth century downwards, with or without St. Jerome's name attached. Père Simon was the first to question the authenticity of the Prologue, and, finally, the Benedictine editors of St. Jerome added weighty reasons for denying it to be St. Jerome's. Since their time the preface has been commonly rejected by critics, and looked upon as an impudent forgery of the ninth century. Thus, one of our strongest witnesses was discredited and driven out of court, to the great injury of the cause. Now, of late years fresh evidence has been adduced, which tends to prove that the critics were too hasty, and that in all probability the Prologue is the genuine work of St. Jerome. At Fulda there is an old Latin New Testament manuscript which bears an eventful history. It has long been

treasured for centuries among the relics of St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, for it bears an old inscription, saying: "Sanctus Bonifacius præsentī libro functus est dum vixit." St. James's Epistle has a marginal gloss, written by an Anglo-Saxon hand, probably, Dr. Ranke thinks, by St. Boniface himself. The enthusiastic Editor of the "Codex Fuldensis" is not content with such honour as this, but would almost claim for his favourite "Codex" a share in the martyrdom of the great Apostle of Germany. He relates, on the authority of an eye-witness, that St. Boniface, when struck at by the sword, raised the book of the Holy Gospels to protect his head, and thus the book which was his consolation in life was his shield in death. The book, Dr. Ranke says, was cut through by the fatal blow. Then, just when he has led us to think that the "Codex Fuldensis" is the very book, he confesses with real sorrow that it cannot be, for it is quite entire and uncut. But the age of this interesting MS. is far greater than the time of St. Boniface. Happily, its date is not a matter of conjecture, for at the end of the Acts there is found the following inscription:—† "Victor famulus xpī. et ejus gratia epi<sup>sc</sup>. capuæ legi VI. non. mai. d. ind. nona quinq. pc. basilii uc. cs." This, being interpreted by the learned Editor, means that Victor, Bishop of Capua, read or corrected this MS. in the year five hundred and forty-six. Immediately following this note we find the Prologue to the Canonical Epistles.\* St. Jerome's name is not found, but the name of Eustochium sufficiently denotes who was the writer. Here, then, we have a most important fact—the disputed Prologue, the cast-off forgery

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\* The following is the Prologue, as it stands in the "Codex Fuldensis":

Non ita ordo est apud graecos qui integre sapiunt et fidem rectam sectantur. Epistularum septem quae canonicae nuncupantur ut in latinis codicibus inuenitur quod petrus primus est in numero apostolorum primae sint etiam eius epistolae in ordine ceterarum. Sed sicut euangelistas dudum ad ueritatis lineam correximus ita has proprio ordine deo nos iuuante reddidimus

Est enim prima earum una iacobi. petri duae iohannis tres et iudae una Quae si ut ab eis digestae sunt ita quoque ab interpretibus fideliter in latinum eloquium uerterentur nec ambiguitatem legentibus facerent nec sermonum se uarietas inugnaret illo praecipue loco ubi de unitate trinitatis in prima iohannis epistula positum legimus in qua est ab infidelibus translatoribus multum erratum esse fidei ueritate conperimus trium tantummodo uocabula hoc est aquae sanguinis et spiritus, in ipsa sua editione potentes et patri uerbique ac spiritus testimonium omittentes. In quo maxime et fides catholica roboratur et patris et filii et spiritus sancti una diuinitatis substantia conprobatur. In ceteris uero epistulis quantum nostra aliorum distet editio lectoris prudentiae derelinquo. Sed tu uirgo christi eustochium dum a me impensius scribituræ ueritatem inquiris meam quodammodo senectutem inuidorum dentibus conrodendam exponis qui me falsarium corruptoremque sanctarum pronuntiant scribaturarum. Sed ego in tali opere nec aemulorum meorum inuidiam pertimesco nec sanctae scribituræ ueritatem poscentibus denegabo.

of the ninth century, is contained in a MS. written a little more than a century after St. Jerome's death. It is not improbable that the MS. is even older, and that the above date only records the time when the Bishop of Capua corrected the text and prefixed his own preface about the Ammonian sections. The scribe who copied the text copied also the Prologue, which must have stood in his exemplar; unless, indeed, he wrote it himself, and palmed off his forgery on the Bishop of Capua, who ends the preface which he himself wrote with these words: "Omnia probemus secundum apostolum et quæ sunt bona sectemur." It is, then, quite clear that, proving all things, Victor of Capua, in 546, approved the Prologue to the Canonical Epistles as the genuine work of him whose name is inseparably linked with that of St. Eustochium. In the presence of this fact, Dom Martianay's arguments from internal grounds have but little weight. It is true that St. Jerome usually called these letters Catholic, and not Canonical. No man is perfectly consistent in his language, and certainly St. Jerome was not. In one place, at least, he called St. Peter's Epistles canonical. The statement about conforming the Latin to the Greek order of these Epistles presents no difficulty; for it is clear, from St. Augustine and Cassiodorius, that in many Latin versions before St. Jerome's revision, St. Peter's Epistles stood first. We are hardly in a position to deny that St. Jerome may have found the Heavenly Witnesses in Greek MSS. of his day, simply because they are wanting in the few fourth-century MSS. which have come down to us. The most perplexing circumstance is that the very scribe who copied the Prologue rebuking faithless scribes, himself left out the verse. So also does the sister MS., the "Codex Amiatinus," which, however, does not contain the Prologue. This may have occurred, here as elsewhere, through the drowsiness of copyists, of which St. Jerome had so often reason to complain. But it is not improbable that the "Codex Fuldensis" has undergone changes not approved by St. Jerome. For instance, it omits the passage in St. John's Gospel about the sinful woman, which we know St. Jerome comprised in his Vulgate; whilst it contains the Epistle to the Laodiceans; of which he says: "Ab omnibus exploditur." Whatever be the true explanation of the omission of the verse in these two MSS., there is no sufficient reason for saying, as many critics do, that St. Jerome gave the verse no place in his revision of the New Testament. MSS. at Toledo, at La Cava, and at Wolfenbüttel, of almost equal antiquity, together with nearly all the Latin Bibles from the ninth century, prove the contrary. And the few which omit the verse itself, still contain the Prologue, like the "Codex Fuldensis," as a standing reproof of the carelessness of their transcribers. We have, then, to thank Dr. Ranke, the learned

Editor of the "Codex Fuldensis," for making known the fact that the much-disputed Prologue is no forgery of the ninth century, but in all probability the genuine work of St. Jerome, read and approved as such by Victor of Capua in 546.

For the next piece of evidence we are again indebted to a learned German scholar, L. Ziegler, of Munich, to whom the Biblical world owes the Freisingen fragments. From bits of parchment used to bind later MSS., and even from impressions left by the ink on the paste, this indefatigable scholar has recovered parts of an old uncial MS. of the fifth or sixth century. These fragments comprise a considerable portion of St. Paul's Epistles, of St. Peter's, and, what is most important to the present question, the first Epistle of St. John, with the verse containing the testimony of the Heavenly Witnesses. Unfortunately, a part of each line in the last chapter has perished, and has to be supplied by conjecture; but enough remains to prove the existence of the disputed verse. It stands thus:—

· ETSPSEst testimonium

QUIASPSESTVERITAS QMTRes sunt qui testificantur

INTERRA · SPSETAQUAETSAnguis et tres sunt qui tes

IIFICANTURINCAELOPaTEREt verbum et spsscs et hi

TRESUNUMSUNT

It will be observed that in this, as in most old MSS., the earthly witnesses stand before the Heavenly; and moreover, that it differs from the Vulgate and the old Latin version in reading that the Spirit is the Truth. Here, then, is the evidence of a newly discovered MS., older than any previously known, in support of the verse. This alone would be of extreme importance; but the weight of its evidence is doubled on examining the nature of the version which is preserved in these fragments. We regret that space will not allow of our following the learned editor in his dissertation on this subject. We must content ourselves with simply stating the conclusions arrived at after most careful examination. Ziegler's study of early Latin versions before St. Jerome's revision leads him to confirm the literal truth of what St. Augustine said about the number of those who translated the Scriptures from Greek into Latin. He has also succeeded in identifying the version which St. Augustine called the *Itala*, and which he praised above all other Latin versions, for its superior clearness and fidelity. Assuming that St. Augustine would himself have used the version he commended so highly, Ziegler has carefully compared his quotations with the Freisingen MS., and finds an almost perfect identity in word and phrase. Out of three thousand five hundred words of parallel passages, there are but seventy variations. The conclusion clearly is, that the Freisingen MS. preserves to us St. Augustine's *Itala*—at least

in part. Would that we had the whole! Not only has Ziegler solved a problem which has long vexed the souls of critics, but he has proved that in St. Augustine's Bible the testimony of the Heavenly Witnesses is not wanting. In this last conclusion we regret that we have not the support of the learned editor's authority. He thinks, most unreasonably, as we hope to prove, that the verse was interpolated into the Itala version about fifty years after the great doctor's death. The first undoubted citation of the verse was in the Confession of Faith presented by the Catholic bishop to the Arian king, Hunneric, in 483. It is not certain who drew up the Confession, but there is good ground for believing that it was Eugenius, the venerable patriarch of Carthage. If so, from what Latin version did he derive this quotation? Ziegler's researches make it possible to give an answer to this question. He brings forward the Scriptural citations made by Aurelius, who was Bishop of Carthage in the time of St. Augustine. On examination and comparison with the Freisingen MS. a verbal identity is established. This proves that Aurelius used the same Itala as St. Augustine. The successor of Aurelius in the see of Carthage was Capreolus, whose letters against the Nestorians show that he also used the Itala. The next bishop was the saintly confessor, Eugenius, who, according to Gennadius, compiled the Confession of Faith, and was the first to refute Arianism with the testimony of the three Heavenly Witnesses. We have, then, the choice of one out of these three alternatives. Either Eugenius interpolated the verse into the Itala, or one of his predecessors did so after St. Augustine's time, or it was in the Itala from the beginning. The first is too absurd; for it involves the supposition that the saintly confessor was guilty of gross fraud, that four hundred of his fellow bishops attested that fraud with their signatures, and that they had no fear of being found out by the Arian bishops with whom they were about to engage in controversy. The second alternative is only a shade less ridiculous. From the death of St. Augustine, in 430, till after the time of Eugenius, the Arians ruled in North Africa. Under the Vandal kings the Catholic Church was disestablished, disendowed, and cruelly persecuted. Arianism was the established religion. Is it likely that during such a period Catholic bishops could have inserted into the sacred text a verse never before heard of, in refutation of the reigning heresy, and passed it off as genuine, even upon the Arian bishops themselves? And all this within fifty years, and in that very country where, only a few years before, a popular tumult had arisen because St. Jerome's new Vulgate had changed Jonah's "gourd" into "ivy"! There is, then, no escape from the conclusion that the verse was in the Itala from the time of St. Augustine, and that Eugenius derived it from the version then in

common use in the Church of Carthage. That the verse was established in that version not many years later we have undeniable proof in the Freisingen fragment, and in the citations of St. Fulgentius, who also used the Itala. Hence we have the strongest reason for believing that it was there from the beginning. The Santa Croce MS. has already made it evident that the old Latin, or African Bible, in like manner contained the verse.

Here we must pause, in order to encounter the obvious difficulty—How is it that, if St. Augustine had the verse in his Bible, he never quotes it in his various works? How is it, too, that he gives a mystical interpretation of the eighth verse, which he never could have done had he known of the seventh? In the first place, we reply that if the *Speculum*, or *Liber Testimoniorum*, preserved in the Santa Croce MS. at Rome, is really the work of St. Augustine, the difficulty vanishes. The compiler of that early collection of Scriptural texts for the defence of dogmatic truth quotes the heavenly witnesses no less than three times. Cardinal Wiseman, in his memorable letters, and Cardinal Mai, in his “*Nova Bibliotheca Patrum*,” agree in claiming St. Augustine as the author. On the other hand, the Benedictine editors of St. Augustine’s works have given a place in their edition another *Speculum* of an entirely different nature. *Quis potest tantas componere lites?* The learned Ziegler denies that St. Augustine could have written the Santa Croce *Speculum*; first, because the texts quoted therein are from the old Latin, or African version, whilst St. Augustine is known to have used the Itala; and, secondly, because the compiler quotes the apocryphal Letter to the Laodiceans, which he says St. Augustine never would have done. We must, then, seek some other solution of the difficulty. If we put aside the *Speculum* we must admit there is no quotation of the verse in St. Augustine’s works, which is so clear and precise that it cannot be called in question. But there are manifest allusions, which are the more unmistakable in the light of what we know of the Itala version.\*

St. Augustine’s mystical interpretation of the eighth verse, so far from disproving the existence of the seventh verse, when rightly understood, really confirms it. No such interpretation of the earthly witnesses could have been possible or called for, had not the great doctor known and wished to maintain the parallel verse about the Heavenly Witnesses. As the Abbé Le Hir has shown, this mystical interpretation is not the spontaneous outpouring of his ardent soul, but it was wrung from him by the exigencies of

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\* For instance: “*Deus summus et verus, cum verbo suo et Spiritu Sancto, quia tria unum sunt.*”—*De Civit. Dei*, v. 11. “*Vis habere bonam causam? habeto duos vel tres testes, Patrem et Filium et Spiritum Sanctum.*”—*In Joan.* xxxvi. 10. Cited by Le Hir out of Mai.

controversy, and he was forced to it in his desire to save the eighth verse from Arian perversion. St. Augustine was replying to the Arian Maximin, who had evidently turned the one verse against the other, urging that as the "*tres unum sunt*" could not be understood to mean substantial or essential unity in the case of the Spirit, the water and the blood, so neither could the parallel expression imply that the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost were consubstantial. To save, then, the vital doctrine of the Homoeousion St. Augustine had recourse to mysticism, and claimed the earthly witnesses as types and figures of the heavenly. Hence St. Augustine's strange and, as Cardinal Franzelin calls it, mistaken tenacity in maintaining that in the Scripture the phrase "*unum sunt*" always meant essential or substantial unity. Except as a controversial expedient for the protection of the eighth verse, St. Augustine's mystical interpretation would have been as unmeaning as it was unnatural. The theological difficulty occasioned by the parallelism of the two verses is not an imaginary one. To avoid it, St. Augustine, after his manner, took refuge in allegory. St. Thomas felt the same difficulty, and sought escape in the supposition that the "*tres unum sunt*" after the earthly witnesses was an Arian interpolation. Grotius, on the other hand, actually thought that the Arians interpolated the seventh verse itself to discredit the doctrine of the Trinity! Possibly, the perception of this difficulty prevented a frequent quotation of the verse in the Arian and Macedonian controversies. We conclude this part of our subject by saying that, as the "*Codex Fuldensis*" gives us the authority of St. Jerome in support of the verse, so the Freisingen Fragment of the Itala assures us of that of St. Augustine. St. Jerome's Vulgate in the New Testament was the Itala revised. If the verse was in the Itala, we may be sure it was in the Vulgate, in the absence of direct testimony that St. Jerome struck it out. If the Itala and the Vulgate, St. Augustine and St. Jerome, are for the verse, we care not how many old manuscripts or how many modern critics are against it.

Here we part company with our learned German friends, whom we have made unwilling, and therefore more credible, witnesses to the genuineness of our verse. And now we betake ourselves to a Sulpitian professor and an Anglican divine, who were both zealous defenders of the Heavenly Witnesses—the Abbé Le Hir and the Rev. C. Forster. Among the "*Études Bibliques*" of the former, there are two learned papers on the internal and external evidence for the verse. The second is left unfinished, through the lamented death of the author in 1869. We owe their publication to the Abbé Grandvaux, of St. Sulpice, who tells us, in his Introduction, that his dying friend's last letter was addressed to the Rev. Charles Forster, to congratulate him on his "*New Plea*,"



and to regret that illness prevented him from writing the promised review. Mr. Forster did not long outlive his friend. Of this, his last book, we may repeat what Dr. Scrivener has said of his first, published in 1838, in defence of the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that "modern Biblical writers have found it easier to pass it by than to refute it." Dr. Scrivener then adds these kindly words:—"In regard to what he well knew would prove his final effort, I would fain call it a success if I could with truth. To rebut much of Porson's insolent sophistry was easy; to maintain the genuineness of this passage is simply impossible."\*

Still, Dr. Scrivener candidly admits that Mr. Forster has made a discovery "of the utmost importance in this controversy," in the production of a Greek authority of the fourth century. In the Benedictine edition of St. Chrysostom (t. xii. p. 416) there is found a Homily by an unknown author, the date of which is fixed by Montfaucon, on internal evidence, as 381—the year after the Pneumatomachi and Anomœans had been banished from Constantinople. The subject of the discourse is the Trinity in Unity; the text is the first words of St. John's Gospel; the treatment of the subject is grounded avowedly on the teaching of St. John. Mr. Forster selects two sentences from this homily which prove that the preacher was quoting the verse about the Heavenly Witnesses. We print the original words in the note, and in the text we give Mr. Forster's comment and explanation.† "It is written that the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost are one." *κέκληται* is equivalent to *γέγραπται*, and is the usual formula for Scriptural quotation. The only possible reference is to 1 John v. 7. When the preacher goes on to say that the Holy Trinity is proclaimed by God the Father, he refers to "the witness of God" (v.9.) "The Trinity of the Apostles is the *witness* to the Heavenly Trinity." By the Trinity of the Apostles the preacher means the Trinity as preached or typified by the three Apostles, St. John, St. Paul, and St. Peter, previously referred to. "Here then," Mr. Forster says, "we have the whole seventh verse: Three in One connected with the idea of witness, and the witness of the Apostles on earth, emblematising the witness of the Heavenly Triad—the three that bear witness in Heaven" (p. 202). Besides this passage, Mr. Forster has brought forward many additional patristic evidences in support of the verse, but few are so convincing as the preceding.

The Abbé Le Hir has found another witness to the authenticity

\* "Plain Introduction to Criticism of New Testament," p. 561.

† 1. *εἰς κέκληται ὁ Πατήρ καὶ ὁ Υἱὸς καὶ τὸ Πνεῦμα τὸ Ἅγιον.*

2. *δεῖ γὰρ τῇ ἀποστολικῇ χορείᾳ παραχωρήσαι τὴν Ἀγίαν Τριάδα, ἣν ὁ Πατὴρ καταγγέλλει. Τριάς Ἀποστόλων, μάρτυς τῆς οὐρανίου Τριάδος.*

of the verse in question in the person of St. Claudius Apollinaris, Bishop of Hierapolis, in Phrygia, in the latter half of the second century. Time has spared but very little of what this great Apologist wrote. This is the more to be regretted because Eusebius, Theodoret, and Photius are so loud in their praise of his learning and eloquence. St. Claudius Apollinaris took part in the Paschal controversy, and two brief extracts of his work are preserved in the "Chronicon Paschale." Of these fragments, Dr. Westcott says "that there is no reason for doubting their genuineness."\* And Dr. Donaldson, in his "History of Christian Literature," expresses the same opinion.† In one of them, St. Claudius describes Christ as "the true Pasch, the great Sacrifice, the Son of God in place of the Paschal lamb, who Himself in chains, hath bound the strong, who, Himself judged, is the Judge of the living and the dead; who was delivered into the hands of sinners to be crucified; who was exalted on the horns of the unicorn; whose sacred side was pierced, whence there flowed the two fountains of regeneration, *water and blood, the Word and the Spirit*" (ὕδωρ καὶ αἷμα, λόγον καὶ πνεῦμα). Here we find the two earthly and the two Heavenly Witnesses placed side by side in the very same order in which they are found in St. John's Epistle, and differing from that of his Gospel, in which αἷμα precedes ὕδωρ. The learned professor points out that we have in this beautiful passage, not only a most clear reference to the seventh and eighth verses, but also an expression of the saint's faith in the real presence of the Word in the Blessed Eucharist, and in the instrumentality of the Holy Ghost in Baptism. This testimony from a time and place so near to St. John has a most important bearing on the controversy. It is distinctly new evidence, and from Greek sources, of an age anterior to any existing manuscript. It is quite as convincing as the quotations of Tertullian and St. Cyprian, upon which all defenders of the verse lay such stress. We do not suppose that it will convince hardened opponents of the verse. We doubt if any patristic quotation could, for they would surely evade its force by one or other of Griesbach's well-known methods. If, speaking of the Three Divine Persons, it is said—τὰ τρία ἐν, or *unum tria sunt*, it is a quotation from some creed, as if the creed itself was not based upon the very verse! Or, if the writer appeals to the united witness of the Three Divine Persons, he must mean "the Spirit, the water, and the blood" mystically understood of the Trinity. A striking instance of this unfairness of modern critics is seen in their attempts to weaken the testimony of St. Cyprian, of which Tischendorf says: "*gravissimus est Cyprianus.*" Nothing could

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\* "History of the Canon of the New Testament," p. 248.

† "History of Christian Literature," vol. iii. p. 245.

be stronger than St. Cyprian's words :—"Dicit Dominus *Ego et Pater unum sumus* et iterum de Patre et Filio et Spiritu Sancto scriptum est *Et tres unum sunt.*" ("De unit. Eccl. v.") And in his letter to Jubaianus there occurs a similar expression. All doubt about St. Cyprian's reference to 1 John v. 7 is removed by St. Fulgentius, of Ruspe, who, in the early part of the sixth century, quotes the verse word for word, and adds—"Quod etiam beatissimus martyr Cyprianus in Epist. de unitate Eccles: confitetur dicens. De Patre et Filio et Spiritu Sancto scriptum est: *Et tres unum sunt.*" Yet Dr. Scrivener is the only modern critic opposed to the verse, who has the honesty to say "it is surely safer and more candid to admit that Cyprian read verse 7 in his copies, than to resort to the explanation of Facundus that the holy bishop was merely putting upon verse 8 a spiritual meaning."\*

But we must not end without an attempt to carry the war into the enemy's country. The impugnors of the verse have an easy time of it as long as they are attacking our small body of external testimony with all the weapons of destructive criticism. Let us attack them in return, and try if the position they are forced to take up is better capable of defence. It is not fair that all the "diatribes" should be on their side. Now, according to our opponents, the first appearance of the verse is in a history of the Vandal persecution, written by St. Victor of Vita, at the close of the fifth century. Some critics contented themselves with saying that, because the saintly historian relates certain miracles in his book, he cannot be believed, and so the account about the Confession of Faith presented to Hunneric by the Catholic bishops must be a myth. This short and easy method might have sufficed, were it not for other citations of the verse which appeared in other quarters about the same period. The critics demanded a scapegoat, upon whom they could lay the blame. So they fixed upon Vigilius of Thapsus, an African Bishop of that period, of whom not much is known except that he signed the Confession of Faith, was driven into exile, and wrote in defence of the Catholic Faith. Griesbach says, in his diatribe, that the verse "rests principally, not to say *entirely*, on the word and authority of Vigilius of Thapsus" (p. 21). To convey to his readers his sense of horror and indignation at such a discovery, he was obliged to use capital letters. Tischendorf, in like manner, could not conceal his feelings when he wrote that, "Of the Latin fathers, *the first* to use the spurious words was Vigilius of Thapsus, as well in the book he wrote against Varimadus, under the name of Idacius, as in those he wrote to Theophilus under the feigned name of Atha-

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\* "Introduction to Criticism," p. 564.

nasius." The horror of Vigilius seems to grow upon the critics, and Drs. Westcott and Hort call the whole period and its literature "Vigilian." Poor Vigilius! in life the Arians persecuted him, and after death modern critics impute to him all manner of literary crimes. Yet it must be owned there is in all this a sort of wild justice of revenge. No writer has so vexed the souls of critics as Vigilius. Whether to escape persecution or to give greater weight to his writings, he wrote under assumed names. He was the Landor of his age, and wrote controversial dialogues in which St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, and the great doctors, are made to refute the heretics of his own time. This innocent device of Vigilius has often misled modern critics, and so they are revenged upon him. They are quite sure that he forged the seventh verse, and they strongly suspect him of writing the "*Quicumque vult*" Creed, and then putting St. Athanasius's name to it. If we ask what proof they have that Vigilius was thus guilty, critics point to a treatise against a certain Arian deacon, named Varimadus, in which the verse is quoted. True, the author styles himself Idacius; but this is just one of Vigilius's little tricks in assuming other people's names, and our shrewd critics are not to be taken in again. Besides, Vigilius says elsewhere that he had written against Varimadus. Now, it is almost certain, according to the Abbé Le Hir, that the critics are quite wrong, and that Vigilius never wrote the treatise in question. And this for two reasons: First, this treatise does not contain a passage which Vigilius says elsewhere was in his tract; secondly, it is most improbable that Vigilius, who signed the Confession of Faith, in which the passage from St. John is rightly given, would ever have put it in such a form as it is found in Idacius—"Tres sunt qui testimonium prohibent in terra, aqua, sanguis et *caro*, et tres *in nobis* sunt, et tres sunt qui testimonium perhibent in cœlo, Pater, Verbum et Spiritus, et hi tres unum sunt" ("Etudes Bibliques," p. 60). Clearly, then, there must have been two distinct treatises against Varimadus; that which Vigilius wrote has perished, whilst that of Idacius remains. The critics, then, have put the saddle on the wrong horse, and a fine gallop he takes them down the hill of absurdity. According to them, Vigilius wrote the Santa Croce Speculum, the African Confession of Faith, the Freisingen manuscript, and the Preface to the canonical epistles, to propagate his fraudulent invention. According to them, this marvellous man had not only deceived for centuries the whole Christian world, but he took in his own contemporaries, SS. Fulgentius and Victor in Africa, and in Italy, Cassiodorius and Victor of Capua—to say nothing of hundreds of his fellow-bishops who signed the Confession, and the Arian bishops, who did not gainsay it. Certainly Vigilius, *alias*

Athanasius, *alias* Jerome, *alias* Idacius, was a most dangerous impostor; and Griesbach, Tischendorf, and Dr. Hort deserve the greatest credit in exposing him. Truly, certain modern biblical critics are wondrously clever in discovering mares' nests. In this, as in other controversies, one only knows the full strength of one's case when one sees what the opponent's case really is. Who would not prefer to believe that the verse is genuine, though early Greek manuscripts and Eastern versions do not contain it, rather than commit himself to the absurdities involved in its rejection?

We conclude, then, with the hope that though we may not have proved the verse to be genuine; for that—apart from the authority of the Church—is perhaps not possible with our present knowledge, at least we have shown that recent evidence makes the case stronger than before. Of this we are convinced, that though the argument may not be forcible enough to warrant the insertion of the verse where it had no place before, it is amply sufficient to condemn those who have torn it from the sacred page, where it had the prescription of fifteen hundred years, and cast it forth as spurious. One word of warning to our Protestant friends, and we have done. Luther, the father of Protestantism, cut out the verse from his Bible. When Luther was dead, his disciples were forced to restore the verse. The Church of England revisers have rejected the verse from their new Bible. We pray that when the revisers are dead and gone their children may be compelled by the light of new evidence to restore what their fathers took away.

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## ART. VIII.—LITERATURE FOR THE YOUNG.

### PART II.

1. *The Pictorial Sacred History*. Vol. II.: *Life of Christ*. By the Rev. HENRY FORMBY. London: Longmans & Co.
2. *The Gospel Story-Book*. New Edition. London: Burns & Oates.
3. *The Wonderful Life*. By HESBA STRETTON. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.
4. *Jesus of Nazareth; embracing a Sketch of Jewish History to the Time of His Birth*. By EDWARD CLODD. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

LITERATURE for the young is so vast and varied in these days, that it would be impossible in short space to name its most characteristic volumes. As our introduction to remarks,

not upon minute details or upon a myriad small books, but upon a few notable classes and examples, and upon the principles from which such literature takes its value, we have chosen to set down the titles of four volumes treating of the central subject, because these mark three classes of writers with whose works we shall have to deal. "Jesus Christ and Him Crucified"—that is the centre of all instructive literature as well as the centre of all history. Every other kind of teaching is subsidiary to the teaching of this. And though it is not our intention here to treat either of entirely religious books or of the entirely instructive books of schools, we have placed the titles of two books well known in Catholic schools above the names of their substitutes in Protestant or in infidel hands; because these books may be taken as types of the Catholic, the sectarian, the infidel tone, which—though some literature escapes distinct colour from any of the three—gives the colour to by far the larger part of this literature. The writer's attitude towards this central subject—his faith, his erroneous belief, his scepticism, his ardour, his indifference—must be liable to influence at any moment, not less surely if indirectly, all that he writes about lesser things; and upon the child's already established view of it, depends the nature of the influence of all other subjects and of all other reading. A book that tells the natural wonders of the world or of the universe, has a deeper meaning when it comes from a writer penetrated with faith in Him, without whom was made nothing that was made; and even if this truth be not explicitly put forward, the reading has still a deeper meaning also for the child who is full of unclouded belief in the creation. Or, to go still farther, a fiction, even the most unreal fiction that ever was written, has a story of human life to tell, and every story of life must be coloured in some way by the writer's appreciation of the teaching of Christ, just as the reading of every such story is coloured in the child's mind by previous teaching of Christ's ideal of what is highest and best. We might go farther yet, and see that the very literature of play, the wildest fancies devised for young imagination, must have some element of human feeling, images that belong to the real world, and a certain standard of the good, the evil, the beautiful, the compassion-craving—even in the farthest fairyland; and these ideas help in forming the child's judgment of what is good, evil, beautiful, worthy of compassion, in real life; therefore, even they should be able to bear comparison with the Christian ideal. We shall only glance at the books that tell the children about that one great central history, upon the knowledge of which, in the writer's mind and in the child's, depends the influence of all writing and of all reading; but the foregoing remarks will also explain the reason why Catholics prefer Catholic writers even upon non-religious subjects. It is only another example of the prudence,

not narrow and jealous, but Christian, by which we give only a guarded confidence to the works of Protestant writers for the young, and trust implicitly only those who have the warrant of Catholic truth. At the same time, there are many suggestions and plans which we might well borrow from the ingenuity, skill, and energy of writers outside the Church; and some of these we shall mention as they occur in our survey of non-Catholic books.

First we have before us the sacred narrative, almost in the words of the Evangelists, but abridged, simplified, harmonized, and plentifully illustrated. Every one knows the "Pictorial Sacred History, or Bible Stories," of which this *Life of Our Lord* forms a part; it has for years been deservedly popular in our homes and in our schools. Another well-known book, smaller and totally different in plan, is the very winning and time-honoured "*Gospel Story-Book*," which except in the words of Our Lord or His disciples does not adhere to the brief language of the Evangelists, but explains the narrative little by little, gradually unfolding Catholic beliefs and traditions, and almost making its "stories" as devotional as a child's book of meditations. These two books, which differ in plan sufficiently to supplement one another, form our Catholic children's literature of Christ's life. With other books of instruction in doctrine, sacred history or Church history, they are supplied excellently and abundantly. In whatever else our children's literature may be deficient or inferior to the work of non-Catholic writers, in this, the supremely important part, we are far beyond the sects or the sceptics; our children have a most efficient supply of doctrinal and devotional instruction. But it is possible that there is still wanting one very desirable book, a life of Our Lord written upon a system which specially recommends itself in these days, and which has been successfully used by writers outside the Church. It is what we would call the descriptive system. In these times the topography of the Holy Land has been carefully studied, and there is a strong interest in the illustration of the sacred narrative by a knowledge of the customs and scenes of the time, and a minute representation of all the accessories to the main history. This interest has led to many publications that by their merely historical and critical accuracy do much to provide materials for filling in the picture sketched by the Evangelists. The Gospel narratives, the approved traditions of the Church, and all that is taught by her devotional view of Our Lord's Life and Passion—would form the body of the work, which the scenic accessories and historical information would only enhance and explain. Protestant and infidel writers are

already actively making use of every accessory attraction in relating the history that they but poorly or falsely interpret. The same system in Catholic hands would produce a book that would be a treasure to our little ones; for all this illustrative matter would greatly strengthen the vivid picture of the Life of the Lover of Little Children, drawn specially for those whom He loved to bring near Him. We trust such a "Life" is among the good things that are yet to be. There must be already more than one writer who has a special love for children, and knowledge of their needs—very often the characteristic of the priest as of the Master—and who would gladly bring to bear upon such a task the spiritual insight into the subject which would explain and link together the Gospel narratives. Who will give our children the grandest and most heart-touching of all stories, told as a tale is told—the one story that we all shall hear in its fulness only in eternity? We can fancy the joy of Catholic children at receiving, adorned with all beauty that book ever wore, and told in the most winning language that ever made a book beloved, "The Story of Jesus and Mary." Let us wait and hope for it.

"The Wonderful Life," written by Hesba Stretton, is an effort to present such a "Life" to Protestant children. Of course, it falls short sadly; especially the strong recognition of Our Lord's Divinity, and all that is entailed by faith in it, at times seems wanting—as it almost inevitably is wanting in the works of Protestant writers. One thing, however, we were gratified to find in it: a linking of Mary's name with that of her Son, and some recognition of the fact that seems to Catholics as plain a truth as her historical existence—the fact that she best knew her Son, and that she suffered sorrows claiming compassion from all generations.

So much for the Catholic view of Our Lord's Life, and for the well-meaning but erroneous view of sectarian writers. A third view is in these days presented to children—that of the unbeliever. The last book of the four named as our introduction, is, in form, more pretentious than any of the others; in matter, though by its English authorship unconnected with Renan himself, it may be simply described as "Renan for Children." It has all Renan's infidelity, earthly religion, and misinterpretation of the life he sets himself to tell, and this combined with studied attractiveness of style, and garnished with information upon topography and history. It has Renan's coarse denial of Christ's divinity, and the same subtly-deceiving homage to His character and mission. Of all painful books that it could be our lot to read and condemn, we cannot imagine anything more painful than this studious and elaborate attempt to lay in young minds a foundation of infidelity.



Every chapter dishonours Him, whom it treats as a mere benevolent enthusiast, a wise teacher who unfortunately was ill-treated in the end, but whose kingdom, in other words, the goodness and kindliness he inculcated, will undoubtedly abide even if He be forgotten! In former books the same author argued for children, in the "*Childhood of the World*," that the biblical account of the creation is a myth, and that man progressed from a savage state: in the "*Childhood of Religions*," that the Christian religion is but one among many, by which man, struggling in the darkness, worships the one Almighty Omnipresent Being, who, save to the inner consciousness of man, has never revealed Himself. But far more lamentable than the publication of these is the production of such a book as "*Jesus of Nazareth*." Infidelity has assumed a startling character in our days, when for the first time there has begun a propaganda of scepticism for the young. In former times the unbeliever, feeling at least the uncertainty and unhappiness of his unbelief, allowed his children their birthright of the traditional religion of their forefathers, until in mature years they might, if they would, choose otherwise for themselves. But there has come a new era of infidelity when it is sought to make of young children critics of the universe, sceptics with only the sceptic's doubts without any knowledge of their answers. A child, denying Christianity, a sceptic—or even a rationalist of but a few years old—what a monstrosity seems to be implied by the very words! Where would be the childlike heart, and all that makes childhood winning? Where would be the meaning of that word about receiving the kingdom of Heaven, that is, the truth of God, as a little child? Yet these unchildlike children without faith or hope save of a vague kind, with no religion but the verbiage of philanthropy and benevolence, must be the necessary product of those primers of infidelity. The very publication of such books proves that children's literature is the object of ambition and of struggle from every side, as valuable vantage ground from which to influence the future. We shall not come across direct infidelity again in our survey; but we shall meet with much that is coloured by the other two views of Our Lord's Life—the full faith of the Church, and the reverent yet incomplete and misleading belief of Protestantism. We shall not dwell upon attacks against Catholicity now, because we take it for granted that books inspired by aggressive Protestantism do not find their way into Catholic homes, in the same manner as magazines containing such animosity may enter through imperfect examination, the objectionable passages being concealed in their case by the varied and harmless nature of the rest of the contents.

We may divide literature for the young into five broadly defined classes—books of information, which we must so call for want of a better name, since they may deal with science, with travel, or with the arts or economies of home-life; books of biography; fiction of life; fairy fiction, and books of verse. In no other department of literature, except perhaps in the boundless region of novels, is Solomon's saying more true that "of making many books there is no end;" and it can only be our hope to indicate something of the present character of these five classes and of a few examples, for their daily spread and the variety they contain would make anything like detailed review a task of despair. To begin with books of information: they have literally no end in these days, and especially at the Christmas season, which is the special season for the appearance of books for the young, they appear with artistic embellishment, sometimes of the highest order, and with literary merit sufficient to charm the old as well as the young. To find new marvels for these luxurious Christmas books, the whole world of to-day and even the world of antiquity is ransacked. Of late it has been the fashion to explore Northern mythology, to exhibit its wild and mysterious fancies anew, to make its coldness attractive and comprehensible to young readers by a bright method of explanation, in much the same way as the Greek legends were made comprehensible by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his "Tanglewood Tales." Among travellers' realms, the Japanese Empire, after its two centuries of isolation, was found as a rich hunting-ground by the caterers for little Europeans. To show to what an extent richness of information and of embellishment may be carried in little people's gift-books, we need only point to one such work as "Child Life in Japan," by Chaplin Ayrton—a book illustrated by the drawings of Japanese artists, and with the perfection of picturesque but simple style describing minutely the homes, customs, and holidays of Japanese children, and telling their veritable nursery tales. Of the wonders of the natural world there is information in new books even to the extent of superfluity, and of man's world of wonders, too. If our grandfathers and grandmothers would be astonished at such books of travel, or natural history, or instruction in the processes of manufacture—or if they would be amazed at the artistic splendour that is given to young folks' gift-books—can we say that they would be anything less than astounded at the science taught by their books to the young generation? We are not speaking of science primers or lesson-books, but of works meant for entertainment, we might almost say for amusement. In the old times it was considered a luxury to be thankful for, if the first steps of science could be learned out of sober-covered

books of "Questions," illustrated by diagrams, or of "Conversations," or "Dialogues," describing the progress of certain unnaturally precise and precocious children, devoted to abstruse studies, and so philosophical as to be able, in one instance, to require a scientific explanation of a burnt finger during the first moments of its agonies. But now, as the French say, we have changed all that. Now that the best writers do not disdain to write for the young, there has sprung up an entirely new style, simple and attractive, by which study becomes a pastime. To take one example, we may name "Sun, Moon and Stars" (by Agnes Giberne, 1880), and ask what would have been thought in the days of the "Conversations" and "Dialogues," if it could have been known that the young folks of these days would have the wonders of the solar corona, solar storms, the united march of the myriad stars, and man's work of analyzing light—all told simply as a tale. More than this: what would our grandfathers have thought of the coloured pictures—rough guesswork, of course, but sufficient to awaken livelier interest—of sunset seen from among the airless, unwatered cinder-crags of the moon, or of midnight under the bright belts of Saturn! The young reader is aptly reminded that in all these things the wisest have but the knowledge of little children; that the astronomer sounding the star-depths is only like the child stretching out of a boat to sound the depth of the ocean with his little arm. And though there might be a false meaning taken from the remark that in early ages, when the heavenly bodies were all supposed to revolve round the earth, man "must have felt himself an important personage in God's great universe;" and though also we might take exception to the untheological reasoning that other worlds must be inhabited, or have been, or are to be inhabited, or else they would have been "made in vain;" there is a praiseworthy prominence of the thought of the Creator throughout the whole of the book, while it is exploring the interminable star-depths, and touching upon the tremendous possibilities of other creations of reasonable beings. It is well said in conclusion:—

Infinite in power, God is also infinite in love. Mighty in the creation of His vast and blazing suns, He is no less mighty in the creation of a blade of grass. The rushing stars of a universe are in His hand, but not a sparrow on earth may fall to the ground without His knowledge. . . . Let us look into the matter as we will—let us weigh, measure, calculate—let us find our earth to be but as a grain of fine dust, lost amid myriads of worlds and suns—still, at the close of all, we stand face to face with the simple historical fact, that the King of Heaven, the Creator of the universe, Himself lived as Man for thirty-three years upon earth, died upon earth, rose from death upon earth, and went up again from earth to heaven. That sheds a dis-

tinguishing radiance upon our earth, which, it may well be, no other world in all the universe can rival.

In the last words there is just that indication that the sense is slipping beyond the writer's depth, which we are always liable to come across where the writings of the best-intentioned non-Catholics begin to verge upon questions which even to theologians are a mystery. A Catholic writer would have found help here in some such simple guide as F. Faber's thoughts on the question of the plurality of worlds,\* and this only adds another example to our desire to see Catholic books of every kind provided by Catholic writers for our children: and this, not, as we have said, through unreasoning suspicion of the work of other hands, but because there is hardly a subject that can be touched without showing the religious bias of the writer's mind, and without leading, at some point or other, to questions that need to be treated according to the guidance of the Church. As to their scientific merit, these books of instruction are in the main correct and valuable; and from this survey of one of the most original amongst them, we turn to other divisions of juvenile literature. But one last word is to be said about what we have styled books of information upon "home arts and economies." We should like to see for Catholic girls some work of the same scope as the Protestant books called "English Girls, their Place and Power," and "What Girls Can Do." Naturally a large amount of the district-visiting element makes up these books, and unfortunately one of them, though with good intentions, gives the most direct advice against the custom of preserving, even in the exercise of charity, that innocence of evil which Catholics hold to be the privilege of maidenhood. In other matters both books supply information abundantly, greatly to the exaltation of the home virtues of usefulness and helpfulness; but, of course, the Protestant tone, and the one instance of grievously mistaken advice, keep them out of the circle of Catholic reading. Our Catholic girls are as yet in want of some book as completely stored with hints for cultivating usefulness to home and to themselves. Such a book, with Catholic views of duty and with a true appreciation of the character of girlhood, would be precious in many homes. It is one of the useful suggestions that are to be gathered from Protestant literature.

To pass on to biography and fiction:—in thinking of these divisions of literature it is well to bear in mind the difference between young and mature readers. In the reading of boyhood and girlhood there are two characteristics which are not found in that of later years. In most cases, boys and girls thoroughly

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\* "The Blessed Sacrament," p. 335.

read their books. Though many books are provided for their age, individually they have but few; and of the few, the favourites of their limited bookshelves, they make the most they can, not glancing through them as do older readers bewildered by their wealth of printed matter, but reading them again and again, sharing and lending them, until often no binding is left and the precious book is fairly read to pieces. They have not reached the period of hurried life, of the superficial glance at a new book, the skimming of the pages, the easy forgetting. Have not most of us now a clear idea of the impression made by some of our first books, what they were about, and how keenly we enjoyed parts of them; and does not this remembrance remain, while most of the countless books, read since and lightly parted with, are forgotten?

A second characteristic of early reading is the tendency, so to say, to assimilate the story to the reader's own life, and to enjoy an imitation, or a fancied imitation, of a favourite character. While the influence of the story, or the true biography, is fresh upon the young imaginative mind, a reflected light seems to fall from the fiction upon the child's experience of reality, and for days the commonplace world may become a world of hopes, efforts, trials, ambitions, like to those newly heard of. Or, the boy or girl readers rejoice in tracing some likeness between their own character and position and that of some one in the book. Or, where the impression is intense and the reader is some solitary child, an instinct of personification shows itself—leading to a very common but most curious phase of child-life; and in a kind of imaginative play, the lonely little reader delights in personifying the hero or heroine of the hour. There is a charming illustration of this in a sketch by one of our Catholic writers,\* where a little French girl living a lonely fanciful life in a dull old house, studies the torn leaves of "*Paul et Virginie*," till at last she begs M. le Curé's little choir boy to play Paul to her Virginia; but the plan fails because she cannot make the ignorant little chorister understand that her Paul is only in a book—not St. Paul—and he need not ask the Curé. And next we see the same child poring over the "*Lives of the Saints*," and becoming for the nonce St. Catherine of Siena, staying all day long in the church in the hope of being hardly treated and put to kitchen work at home, and finally giving up playing St. Catherine when the experiment only led to cold soup for supper. This is all true to life; any one familiar with children's ways can testify to this trick of personification, and its existence is the strongest proof

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\* Lady Georgiana Fullerton's "*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*," one of the "*Seven Stories*."

of the impression created by early reading. As another instance, who does not remember something of the droll picture of reading and character-playing drawn by the most popular of novelists to describe his hero's first boyish acquaintance with books, by describing his own from memory? "From that blessed little room," says David Copperfield, telling of the lonely hours in his altered home, "Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Tom Jones, the Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Robinson Crusoe, came out a glorious host to keep me company . . . they and the Arabian Nights and the Tales of the Genii—and did me no harm; for whatever harm was in some of them was not there for me; I knew nothing of it. . . . It is curious to me how I could ever have consoled myself under my small troubles (which were great troubles to me), by impersonating my favourite characters in them—as I did. . . . I have been Tom Jones (a child Tom Jones, a harmless creature) for a week together. I have sustained my own idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch, I verily believe. I had a greedy relish for a few volumes of Voyages and Travels—I forget what, now—that were on those shelves; and for days and days I can remember to have gone about my region of our house, armed with the centre-piece out of an old set of boot-trees—the perfect realization of Captain Somebody of the Royal British Navy, in danger of being beset by savages, and resolved to sell his life at a great price." But though the ill-assorted heroes of that time "had no harm in them" for the boy too young to comprehend, we suspect some of them of having vaguely suggested the association of heroes with wonders and wickedness. "What an amazing place London was to me when I saw it in the distance," says the same boy, later, "and how I believed all the adventures of all my favourite heroes to be constantly enacting and re-enacting there, and how I vaguely made it out in my own mind to be fuller of wonders and wickedness than all the cities of the earth." Keeping in mind the two facts, that the young read thoroughly the books they approve, and that they are liable to be impressed by them as by vivid realities, we proceed to the three sections into which we have divided their fiction; and let it never be forgotten that for young readers a strong story has the strength of an example, whether for good or for evil; for theirs is that faculty of imitation, which Fénelon declares is given in order that the young may learn good by instinctively copying it.

Catholic literature is rich in the highest and the most impressive of all biographies, the lives of saints; and in sanctity there is a degree of divine simplicity, which makes its story understood even by very young readers. These holy lives "made perfect in a

short space"—whether they be those of Agnes the patrician's child, or of the youthful Stanislaus or Berchmans in religion, or of little Germaine Cousin, the poor shepherdess among the fields—all tell to children the same truth; and they are most eager to learn it. They tell them that the heroism of the saints has belonged to mere boys and girls; that this heroism is the greatest success upon earth; that it is not only the greatest success, but the one heroic success that may be even now temptingly within reach of their own selves.

For simply recreative hours, passages out of lives, illustrious from a more worldly point of view, are plentiful also; "*Tales of Celebrated Men*" and of "*Celebrated Women*," though all with some exotic odour of translation about them, are now part of our little folks' literature; nor will such tales ever fail to interest, while there exists the grand charm for children—the assurance that the story is true. Treating of a far different subject, Miss O'Meara's "*Mary Benedicta*" (belonging to the series called "*Bells of the Sanctuary*"), remains one of the most touching and impressive sketches of the history of a young girl's soul. And to turn to another subject as widely different, we must give a word of praise to Lady Herbert's "*Suéma*," translated from the French of Mgr. Gaume; it ought to make its appeal widely among the higher classes of our children, to win alms for the ransom of girl slaves in Eastern Africa, and to relate the true history of what a child may suffer before she is reached by Christian help.

We are indebted to Continental writers for a large part of the Catholic fiction that children have read for years. Canon Schmid's stories have been a vast hoard of pleasure for the youngest, and growing older they have made acquaintance with Flemish life, and with a great deal else worth hearing, through Hendrick Conscience. From the French, translations have been freely made, notably by the Lady Blanche Murphy, whose stories are in favour as prizes. Most children have also some familiarity with the peculiarly tender stories of Cecilia Caddell. And as the writers of this class of prize-books pass away one by one with work done no less well because in all simplicity, new writers come into their place to tell fresh stories directly religious to Catholic children; among the more recent of these we may place, as good representatives of the old style long honoured in schools, the two collections of tales called "*Maggie's Rosary*" and the "*Fifth of November*." But any notice of fiction for the young must give a place of honour to the writer of "*Rosemary*" and of "*Laurentia*"—the writer who, during a long period of years, has done more than any one else for Catholic fiction in England. It is true that most of the works of Lady Georgiana Fullerton are meant for

full-grown minds ; but we are certain that they form a large and delightful part of the reading by which the little people reach upward, while their minds in the process expand and grow. The reading of "Constance Sherwood" is in later years only the further strengthening of that deeper devotion to the faith of our fathers, which was perhaps first suggested in "Rosemary." The crucifix hidden in the schoolgirl's bosom, the "dirty bits of paper" that were the precious coal-written letters of the imprisoned mother—ought to be good teaching for the children of our time, who freely enjoy the public practice and joy-giving ritual of their faith. As the story tells them, the same faith, in the land they live in, not so long ago, was kept at the cost of tears, sufferings, imprisonment, and death.

Sorrows, separations, and bereavements, did not take Catholics by surprise in those days. They were their daily bread, their habitual portion. It might be said of them as of the first Christians, that except for the hope of the resurrection, they were of all men most miserable. Friends, home, fortune, and life itself, were held by so frail a tenure, that the world to come was the great reality ever present to their mental vision.

Through such reading as this the little folks climb up to reading not specially designed for them, but, all the same, claimed as their own. They seize upon "Fleurance," Mrs. Craven's fascinating picture of self-sacrificing girlhood true to God ; though they cannot understand the sorrow of its climax. They lay hold of Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," and learn with delight the story of the martyrs of Rome ; while still they can hardly pronounce the Latin of its excursions through the catacombs. We believe the writer of that wonderful truth-telling fiction could have received no more grateful assurance, than that its child-readers would number as many as the older readers that could follow all his thoughts with more intelligent appreciation.

The juvenile fiction of Protestantism, and of no religion, is vast in extent ; and many of the most popular stories come from beyond the Atlantic. If we except a certain spice of what our American friends call "smartness" in its colloquial phrases, we might place Miss Alcott's "Eight Cousins" very high amongst non-Catholic amusing stories. In the most natural way and without a touch of stiffness or pharisaical piety, and with a laugh in every chapter, it knocks down the whole range of boys' and girls' domestic faults. The little heroine bargains with two of her cousins to stop her craze for ear-rings if they will stop their too early cigar-smoking. She is laughed out of her insanities of unbecoming fashion, and the boys in their turn are proved to be making fools of themselves by reading books of adventure full of slang, profanity, and fortune-making ; their



wise mother refuses to see her boys learn from their books the greed of dollars, the national vice; she reminds them that it took a genius like Agassiz to hit upon the truth—that life is too short to be wasted in making money. And while the small heroine is growing in health, housekeeping, kindness, and common sense, and while no less than eight boy cousins (the awful “clan”) are as boyish as possible and fond of her from the biggest of the clan to the least, it is the most healthy feature of the book that there is no precocious sentiment, though there is plenty of the right sort of helpful affection. Boy and girl attachments, and marriage on the last page, are common blemishes of Protestant literature of this kind; and to many young minds have they given day-dreams that they are ashamed to own, and false ideas of the world. Let us teach the little people truly even in fiction—that it is a world where improbable events do *not* happen every day, that unchildlike children are not lovable, and that sentimental boys and girls will never grow up to be heroes and heroines of the true sterling stamp.

To pass on to the books of adventure, among the most popular authors' names are those of Ballantyne and Kingston. Boys are sure to find in Ballantyne's books a great amount of information of the kind they like best, and plentiful examples of bravery, endurance, and resource in peril. We should like the stories better, if there was not such recurrence of a certain fair-haired, blue-eyed, angelic little prodigy, calmly facing all circumstances (in one instance receiving a lecture upon coral insects immediately after landing shipwrecked from a raft!), and, after being saved by the hero in one way or another, marrying him in the “grown-up” last chapter. We should also like them better if the ships that sail through these books were not in such inevitable need of Mr. Plimsoll's attention; the moment the hero goes on board, we begin to prepare for the wreck, and to assure ourselves that this fine manly young fellow, under the protection of the plotter of wrecks, shall not be drowned, whatever happens. Boy-readers under the guidance of this popular author have well-nigh explored the world. Wherever adventure is to be found or hardships bravely endured, there he transports them with a story, whether it be to the “Polar Regions,” or the northern land of the fur-traders, or “Out West” to the Rocky Mountains, or to “America before Columbus,” or to the “Brazilian Forests,” or in Africa to the Cape, or to the eastern territories where still flourishes the trade in “Black Ivory,” or to Algeria (though we rather regret the amount of cruelty described in the “Pirate City,” for descriptions of cruelty have a somewhat hardening effect upon some natures). In the north he follows the Norsemen, and in “Modern War” he tells of the army life

of our own time instead; while other books go "Deep Down" into the Cornish mines, or show valour in the streets where the London Fire Brigade are "Fighting the Flames." In these stories and in Kingston's (which mainly deal with the interminable interest of the sea), we are glad to find prayer in time of danger, and often trust in God in time of peace. And this, however necessary it seems, is a good quality not found everywhere. We went through all Mr. Henty's "Young Franc-Tireurs" without coming upon any impulse of the heroes to ask strength or aid from Heaven during the adventures of the Franco-Prussian War; but we did discover with gratification that if Protestant youth find therein a glimpse of the Garibaldian ranks, our Catholic boys will welcome the generous admission that "the Papal Zouaves acquired, and justly acquired, more glory than any other French corps throughout the war. They behaved upon every occasion magnificently." On the spirit of the late W. H. G. Kingston's works we cannot place much reliance, since we came upon some of his stories of the Reformation, and his "Half-Hours with the Kings and Queens of England," in which he accepts every calumny against the Catholics as proof of treason, and even says in so many words that Parsons and Campion happily were executed. At the end of his "Eldol the Dane" his aggressive Protestantism is all visible in a few words, and we are sorry to find them in a book by the author of "Ernest Bracebridge," and of many other stories of heroes—of whom certainly, it must be admitted, the fine muscle and athletic training impress us more than the character.

Thus was the Church of Christ established in Britain from a pure source, long before nominal Christianity was introduced among the Saxons by emissaries from Rome. May God in His mercy protect His church in Britain from the assaults which Rome is still making against it, and from her persevering endeavours by numberless secret as well as open emissaries to corrupt and overwhelm it with her idolatries!

We can hardly trust the kind of Christianity inculcated by the author of this pious wish; his ambition was evidently to make what he called "sound brave Protestants." There is one French writer with whose works every boy is familiar through translations, and even their wildest imaginative flights have an interest, and a useful interest, because they essay to tell with bold assumptions and exaggerations a story of adventures wrought out by science, certain conditions being assumed to get over the impossibilities, and the rest being developed by the scientific resources of the adventurers. Jules Verne has carried the imagination of his readers down volcanoes, under the sea, and even to the moon and round it. There is unflagging life in all these extraordinary

travels; and, however extravagant, the method of elaborating them by scientific efforts and surprises may help many boys to a first interest in questions of the sciences, that have in their reality greater wonders, but practical limits to their possibilities.

In the ordinary literature of travel and adventure a boys' book ought not far to exceed reality, though, of course, there may be a little straining of everyday probabilities. Anything savouring of cruelty, or mere slaughter for slaughter's sake, should not appear. Fighting there must be now and then; but the brave doing of duty, the courage to obey orders without question, the enthusiasm that will offer life for a just and righteous cause—these ought to make up the war-story, and not merely accounts of brutal damage done. The history of the defence of the Pontifical States ought to provide our Catholic boys with new tales of war for a holy cause, and with a fresh literature of chivalry and heroism. They should be given acquaintance with the memoirs of the young soldiers, noble and peasant, in M. Eugène Veuillot's "*Histoire de l'Invasion des États Pontificaux*," with the very touching tale of Castelfidardo, "*The Double Sacrifice*" (translated from the Flemish by the Rev. S. Daems), and with the published life of the English "*Boy Crusader*" of Mentana.\*

In all fiction of real life for the young, in a natural unostentatious way, religion should be presupposed. The boy must not talk cant like the "converted cabin boy" of a tract, but he must be a Christian, and must manifest a knowledge of the Christian ideal of good and evil, and of Christian rules of duty. We must be given to understand that he can have recourse to prayer in a difficulty, that he can forgive an insult, that he has a higher motive for truth-telling than mere "honour" before men, or his own sense of self-approval; and above all that he knows how to obey, and does not think the cool violation of orders grand and "spirited," just because it is either clever, or dangerous, or recklessly independent. In "*Philosopher Jack*," the author (Ballantyne) gives some teaching of this kind, after Jack has been quaintly described consulting the only adviser he had, an adviser that only said one word at a time to him: "Do!" or "Don't!"—but for all that the most useful of friends, his conscience. At last he makes up his mind independently of the reiterated "Don't!"—and it is explained that if he had been a true philosopher he would have taken counsel on his knees, but that poor Jack's philosophy was limited. Again, there is a good hint in the same writer's "*Jarwin and Cuffy*," where the "meek but jovial little dog" has been reduced by shipwreck and raft-life to

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\* Julian Watts-Russell.

be "a little shred of a door mat." On surrendering treasure-trove to his master, Cuffy is said to have "learned the first great principle of a good and useful life—whether of man or beast—namely, prompt obedience." It is easy to give such hints, in such light passages as these; even in the least serious part of a book may come the word of teaching.

Of all things in boys' books what is the most detestable is the boy who fills his talk with slang, not the language of schoolboys but the slang of the streets; the boy that is represented "sharp," as he himself would call it, putting older people down by his ready answers and self-assurance; and the young hero who is supposed to do deeds that would overtax the courage, brains, strength and endurance of most men. All this is unhealthy: and very unhealthy, too, is the suggestion of schoolboy and schoolgirl *affaires de cœur*. Not that love or marriage should never be heard of in boys' books; but if these ideas are ever introduced, they should be assigned to the young man and not to the boy, and even then should be only a minor element in the story. The respect, considerateness, and willing service towards girls and women, part of the spirit of chivalry, is quite a different thing. Boys can learn that without any sentimental romance; it is a portion of their duty of honouring all that is good and tender, and of showing gentleness towards all things weak.

The fiction of school-life, if it be well written, is greedily seized by that insatiable and omnivorous reader, the growing boy; and with how much strength and fascination a school story can be written may be judged from the success of such a book as "Tom Brown's School Days," which, for old and young, established itself as "the public-school epic" of the day. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the influence of strong fiction of school-life. Every boy will not have practical experience of war, travel, or exciting adventure; but any boy may have similar experiences to those of his hero in the romance of school; and the ideal it holds up to his imagination, or the teaching it inculcates, may have an immediate sphere of action. The "epic" of Catholic school or college life has yet to be written; many Tom Browns of the great Brown family have been there too under infinitely happier auspices than those shown in the story of the now celebrated Tom. Is there no one to give the history of one of them to our boys—no light task, but a useful one? Wit and wisdom, and thorough knowledge of boy-nature, should be brought to bear upon it; and it should be as refreshing in sport and boy-life as any high-spirited young reader could desire. But it should manifest the code of honour, not of the world, but of Christ; and it should show rightly the position of masters and students—not as "mutually belligerent powers," as it is the habit of some boys and

even of some men to consider them—but as a united body wherein ought to exist on the one side kindness, justice, wisdom, and on the other respect, confidence, affection. We do not mean to suggest that an ideal paradise of obedience and perfection should be drawn: it would be enough to draw Catholic school-life as it is, under the firm but kindly discipline of religious superiors. It would not be truly described if the host of school-boy troubles, freaks, escapes, and downright faults, were left out of the picture; but neither should the truth be omitted—that moral courage is higher than physical strength and is the best kind of “pluck”: that a freak does not become “fun” in proportion to the daring nature of the disobedience involved; above all, that if he will but trust them, the masters into whose hands the boy’s training is given, will be his best friends in the years at school, and their names will call forth gratitude and happy recollections in years to come. This is the delightful “epic of school-life” that is yet to be written; and if it were done worthily it would be an immortal book.

From the fiction of life our next step onward is to fairy-fiction, though this division belongs to earlier reading. And here we notice most the modern improvement in illustration, which now-a-days makes it a drawing-room pastime to look through the Christmas books meant for nurseries. The rough designs, the garish colours, the distorted caricatures of the old picture-books have faded out of sight; now, instead, with the child’s first pictures there begins the cultivation of a taste for refinement of form and harmony of colour. Using the name fairy-fiction in the old sense of the word “faëry” as including all preternatural wonders, we may instance here the modern treatment of the best of the Oriental tales and the traditional home-stories. They remain in substance the same, whether they be selected from the Arabian Nights, or whether they be those simple nursery tales that have delighted all children from time immemorial, and that now are busying the wise heads of philologists in tracing their important pedigree to a prehistoric race in the far East. The old stories themselves are as unchangeable as the wants and tastes of childhood; but in these days, while Science is finding them niches at last, Art, too, is honouring even their small needs with special attention; and the glories of the Arabian Nights, the marvels of the common nursery tales, were never shown to the eyes of children till Walter Crane and his fellow-workers filled even the young child’s book with artistic lines, forms of grace, and lavish splendour of colour, sparing no pains to realize those world-worn childish stories in palpable visions brave and brilliant. The small folks have their own share, too, in more than one outcome of the new domestic Art-revival; one result is the interminable series of

books overrun with quaint little charmers in rustic or grandmotherly costume. Or, as an instance of artistic decoration in another style, we might point to the folio called "In Fairyland." Meant for somewhat older readers, its letterpress becomes insignificant beside the prodigality of labour shown in the illustrations by Richard Doyle. Unsurpassable for design, they mingle with perfect correctness the naturalists' world of butterflies and other insects and the child's world of elves—seen in glimpses by trick-some daylight on land or water, and in sleepy moonlight among elf-laden boughs—glimpses that have a dream-like real and unreal character, created as they are by fancy, in impossible arrangement of possible and actual memories.

This last work carries us into fairyland proper—a region the worth of which is sometimes underrated. Of course, the king of that fantastic realm is none other than the Danish poet of fairyland, Hans Christian Andersen, the lover of childhood, the sad, the playful, the tender-hearted. He almost drove from the field the rougher stories of German origin collected by the Brothers Grimm, where wonders had been worked by brute force, and where there was a laughing-stock of triumphant cunning—both natural enough in the oldest traditions of warlike conquering tribes.

Hans Andersen opened up to children a different world of fancy. He lent intelligence to their dumb friends, like the ugly duckling, and animation to such everyday things as a tin soldier, or a top; and in addition to this he gave these soulless trifles human feelings exquisitely quick, and eliciting sympathy. His sympathy with all things, little and weak, was his talisman through all those seemingly trifling tales. The match-seller that died in the snow, striking her matches against the wall for comfort, and dreaming an earthly hungry vision of roast goose: the other child that could not go to the dog's funeral, because she was so poor, she had not a button to give at the yard door; the lark that died on his prison bed after a miserable dialogue with the daisy that chanced to be in the middle of it—all these, speaking their sorrows, make something better than mere fairy tales. They teach in homely things, such as children know, a homely sympathy; they have a voice against indifference, and against cruelty, which, unfortunately, we must admit to be faults to which children are often naturally inclined, but from which it does not take much to save them, as, alas, it does not take much to harden them. "Rosamond was not a nice child, but like all children she only wanted a very little to make her nice," says the writer of "Ethel's Book," who certainly knew human nature well; and it must be borne in mind, in referring to possible influences from all these books for the young, that there is in children this peculiar liability to be moved upward or earthward by "very little";

therefore it is not idle to notice influences which, in books for older minds, would be worth little or nothing. In the same book in which this wise and cheering word occurs, it is well known that F. Faber made an experiment by trying to take "the Angels instead of fairies, and the Dead instead of ghosts." It could not have been done by any pen less than his; and though "Ethel's Book" has had many imitators, we must hold it an act of temerity for any one to attempt thus to mingle fairy-like wonders and tremendous fictitious experiences of children, unless there be in the writer something like the unquestionable reverence, the theological knowledge, and the knowledge of souls, which the writer of "Ethel's Book" possessed in an eminent degree. We have not here space to enter upon the *raison d'être* of all these books of wonders, though it is in itself a most interesting question. It would lead us to consider that immense imaginative power with which children begin life, and which is only later fettered by reason, by a knowledge of the conventionalities of life, or of the details of the commonplace world close around them. It would lead us, too, to the marvellous fact that the child's curiosity and imagination begin to learn about and make a world out of the small fragments of early experience as soon as the youngest mind begins to work at all. But we must let this tempting question go, only stating our strong opinion against the sentimental theory, that a child should not hear a fairy tale because it is untrue, for the child never confounds fairyland with falsehood; our own impression, that fairy tales are to childhood what poetry is to a more advanced age; and our firm disagreement from the Gradgrind system of giving children nothing but facts and "all the 'ologies," and strictly forbidding them on any account to wonder. Before leaving the fairy department of our subject we must give our warmest approval to one of the most delicious wonder-books ever written—"Alice in Wonderland," so inimitable, that even its own author's "Through the Looking-Glass" fell somewhat flat after the triumph of Alice. That little maiden, with a strong fragrance of obedience, courtesy, gentleness about her, even under the most nonsensical circumstances, is every bit as improving as many a model heroine; and the nonsense is more sensible food for recreation than many a hard-headed historical tale, entirely reasonable and painfully improving.

As a fact, there are no small number of books which lose their power of doing good through the mere overstraining of the effort to be instructive, and perhaps, we might add, through an injudicious striving after edification—a striving so injudicious and so weak, that it is productive only of what is called commonly "goody-goodyism." When we consider the resources of modern printing, publishing, and artistic illustration, it is all the more to be re-

gretted that our Catholic writers do not produce a few books of complete excellence, instead of a vast number for the most part weak through excess of effort to teach religiously. At present our literature has whole desert tracts of mediocrity, occasionally descending to allegories too transcendental for children, as well as to sentimental piety and general improbability and unreality—all due to a want of *esprit de corps*, which makes most writers anxious distinctly to teach and edify. If they were content to work for the good cause as a whole body, and not as units, many of those who at present fail would excel as providers of safe entertainment and amusement, and information upon secular subjects. For lack of such literature, our children have long used the works of those Protestants whose belief has least coloured the books of travel, or of science, or of fiction. United labour to supply this want, with each writer taking a special place in the ranks and fulfilling his part, however humble, with the excellence of whole-hearted and undivided effort—would produce a far more useful literature than the weaker and larger part of our present array of semi-religious books. Glittering rows of volumes, weak though well-meaning, and losing force through misdirected effort, are of far less value in education than would be one book of lasting strength and attraction. If every year there could be produced one precious pearl of a noble book to be added to Catholic literature for the young, we should soon have no need of the works of non-Catholic writers in any department of amusement or instruction, and our standard books on secular subjects would compete with theirs in their own field, and perhaps rival their fame.

One class of books remains to be briefly noticed. Children love poetry at first almost as much as they love pictures, and afterwards far more. Much laughter-provoking verse and rhyme has been written for them; and some of these, like a few of the poems by the author of "*Lilliput Levée*," have been read by old and young. There is, indeed, about some verses for children a rhythm and rhyme that makes them a music of words, giving pleasure to the ear and haunting the memory, no matter how childish may be their meaning; some of our poets have admired the melody of nursery rhymes. This melodious quality of verse makes children delight in learning it, and the truths so learned have a strong teaching power, even if at first they be not entirely understood. As Keble beautifully expressed it:—

Oh! say not, dream not, heavenly notes  
To childish ears are vain,  
That the young mind at random floats,  
And cannot reach the strain.



Dim or unheard the words may fall,  
And yet the heaven-taught mind  
May learn the sacred air, and all  
The harmony unwind.

The melody of the verse ringing through the memory explains its own sense in time, and this is one reason why verse written specially for children has a peculiar power. They can perfectly understand but little of higher poetry; what they can understand it is well to teach them, and therefore there is no lack of "selections" from the poets arranged for very young readers. But it is a useful work to write down to their level in verse, and to teach them in that melodious voice, true and lofty, or holy ideas, which, as they say in their phraseology, they "learn by heart." Some of the greatest intellects have stooped to this kindly and child-like work: every one knows the exquisitely graceful poem written years ago by Cardinal Newman, playfully but gravely advising a little girl to choose her valentine from among the glorious champions of Christ in heaven. Of recent years one of the very best books of verse published for children, is "*Legends of Our Lady and the Saints*," written for recitation in the schools of the Holy Child Jesus, St. Leonards-on-Sea. There are many touches of true and exalted poetry in these legends, and they are all poetic and winsome for young minds. For the sake of many such touches, and for its novelty as well as its skill in mingling Nature with devotion, we shall conclude by transcribing a few stanzas of the dream of *The Seasons*, supposed to be dreamt by one who, knowing the cross was at hand to be borne, lay down to rest sad and weary, thinking regretful thoughts of the bright world. In the dream the Seasons personified come to the Infant Lord with their gifts.

The first was Springtide: all her sunny hair  
Sparkling with raindrops as at Jesus' feet  
She laid her gift, a wreath of early leaves,  
Twined with pale snowdrops and the violet sweet.

Then Jesus raised it, and "Henceforth," He said,  
"My brightest blossoms, Spring shall Mary claim;  
And while earth's children love their Virgin Queen,  
Thy fairest month shall bear her blessed name."

Next, Summer came to worship, and she bore  
Treasures to Jesus, from earth's brightest bowers;  
Lilies and roses in the wreath she wore  
Were mingled with His own sad Passion-flowers.

And Jesus blessed these flowers: "Evermore  
Around my Altar throne your place shall be,  
Where angels bright their hidden God adore;  
Fair flowers," He said, "ye shall abide with Me."

Then Autumn came, and kneeling, "Lord," she said,  
 "Canst Thou accept what is already Thine?"  
 And golden corn at Jesus' feet she laid,  
 Mixed with the purple clusters of the vine.

And Jesus spoke sweet comfort: "Blest are they  
 Who render back what is already Mine;  
 Adored throughout all time thy God shall be,  
 Beneath the humble forms of bread and wine."

Then last of all came Winter: sad he stood,  
 His cheek bedewed with tears of love and grief,  
 His form was bowed beneath a cross of wood,  
 And in his hand he held a thorny wreath.

And Jesus smiled on Winter: "Thou hast given  
 Of these fair gifts the dearest and most blest,  
 Thy wreath of thorns shall crown the God of heaven,  
 Thy cross of wood afford Him sweetest rest."

\* \* \* \*

"And shall I choose the flowers, O dearest Lord,  
 Which Thou rejectest for the love of me!  
 No! let it be my hope, my sweet reward,  
 To wear the thorns and bear the cross with Thee."

These verses, and especially those relating to Autumn and Winter, show what originality and what poetry of religion and of imagination may enter into a poem written for a child, and may make it "a thing of beauty." In verse, as in all other styles of writing for the young, it is no light task and no little gift to write well; and no slight thing has been done for our children's welfare when a book of lasting worth is written for them, even if it be but a simple volume of amusement to beguile free hours, and to teach no other lesson than this—that prayerful hearts need not be always grave, but may be at the right time winningly gay, givers and sharers of pleasure.

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#### ART. IX.—THE POPE.

ONE of the series of historic and creative Letters of the Papacy has lately appeared, and we make no apology for not only printing it in the original for present and future reference, but presenting a translation of it. It is a document which no educated Catholic should pass by. It is not necessary to say that it is a great literary work. The official Letter of a Pope is

not a subject for grammatical or rhetorical analysis. Yet praise is not unlawful; and the Latin Letters of Pope Leo XIII. have a peculiar stamp, and a marked excellence of their own. We cannot be sure that a Pope writes his own letters. In many cases we are sure that he does not. But it may be permitted to say that there are marks of style in the Letters of Leo XIII. which prove them to be in great measure from one hand and from one head. There is a business-like brevity of sentence unlike the usual "periods" of Roman documents; yet there is a curious refinement and elegance in the turn and the alternation of phrase. There are also one or two forms of expression which recur sufficiently often to be noticeable. There is, moreover, an occasional warm and energetic ejaculation which leaps forth as the spark from the electric pile. The following exclamation is perhaps unique in an Encyclical—"Intelligent igitur quicunque amant Catholicum nomen, *tempus jam esse conari aliquid!*" A little further on we find, in three words, a watchword for the Catholic press—"Scripta scriptis opponenda!" Numberless instances of happy description and exhaustive division might be quoted. The Encyclical is laid out with what we venture to call extreme skill; it is very full, and there are no signs of crudity or incompleteness; yet the clauses of each sentence, the sentences of each paragraph, the paragraphs of each division, and the divisions themselves are so planned that we have nothing superfluous, whether divisions, paragraphs, sentences, clauses, or single words. The Letter would repay being studied by those who are fain to catch the grand Roman style of saying things—the style that makes one comprehend the power of literary form and the influence of lofty yet significant literary expression.

The "Etsi Nos" is not political in its aim, though it was issued the day after the Italian Chamber voted universal suffrage. There are one or two uncompromising references to the temporal independence of the Holy See, but no other allusion to the present state of Italy or Europe. It purports to be, and it is, a warm exhortation to the Italian Bishops to do their utmost to stir up their flocks to value their Catholic Faith, and to save their immortal souls. It may be divided into three parts. The Holy Father first of all sets forth the dangers which threaten Catholicism; next, he points out most admirably how the peril of Catholicism is the peril and the loss of Italy herself; and thirdly he lays down what Catholics should do to preserve and defend their faith and so to save their country.\*

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\* A lengthy analysis of this Encyclical appears in the *Civiltà Cattolica* of March 18.

With this introduction we give the translation of this important Papal Letter.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF POPE LEO XIII.

*To the Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries of Italy.*

VENERABLE BROTHERS, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDECTION.

“Although in the authority and wide extent of Our Apostolic Office We embrace with all possible vigilance and love the whole Christian commonwealth, and every part thereof, nevertheless, for the moment it is ITALY which takes up Our thoughts and Our anxiety. These thoughts and this anxiety reach far deeper than the human aspect of things. We are anxious and solicitous about the eternal salvation of souls; and so much the more so, as the dangers are greater to which they are exposed. If this danger was ever great in Italy, it never was greater than at this moment, when the political situation is so utterly opposed to the well-being of religion. And We are the more deeply moved, because We are bound to Italy by ties of a most special kind; for in Italy God has placed the home of His Vicar, the Chair of truth, and the centre of Catholic unity. Already, on more than one occasion, have We uttered warnings to the Italian people, and bidden each one look carefully to himself and to his own duty in these days of danger. But now, Venerable Brothers, as the evil grows worse, We would earnestly desire you yourselves to take diligent note of it, to observe how matters are tending, and to adopt all possible means to guard and strengthen the faithful lest they be robbed of that most precious of all their possessions, their Catholic Faith.

“A pernicious sect, whose leaders do not care to disguise their purposes, have for many years been established in Italy; they have declared war on Jesus Christ, and they are doing their utmost to strip the Italian people of their Christian institutions. How far their impudent attempts have succeeded, there is no need to mention here; you can see with your own eyes in how many ways religion and morality have suffered. In this Italy, which has ever remained firm and loyal to its immemorial Faith, the Church’s liberty is everywhere diminished, and every day more strenuous attempts are being made to efface from her institutions and her public life that form and character of Christianity which have always so justly been the glory of the Italian people. The religious have been driven out of their convents; the property of the Church has been seized; marriage without religious rites has been sanctioned; and the Church has been deprived of all share in the education of the young. The bitter and lamentable war against the Apostolic See has not

ceased or moderated, and still the Church is in distress, and the Roman Pontiff in extreme difficulties. Being stripped of his civil principedom, he has necessarily fallen under the power of another. The city of Rome, most august of Christian cities continues exposed to all the enemies of the Church, and is polluted with every impious novelty, heretical temples and schools rising in every direction. It is understood that this year she is to give hospitality to the delegates and leaders of the sect that is most hostile to Catholicism, who are here to meet in council. It is abundantly evident why they have chosen this city for their place of meeting—to gratify their hatred of the Church by insulting her, and to bring the flames of war still nearer to the Roman Pontiff by defying him in his very See. No one doubts that the Church will in the end rise victorious over all the efforts of the wicked; but it is none the less a certain fact that their purpose is to smite the Church and her Head, and, if possible, to stamp out religion itself.

“It would indeed seem almost incredible that those who profess to love Italy should harbour such designs; for Italy, if she lost the Catholic faith, would lose also her most fruitful source of blessing. If Christianity has been to all nations their strongest safeguard, the guardian of their laws and the protectress of all justice; if it has held in check blind and rash cupidity, and promoted all that is right, praiseworthy, and great; if it has bound together in complete and lasting harmony the different orders of the commonwealth and the various members of the state; if it has done this for other nations, then in still more abundant measure has it conferred these benefits on Italy. There are many, far too many, so perverse as to repeat that the Church is an obstacle to the welfare and the development of the state, and to set down the Roman Pontificate as inimical to the prosperity and the greatness of Italy. The truth is that Italy owes it to the Roman Pontiffs that her glory has gone abroad to distant peoples, that she has sustained the repeated attacks of barbarians, that she has repulsed the dreaded Turk, that she has so long preserved in so many things her just and lawful liberties, and enriched her cities with so many immortal works of art. And it is not the least of the services of the Popes that the various provinces of Italy, differing as they do in character and in customs, have been kept united by a common faith and a common religion, and free from the most fatal of all sources of discord. In many times of danger and calamity Italy would have been nigh unto perishing had it not been for the Popes. And, if not prevented by human perversity, the Roman Pontificate will be as great a blessing to her in the future as it has been in the past. The beneficent power of Catholicism is immutable and perpetual because it is inherent

and essential. As the Catholic religion knows no limits of space or time, when the interests of souls are concerned, so is it everywhere and at every moment prepared to further the well-being of states and peoples.

“When these good things depart, evil things take their place; for those who reject the teachings of Christianity, whatever they may say themselves, are the enemies of the commonwealth. Their doctrines tend directly to dangerous popular excitement and to unrestrained license and cupidity. In matters of knowledge and science, they repudiate the divine light of faith; and without faith men, as a rule, err grievously, and are blind to the truth, and with difficulty escape the degradations of materialism. In matters of morality they reject the everlasting and unchangeable rule of right, and despise God, the supreme Giver of laws and Avenger of wrong; and thus morality has no foundation or sanction, and each man’s will becomes his law. In public affairs, their boasted liberty quickly becomes license, and where there is license there are turbulence and disorder, the worst plagues of the state.

“Never have cities and states been reduced to such a condition of horror and of misery as when such men and such teachings have for a time prevailed. Did not recent experience afford us examples, it would be utterly incredible that men should ever go to such lengths of wickedness, of audacity, and of fury as we have witnessed, and should rush wildly into the excesses of fire and blood whilst insulting the name of liberty with their lips. If Italy has not so far been subjected to such horrors, it is, first of all, the effect of the singular mercy of God, and it is owing, secondly, to the fact that the large majority of Italians are still earnest Catholics, and so beyond the power of these pernicious teachings. But once the safeguard of religion broken down, Italy would suffer as other great peoples have suffered. Similar doctrine must produce similar effects; vicious seed must bring forth vicious fruit. Nay, may we not expect that our Italian race will have to pay still more dearly for treason to its religion, since we shall not only be impious and perfidious but ungrateful as well? It is not by chance, nor by the disposition of man, that Italy has entered from the very earliest times into the inheritance of the salvation of Jesus Christ, has been privileged to possess in its midst the Chair of St. Peter, and has for so many ages enjoyed the advantages and Divine blessings which result from Catholicism. Well, therefore, may she dread the fate with which the Apostle Paul has threatened ungrateful nations: ‘The earth that drinketh in the rain that cometh often upon it, and bringeth forth herbs useful for them by whom it is tilled, receiveth blessing from God; but

that which bringeth forth thorns and briers, is rejected and very near to a curse, whose end is to be burnt.\*

“ May God avert such a fate ! Let every man seriously consider the dangers, both actual dangers and those which are threatened in the near future, by those who have sworn enmity to the Church, and who live and work not for the common good, but for the *sects*. Were they wise, were they in any sense patriotic, they would never distrust the Church or attempt to cast doubt on her and diminish her freedom : they would, on the contrary, defend and help her ; and their first business would be to see that the Roman Pontiff was restored to his just rights. For the present contest with the Apostolic See is as injurious to the safety of Italy as it is hurtful to the Church herself. We have declared Our views on this head elsewhere : ‘ Italy cannot flourish or remain long in peace, unless provision be made, as law and justice demand, for the dignity of the Holy See and the liberty of the Sovereign Pontiff.’

“ Therefore, having nothing more truly at heart than the safety of Christianity, and moved by the present critical state of Italy, We exhort you, Venerable Brothers, more earnestly than ever, to take anxious and charitable counsel with Us how to find a remedy for so much evil. And first of all, with the greatest possible care, teach your people how great a treasure is the Catholic Faith, and how necessary it is to preserve it jealously. And since the enemies of Catholicism, in order the more easily to deceive the unwary, not unfrequently profess one thing whilst they are doing another, it is most essential to show up their secret purposes, that so our Catholic people may understand what they are really aiming at, and thus be stirred up to defend with all their strength the Church and the Roman Pontiff—that is to say, those matters on which their salvation depends.

“ Hitherto many Catholics, whether through not knowing how to act or through not appreciating the danger, have seemed slow to act and unwilling to work. Now that we know by experience how things are situated, nothing could be more fatal than to sit idly by whilst evil men are working their will, and to leave the stage clear for them to do their worst on Christianity. They are wiser than the children of light, and they have not been timid. Fewer in numbers, but stronger in ability and in wealth, they have required but a short time to do much harm amongst us. LET ALL WHO LOVE CATHOLICISM UNDERSTAND THAT IT IS NOW TIME TO ATTEMPT SOMETHING ; it is not a time for remissness or sloth ; none are more quickly beaten than those who live in careless security. Our noble and vigorous forefathers feared nothing,

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\* Hebrews vi. 7, 8.

and it is through their faith and their sufferings that the Catholic Faith has spread and prospered. Venerable Brothers, stir up the sluggards, urge on the hesitating; by your example and your authority stimulate one and all to be faithful to every duty which their profession as Christians imposes upon them.

"In order to keep up the courageous activity of your flocks, there are few methods better than the encouragement of those 'Societies' or 'Unions' whose object is to promote and stimulate the Faith and other Christian virtues. Do your best, therefore, that such associations may grow in number, in unanimity, and in efficiency—associations of the young, societies of working men, unions for holding Catholic Congresses, charitable organizations, societies for the better observance of festivals, and for catechizing poor children, and many others of a similar nature. And since it is most essential to the interests of Christianity that the Roman Pontiff should be free, both in reality and in appearance, from all danger, molestation, and hindrance in the government of the Church, such associations should never cease, by action, by entreaty, and by argument, as far as they legally can, to uphold the cause of the Pope, and should never rest until we have restored to Us, not in appearance but in reality, that liberty with which are bound up in essential connection not only the interests of the Church, but also the prosperity of Italy and the tranquillity of Christendom.

"In the next place, it is of the utmost importance to spread good literature. The deadly enemies of the Church are using literature as their most effective weapon of attack. Hence the flood of detestable books and the innumerable corrupting and turbulent periodicals, which neither law nor decency is able to keep within bounds. Recent acts of rebellion and mob-violence are justified and defended; truth is kept back or distorted; the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff are the daily object of revilings and false accusations; and no opinion is too absurd or too pernicious to be scattered broadcast over the world. A remedy must be found for an evil which is growing daily worse and worse. The people must be most seriously and weightily warned to be on their guard, and to exercise a religious carefulness in what they read. Moreover, literature must be met by literature; the art which destroys must be made to save; the antidote must be found where the poison is. For this purpose it were to be desired that, in every province at least, there should be established journals or periodicals, to appear daily, if possible, with the object of impressing upon the people their duty towards the Church. More especially should be placed before them the enormous benefits which Catholicism brings to every nation; how it always promotes the prosperity and safety of states and of individuals; and how important it is that the Church



should be restored to that position in the State which her divine greatness and the general good imperatively demand. Catholic writers, therefore, must bear in mind many things. Their aim and object must be one and the same. They must settle definitely what to aim at, and execute their purpose. They must be well informed on all that may be useful for them to know. They must censure vice and error, but without flippancy or extravagance, without bitterness and without personalities; their style must be clear and straightforward, easy to be understood by the people. Catholics who do not write, but who sincerely wish to see the triumph in sacred and civil matters of those principles which Catholic writers uphold, should promote Catholic literature by their liberality, each one in proportion to his means. Such assistance is essential to those who write, and without it their success will be slight and uncertain, and perhaps altogether null. And if our Christian people have to suffer inconvenience in acting thus, or to fight for the right, let them not shrink; labour and annoyance are never incurred in a better cause than in defending religion from the assaults of evil men. The Church hath not begotten or brought up children to see them fail her in the hour of her need; she justly expects that their own ease and their private interests should be of no weight in comparison with the salvation of souls and the well-being of Christianity.

“But your grand concern, Venerable Brothers, ought to be the selection of fit and proper ministers of Almighty God. If it is the duty of a Bishop to bestow the greatest care on the education of every class of the young, much more must he watch over the preparation of ecclesiastical students, whose youth is the Church’s hope, and who are one day to share in the most sacred of all offices and duties. There are the gravest reasons at all times why the virtues of a priest should be many and conspicuous, but never more so than at present. The defence of the Faith, which is a priest’s special concern, and which is so specially necessary just now, requires no ordinary learning, but learning that is exact and various, learning which embraces not only divinity proper, but philosophy, physics, and history. The falsehood we have to eradicate is many-sided, and the whole foundation of Christianity is attacked; we have not seldom to contend with adversaries who are ready at all points, who are obstinate in argument, and who skilfully avail themselves of assistance from science of every description. And as with knowledge, so with virtue: the priest’s virtues ought to be as marked and as impregnable as corruption is deep and widely spread. He cannot escape from the company of men; nay, his sacred office makes it a duty for him to seek men out and live among them, and that even in places where every passion is indulged unchecked.

Wherefore the virtue of the clergy in these times ought to be strong enough to stand by itself, and to triumph over all the temptations of passion as well as all the dangers of example. Moreover, the recent persecuting legislation has diminished the numbers of the clergy, and therefore those who by God's blessing are in holy orders must redouble their assiduity, and make up by zeal and devotion for the fewness of their numbers. This they cannot do unless they are resolute, self-denying, blameless, burning with charity, and ever ready to sacrifice themselves for the salvation of souls. Their preparation for their holy office must be long and careful; such high duties are not easily learnt. The best, the holiest priests will be those who have been trained to the priesthood from their earliest years, and who have so practised the virtues of a priest as to have made them their second nature.

"For these reasons, Venerable Brothers, the seminaries justly challenge your greatest energy, thoughtfulness, and vigilance. Your own wisdom will readily suggest to you by what course of education the young clerics should be trained to virtue. We ourselves have pointed out, in Our Encyclical Letter, *Æterni Patris*, how their studies should be carried on. But at the present day innumerable useful discoveries are being made which should not be overlooked,—the more so since evil men are ready to make use of every fresh advance of science as a resource against Divine revelation. Therefore, Venerable Brothers, make it a duty to see that Church students be not only instructed in Natural Science, but also thoroughly grounded in all that concerns the interpretation and the authority of Holy Scripture. A complete course of studies embraces many branches; and in Italy such a course is made very difficult to the seminaries by the interference of the law. But here again have we a right to look to Catholic munificence. Those who have gone before us provided piously and nobly for such necessities; and by prudence and economy the Church was able to educate her clergy without appealing to the charity of her children. But that sacred and rightful patrimony, which had been spared by many a spoiler, has been taken from her in the troubles which have fallen on our days. Those who love their religion, therefore, must now emulate the generosity of their forefathers. In France and in Belgium, where similar circumstances have occurred, we find examples of munificence, which posterity will admire, as we admire. We do not doubt that Italians, when they see clearly how matters stand, will prove themselves worthy of their fathers and equal to the example of their brother Catholics.

"We have much hope and consolation in all these considerations. But in every undertaking, and most especially in those which

concern the common good, human means must be reinforced by the assistance of God Almighty; in Whose power is both the will of man and the fate of empires. Wherefore, let prayer be made to God that He may deign to look down on this Italy, which He has favoured in so many ways; and that He may guard from all dangers and doubts her Catholic Faith, the best of all her treasures. For this end, let the holy and immaculate Virgin, the august Mother of God, the promoter of good counsel, be invoked, together with her most holy Spouse, St. Joseph, guardian and patron of Christian peoples. With equal devotion let us pray to the great Apostles, Peter and Paul, that they keep and protect in Italy the fruit of their labour and the Catholic Faith which they purchased for our forefathers with their blood, and may transmit it safe and inviolate to our latest posterity.

“Relying on these heavenly protectors, we lovingly impart, Venerable Brothers, the Apostolic Benediction, as an omen of God’s blessing and a proof of our own love, to each one of you and to the flocks committed to your charge.” (*Dated February 15, 1882.*)

Our readers will probably agree with us that they never listened to language more warm from the heart and more full of intention, than these utterances of the Holy Father to the pastors of the Italian peninsula. They bear in their bosom the seed of a reformation. Italy is Catholic—profoundly Catholic, God be praised. Her Bishops are faithful to a man, in spite of money difficulties, and in spite of the very great temptation to become a notability by adopting “liberal” opinions. Her diocesan clergy, with few and insignificant exceptions, have been loyal in every sense of the word; and this is no small thing to say when we remember what was the political state of the country in the days before the battle of Solferino. The mass of her people, notwithstanding the fettering of Church authority for a period of a quarter of a century, are true to the Church and to the Pope, in the North as in the South, at Naples as at Turin. The clamour against Catholicism and revelation has been the work of a small but influential class—principally the lawyers and a few professors: men with sufficient reading to have read Gioberti, and not enough to understand the divinity of Christianity; men who wanted a short cut to power, and were on the look-out for spoil; men who, in some cases, were stung by patriotic impulses, and had not patience to work for their country in the right way; men who found it easy to get a following in every city of youthful students and others who are always naturally prone to take sides against whatever is established. This party, organized by a powerful secret society, has managed

to overthrow thrones, to imprison the Sovereign Pontiff, and to distress and embarrass the Church. Many of its members are by no means altogether lost to good sense or good feeling. The direful necessity of keeping up with their party, the exigences of daily journalism and the difficulty of undoing the past—all these have combined to detain in the hostile camp men who have had misgivings and remorse. English Protestants cannot understand—or they are only just beginning to understand—why the “Italian” Government took possession of the Quirinal and left the Pope in the Vatican; why it battered down the Porta Pia and passed the law of “guarantees;” why it imprisons the Pope and yet proclaims the Catholic religion to be the religion of the State. The explanation is that the Italians are still a profoundly Catholic people. That fact comes to the surface when we see “liberal” leaders and orators like Mancini and Lanza reconciling themselves with the Church and going to confession at the approach of death. The Pope gratefully recognizes in this Letter that the Italian nation is still Catholic. But he promptly puts his finger on the blot in the character of his fellow-countrymen. They are Catholics, but they are very lazy ones. “Slow to act, and unwilling to work;” this is the description of far too many of them. The object of the present Encyclical is to rouse them to action, and to encourage them to labour like men. The Holy Father puts down their apathy to two causes—first, the novelty of the present circumstances; and secondly, their not having yet realized the dangers of the situation. The novelty, however, should be fast wearing off by this time. At first, no doubt, the simple-hearted Italian priest, shopkeeper, and peasant looked upon the events of 1870 as bad, but too bad to last. They were a horrid dream, which would pass away. Revolution, crime, sacrilege—these Italy had experienced, and she had always seen them pass more or less swiftly away. But a steady and statesmanlike purpose to oppose the Pope, to make the Bishops slaves of the Government, to abolish the religious state, and to banish the priest from the elementary schools—this the Italian nation could not understand; and they have not understood it yet. They could not believe it was real. They were like children when their rough play is suddenly interrupted by a cool and dangerous man. It seemed to them to be a mistake, and something must surely happen to save them. But twelve years of the same steady diabolical purpose have gone by, and the thing is beginning to be understood, not merely by the few who have always understood it, but by the multitude. They begin to see that they have to fight for their very faith and the souls of their children. They realize that kings are against them, Ministers on the devil’s side, Parliament irreligious, the laws to a

great extent wicked, and their Father the Pope in the power of his enemies. They have long understood Garibaldi and Cialdini; they are only now beginning to comprehend the meaning of Cavour.

The object, then, of the Sovereign Pontiff is to urge the Bishops to rouse the Italian Catholics—not to political action—but to labour for the preservation of the Faith. He points out three principal means which he would be glad to see taken up: first, the promotion of “Associations” for purposes of instruction, Catholic life and charity; secondly, the use of the press for disseminating among the masses due ideas of the importance of their Faith (and for this end he would have a daily newspaper, if possible, in every province); and thirdly, great care and trouble in the instruction and education of priests. And he emphatically lays down that priests in these days must be very well educated indeed; and not merely in theology, but also in mental philosophy, in the hermeneutics and apologetics of Holy Scripture, and in physical science. This is the Holy Father’s latest contribution to the solution of the “Roman question.” We shall not have long to wait for its results.

That a solution of this question must come soon, few seem now to doubt. There is a feeling of tension, a presentiment of the approach of a crisis, in the European atmosphere. It is not merely that there is a Pope whose characteristic gift seems to be the wisdom that is from above, and that, simultaneously, the assembly on Monte Citorio is divided against itself. All Europe is stirred in regard to the state of affairs in Rome. England’s attitude is, as usual, inconsistent and unreasonable, being partly distrust of the Pope, partly willingness to shake hands with him if some one would only begin it. France has at any rate made a conservative pause in her descent to the pit of the Commune, and talks loudly about observing the Concordat. Germany is for the moment almost a Catholic power, and will probably continue so until the Liberals have no Bismarck to prevent them from abolishing standing institutions like crowns and churches. Russia is making arrangements to bring back from Siberia her exiled priests, and to make friends at least with the Curia, if General Skobelev has isolated her from every one else. It may be said that the Roman question entered on its present phase just a year ago. It was on the Feast of St. Joseph, March 19, of last year, that Pope Leo XIII. published the universal Jubilee, by a Brief which is one of the most mournful in tone that a Pope has ever issued to the world. Yet, now that we look back, we can see that, even then, the day was beginning to break. It was the very next month that the Pope received M. Oubril, the ambassador of the Czar Alexander III. By the

end of June it became evident that Germany had determined to make peace with the Holy See and with her Catholic subjects. On June 29th the great Encyclical *Diuturnum illud*, on the origin and limits of power, was given to the light. By the end of the autumn pamphlets began to appear, containing the opinions of thinly disguised personages in the diplomatic world on the subject of the Holy See. The long conversation, related by the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, was the first publication which set the world thinking. This was followed, in November, by a pamphlet published at Paris, entitled "*La situation du Pape et le dernier mot sur la question romaine.*" It was a production which was loyal in tone to the Holy See, but extremely conciliatory. It pushed concession to the utmost limit. It pleaded for the independence of the Pope, and showed that the "guarantees" were quite insufficient. But it stopped short of the full Catholic position. It did not demand the restoration of the temporal power. A second pamphlet, which made even a greater sensation, followed. This time the place of publication was Rome, and the *brochure* was in Italian. "*Il Papa e l'Italia*"\* was at once attributed to one or other immediate attendants of the Pope. The Berlin *Tageblatt* published a telegram from Rome to the effect that the authors were "two private secretaries of the Pope," and that the Pope himself had revised the proof sheets. The two points made by the pamphlet are these: First, no foreigner to interfere for the restoration or protection of the Pope; secondly, the Pope to be "sovereign in sovereign Italy." As to the first, the writer is very emphatic. He reproves those Catholics who are of the class of what he calls "*impazienti*" (impatient):—

As to a foreign army (he says) I will speak briefly and plainly. . . . If there is any Catholic who desires war in order to give peace to the Church in Italy, such a one would be deeply mistaken. A permanent foreign army in Italy is no longer possible under the present international political system of Europe, sanctioned by treaties. And a foreign army which should restore the Pope and then retire, would simply bring back on us the worst excesses of the Revolution (p. 29).

What the writer of this pamphlet, however, has to offer in the way of practical suggestion does not amount to much. Perhaps not much was intended. "*Papa sovrano in Italia indipendente*" is a good-looking phrase—and phrases are useful in their way. The author's view is that "conciliation" between the Pope and Italy is impossible; but that "reconciliation" is perfectly possible. By conciliation he means acceptance, on the part of the Pope, of the present situation. That situation he sums up in two points

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\* A translation of this pamphlet by Mr. Alexander Wood has just been published by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

—the fall of the temporal power and the existence of a National Italian Government. The Catholics who are called “conciliatori,” and who are typified by Curci, consider that the temporal power has disappeared by an ordinance of Providence, and that it must not be expected to return; that, on the other hand, the newly constituted Italian Government should be recognized. The only obstacles in the way of “conciliation,” according to Curci, are the “antiquated bigots.”\* All conservatives are apt to be called antiquated, and those who stand up for principle in a world of expediency are as certain to be called bigoted. It is needless to say that the Church will never make peace on these terms. She might almost as well sign her own death warrant. But “reconciliation,” we are told, is a different matter. Let Italy withdraw from Rome, and make the Pope really independent again; then—the writer very plainly hints, though he does not say so—the Pope will meet Italy halfway, and a new Concordat will arrange the terms of a lasting alliance. “Mutual concession” are the words he uses.†

We will frankly confess that “*Il Papa e l'Italia*” is hardly a production which one would expect to come from the pen of a true—a Roman—Catholic. It is not merely that it suggests the possibility of a compromise between the Papacy and the usurping Government which oppresses it. Many Catholics object to it on this very ground. For instance, the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach* sees in the pamphlet a paltry policy of recognizing the *fait accompli*, and an un-Catholic suggestion that the Pope can forget his oath.‡ We are not at all sure, however, that the Pope has not made compromises and will not make them again; that he has not recognized *faits accomplis* and will not recognize them again. To talk magnanimously of never surrendering a principle is not to solve a question of this kind. The Papacy has only one principle which it never surrenders, and that is its duty above all things to save souls for which Christ died. No Catholic can pretend to say what surrender of temporal power or what waiving of spiritual prerogative it might not consider expedient at a given moment. Therefore the programme of “reconciliation” traced in this pamphlet does not seem, on its merits, to be beyond possibility or probability of adoption. But the objection seems to be, to trace any programme at all. The Pope himself is the only one who has any right to put forth a scheme of reconciliation. If he does not do so, it is a sign that he sees no prospect at the moment of doing so with profit

\* The name of Curci's latest book is “*La nuova Italia e i vecchi zelanti*.”

† See p. 33.

‡ See the number for March 14th, Art. “*Die römische Frage*.”

or success. But no one will maintain that the Pope has inspired "Il Papa e l'Italia." It remains, therefore, that the writer, whoever he is, has undertaken to advise the Pope. He tries to force the Pope's hand; he raises hopes which may never be fulfilled; he turns the thoughts of Catholics in a direction where it is possible there may be nothing to expect; and he thus makes the Pope's task, when he does announce his programme, a thousand times more difficult than it should be. For no one can pronounce either on the mode or the time of "reconciliation" except the Pope. One reason is that the Pope is the party robbed, and therefore no one can validly arrange about the restitution but himself. The other is, that in supreme matters of this kind, which affect the universal Church and all Christendom, the judgment of the Holy See, when it does come, is specially guarded from error by the heavenly grace and divine assistance which are the prerogative of the Papacy. The Pope has his advisers, and he is not blind or idle. He knows when to speak, and he knows where to look for information and inspiration. The duty of Catholics, we take it, is to hear his words and to study them; to compare them one with another, and to draw inferences with prudence and reverence; but not to anticipate him.

The programme, or policy, which Pius IX. and Leo XIII. have seen fit to announce, so far, is very simple. They have declared that the temporal principedom is necessary to the Church; that the Pope is at present under the domination of enemies; that justice and right demand the restoration of his independence; and that Catholics should unite in labour and sacrifice for the promotion of the Faith and of Christian morality. The occupant of the Chair of St. Peter has, so far, shown no signs of acknowledging the "King of Italy;" he has not authorized Catholics to vote at political elections in the usurped provinces; and, on the other hand, he has not shown any signs that he himself intends to leave Rome. Yet he is not idle, or obstinate, or, to use the barbarous phrase of the hour, "intransigent." Is it lawful to offer a conjecture as to what his ultimate intentions are? Since he came to the throne he has published to the world ten Encyclicals of the first class, many minor Briefs, a great many Letters to individual Bishops, and innumerable Addresses, Consistorial and others. Is there a distinct line or vein of policy to be discerned running through all this multifarious work of a four years' pontificate? We confess that we can see with certainty one, and only one; and that is, the renovation of the Catholic masses by instruction, co-operation, and practical Christian life. Leo XIII. aims at the liberty of the Church and the independence of the Holy See. But he neither encourages zealots to make matters worse by rash interference, nor



wastes his invective on the unheeding ears of the enemy, nor irritates the general body of sluggish Catholics by fruitless exhortation to political action. He knows there is a machine of war, could he but set it in motion, which nothing can resist. This is, the pressure of the Catholic millions. In days gone by that mighty force could be brought into action by the will of princes and leaders. Now, the leaders of the people are not princes, but speakers and writers. There is a new order of things. It is just over thirty years since Pius IX. blessed the first railway in the States of the Church. It is since then that the outburst of printed matter, like the lava of the burning mountain, has obliterated landmarks, forced men from their haunts, and turned the settled world upside down. It is saying nothing more than what is acknowledged when we admit that the Bishops of Italy have not, as a body, shown themselves to be completely abreast of the times' changes. They have done their ordinary duty as pastors, and it is not any reflection on them to say they have not been equal to the extraordinary difficulties of the occasion. They, and the Italian clergy, have required more learning and greater unanimity in sacred studies; they have not used the press as they might have done; they have been backward in comprehending the power of combination; and their Church students have not been educated as the age demanded.

Any reader who glances even cursorily through the numerous Allocutions and Letters of the Sovereign Pontiff to Italian deputations during the four years he has reigned will be able to satisfy himself that he has almost invariably returned to one or two subjects; he has blamed the Italians for levity, indifference, sloth, and disagreement; and he has recommended the adoption and enlargement of those institutions which strengthen what he calls "the Catholic life"—Societies of Young Men, Workmen's Associations, and Benefit Societies; he has urged the use of the press, and he has dwelt on the necessity of instruction. See for example the address to the pilgrimage from Lombardy, on February 13th of last year, in which is anticipated every point (with the exception of what relates to Philosophy and to the Seminaries) which he treats in the recent Encyclical. We find the same ideas, almost the same words, in his address to the Italian Bishops on the 28th of April, 1878, his words to the Italians in general in September of the same year; in his allocution to the members of the press in February, 1879, and his eloquent Brief to the Catholic Congress assembled at Modena in the following September; in his letters to Cardinal Dechamps and Cardinal Borromeo, April and May, 1880.

Whilst we consider it to be our duty not to go before the

Pope in making proposals for the solution of the "Roman question," we are quite prepared to see it very quickly solved. There seem to be three possible solutions. The first is, that the Pope should quit Rome and take refuge in some friendly or neutral country. The second is, that foreign diplomacy, treating the question of the Papacy as an international concern, might bring sufficient pressure on the Italian Government to induce them to restore Rome, and perhaps the surrounding territory, to the Pope. And the third is, that the Italian Catholics, aroused to a sense of their duty, and taking advantage of the new law of universal suffrage, should settle the matter for themselves, and give back to the Holy See whatever the Holy See asks.

We confess that it appears to us extremely unlikely that the Pope will quit the city of Rome. Numerous rumours have gained more or less credence from time to time that departure had been decided upon. Our readers will remember the scare that took place in Rome itself last December. Two of the Pope's State-carriages, a present from Napoleon III. to Pius IX., had been brought out of their coach-house to be freshly painted. At once the cry went round that the Pope was leaving. The police were strengthened and the soldiers were reinforced; and King Humbert with his Ministers prepared themselves for the worst. The Pope did not stir; and it hardly appears probable that he will, unless things grow very much worse. There is first of all the extreme inconvenience of such a course. Few persons have any clear idea of what is involved in the government of the Universal Church. There are some who would seem to think that everything is done by the Pope in his own cabinet, and that even he himself does nothing but issue Briefs and Encyclicals. The simple truth is, that he is surrounded by a gigantic and complex system of arrangements for business such as is only to be paralleled in European political capitals of the first class. The "Congregations" among which, as among so many Boards or Committees, is distributed the legislative, the administrative, and the judicial work of the "*Curia Romana*," are at least twelve in number.\* They consist of Cardinals, who, with a staff of Consultors, secretaries and clerks, entertain, examine and decide the important matters which come before them from every quarter of the world. At least one-third of the existing Cardinals are perpetually occupied in the work of Congregations. For the

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\* The Roman Congregations are [the Consistorial, the Holy Office, the Index, the Council of Trent, the Bishops and Regulars, the Rites, Ecclesiastical Immunity, Indulgences and Relics, the Propaganda, Studies, the examination of Bishops, and the residence of Bishops. But there are two sub-congregations annexed to the congregation of the Council, two to that of Bishops and Regulars, and at least one to the Propaganda.

despatch of business these Congregations require rooms and offices. Some have "palaces" of their own, like the Propaganda. Others are housed in the vast courts of the Vatican Palace. Besides the Congregations, there are tribunals like the Cancelleria, the Dataria, the Pœnitentiaria, the Secretariate of Briefs, and the Rota. In addition to these, there is the vast department of the Cardinal Secretary of State. This body of Ministers, Judges, Consultors, clerks, and advocates is simply essential to the government of the Church. But let us try to conceive the difficulty of moving it to Malta, to Fulda, or to Salzburg, and of housing it in new habitations! The Cardinals are nearly all old men, whom the very journey would decimate, and for whom new quarters or habits would be too often not only disagreeable but fatal. The official staff are Italians, and like all Italians, and especially Romans, intensely averse from emigration. The usurping Government would probably interfere to prevent the removal of libraries and archives; and, if they did not, the task of moving them would be useless to attempt. The Pope could not move without taking the Curia with him. To leave them behind would be to paralyze the Church's action.

These inconveniences are not everything. The Holy See would sacrifice much that is valuable by leaving Rome. Miserable as the present state of things is, Rome is always Rome. The Pope in Rome is the Pope in his own place. He is a prisoner there—for a time; but his presence is felt. The pilgrim seeks out Rome because the Pope is there. The worshipper at shrines and altars prays the more fervently because the Holy Father is in the Vatican. The deep and warm Catholic life of the Eternal City is the more vigorous for its consciousness of the nearness of the Pope. The Catholic world would perhaps flock to any city where the Pope was; but no city could be like Rome. Rome is a great Catholic hospice where the Pope's visitors have a thousand welcomes and a thousand ties; where even those who cannot hope for private audiences, much less for familiar intercourse with the Sovereign Pontiff, and who will probably have to content themselves with a glimpse of his countenance in some crowded function, or some hurried *passeggiata*, can find intellectual recreation and devout occupation for weeks and months whilst they wait, or whilst they watch their business. A passing look at the Pope, or a kind word and smile, is valued by the faithful as it ought to be; but the most devout would naturally think twice if the price of it were an uncertain sojourn in a town which would be certainly most dreary and dull in comparison with Rome.

The Pope is at this moment a prisoner, and his situation, as he has said himself, is "intolerable." But, after all, he is in the

Vatican ; he is in his own house ; he has his own servants around him ; no myrmidon of the State dares to pass his threshold. Whether or no he would be freer elsewhere, it is obviously not for us to inquire. He would certainly not quit the Holy City unless he was sure that he would be. But what European palace would befit him after the Vatican ?

That the European powers might interfere in the Roman question is certainly a very possible contingency. Most of the powers of Europe, at the present moment, do not ostentatiously respect the wishes or the interests of their Catholic subjects. But that might soon be altered. If home politics took such a turn as to make it worth while for Germany, France, and Austria, or even for England and Russia, to court the favour of the Catholic party, none of these States would hesitate much for the fear of offending the Quirinal. Italy has practised a deception on Europe. In 1870 and 1871, when the leaders of the Piedmontese irruption were anxious to secure the countenance of the Powers, they declared in the most emphatic and absolute words that the cause of the Papacy was an international one, and that no European State should have any cause to complain of the treatment of the Holy See by the Italian nation.\* But the recognition by Europe of the status of the Italian Government in Rome has not been by any means so cordial as was desired. On the contrary, it has happened once or twice that one or other of the Powers has shown itself dissatisfied with the position of the Pope. Twelve years have gone by, the rulers of Italy are no longer of the stamp of Lanza and Visconti-Venosta, and there is nothing to be gained by hypocrisy ; so it is now cynically declared in official quarters that Italy brooks no interference about the Pope. It is stated, and it has never been denied, that, in December and January last, when Prince Bismarck was supposed to be manifesting a disposition to ask questions, Mancini, on behalf of the Italian Government, instructed De Launay, the ambassador at Berlin, to say to the Chancellor that “ no Italian Government, of whatever party, could permit the *least external interference* in a question which Italy was determined to treat as a matter of strictly home concern and as pertaining to her sovereign rights as a nation.” It is not known whether the German Minister has digested this defiance or not. But it is

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\* On the 18th of March, 1871, the question of the “internationality” of the Holy See was discussed in the Italian Chamber. Signor Mordini, supported by Ratazzi and Mancini, proposed a resolution that the law of the Papal guarantees was a matter of home politics, in regard to which there could be no room for international dealings. He was opposed by the Government, and notably by Signor Lanza, the President of the Ministry, and was defeated by 191 votes to 109.

certain that the question is by no means at rest. The Holy See is patently and undoubtedly "international," or else there is no such thing as the Catholic Church. At the same time, European armed interference is out of the question, and European diplomacy is a treacherous swamp, in which good and bad are swallowed up indifferently. We in England can do little in the matter. If we had a diplomatic representative at the Vatican it would contribute towards giving the Holy See the character which it ought to have in Europe. Monsignor Capel, in his useful and clever pamphlet,\* says, "Italy should remember that she has not a monopoly of the Papacy" (p. 27). It is perhaps for this very reason—that is, for fear of seeming to interfere with this Italian monopoly—that sturdy English Protestants object to send a diplomatist to the Papal Court. Monsignor Capel's own pages supply a powerful demonstration of the folly and futility of looking on the Head of the Catholic Church in any other light except a great international force and concern.

But we are disposed to think that the solution of the Italian question will come from the Italians themselves. There can be little doubt that this is what would best please Leo XIII. The Pope is an ardent Italian patriot, in the best sense. He considers that the greatness of Italy is, above everything else, in her providential appointment as the seat and the guardian of the Papacy. The Italian Government, there can be no doubt, feels the strain caused by the too near neighbourhood of the awful shadow of St. Peter. Had it only the Pope to deal with, the pressure would not be so great. But there is first the revolution, and, next, the Catholics of Europe. The Catholics of Europe insist upon coming to Rome as pilgrims, and have no intention of giving up talking about the Pope, even if, for the moment, they can do little else except talk. But the showing up of mistakes, the utterance of faith and hope, the protesting in favour of law and justice—all this may be set down as talk, but it is not ineffective for all that. "They are trying," said Pope Leo XIII. to the Cardinals at the beginning of March, "to silence the voices that are raised in favour of Our cause, and to calm the apprehensions of Catholics. . . . But the matter concerns the whole Catholic world. . . . It is folly to suppose that the Catholics of the world will resign themselves to suffer peacefully their chief and their master to remain long in a condition so incompatible with his dignity, and so trying to their own filial love." On the other side, the extreme "Liberals," in and out of Parliament, will not rest until the law of the guarantees is abrogated, and the Italian police may walk up and down the staircases of the

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\* "Great Britain and Rome." London: Longmans. 1882.

Vatican. Things cannot remain long as they are. Either the Italian Government will withdraw and, with the aid of the Catholics, defy the advanced Liberals, or else it will remain at Rome and its left wing will destroy it. It may or may not be true that influential men of the present dominant party are regretting they ever came to Rome. But there are many signs that the present situation is looked upon as very provisional and uncertain. Foreign sovereigns keep carefully away from the Holy City. Far the greater number of the deputies live, not in houses of their own, but in some hotel.\* Rome is found to be the wrong place for a capital—hard to fortify, unhealthy for the men of Northern Italy, and, what is worse, already preoccupied by a Sovereign who is not yet got rid of. The uncertainty of the situation must continue until it pleases the Pope to permit the Catholics to take part in the political elections. There are some signs that the permission, and the order, will be given before very long. Already a strong recommendation has been given to “register.” This may not mean immediate action, but it certainly means action. When the Catholic body is a little better disciplined—when it has come to understand thoroughly what it is fighting for, and how to use modern weapons—then probably the word will be given. Till that happens, the Italian Government is in the position of men who are waiting for a high tide on a tropical island. The giant wave is sure to come, and it is sure to swamp everything—and no one knows how the place will look after it has gone down. The Sovereign Pontiff is drilling his army. When he has made his Italians, and his children in every European country, as good Catholics, as loyal Catholics, as intelligent Catholics, and as self-sacrificing Catholics as he thinks they should be, there can be little doubt as to what will happen then.

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\* It was observed that both Signor Lanza, an ex-minister, and General Medici, aide-de-camp to King Humbert, lately deceased, after reconciliation with the Church, died in an hotel, the one in the Hôtel de New-York, the other in the Quirinale.

LETTER OF POPE LEO XIII.  
TO  
THE BISHOPS OF NORTHERN ITALY.

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*Ad Venerabiles Fratres Archiepiscopos et Episcopos Provinciarum  
Ecclesiasticarum Mediolanensis Taurinensis et Vercellensis*

LEO PP. XIII.

VENERABILES FRATRES, SALUTEM ET APOSTOLICAM BENEDICTIONEM.

COGNITA Nobis est sapientia Vestra et vigilantia in omni genere diligens: itemque praeclara in hanc Apostolicam Sedem voluntas, quam cum saepe alias, tum etiam superiore anno et amantissimis litteris et coram confirmavistis. Atque illud magnopere laetamur episcopalibus laboribus Vestris uberes, Deo iuvante, evenire fructus. Quibus de rebus gratulamur unicuique Vestrum meritasque laudes libenti animo publice tribuimus.

Nonnihil tamen istis ipsis in provinciis est, Venerabiles Fratres, quamobrem non sumus a sollicitudine plane vacui. In iis enim passim apparent quaedam dissensionum initia, quae nisi opportune matureque opprimantur, evadere in maius aliquod malum videntur posse. Ea igitur volumus a Vobis diligenter considerari, et Vestra cura operaque provideri ut, amotis dissidiorum caussis, sententiarum et voluntatum concordia retineatur, quae cum in omni re publica, tum praecipue in Ecclesia maximum atque optimum est vinculum incolumitatis.—Iamvero metuendum est, ne haec animorum concordia dirimatur contrariis partium studiis, quibus materiam praebet quaedam inter Insubres ephemerides, et doctrina clari unius viri, cuius inter recentiores philosophos nomen percerebuit.

Quod ad primum caput, sunt in istis provinciis Vestris ephemerides, quarum auctores veri rectique principia tuentur, sanctissima Ecclesiae iura, Apostolicae Sedis Romanique Pontificis maiestatem strenue defendunt. Huic generi favendum maxime est; et omni ratione curandum ut scriptores huiusmodi non modo floreat studiis hominum et gratia, sed etiam multos ubique nanciscantur similes sui, qui quotidianos improborum impetus sustineant, et honestatis religionisque patrocinio redimant impunitam plurimorum in scribendo licentiam. Hac de caussa Nos haud semel illorum probavimus voluntatem, vehementerque hortati sumus, ut tueri iustitiam et veritatem scribendo insisterent, et nulla re deduci sese a proposito sinerent.

At vero convenit in caussa gravi et nobili modum adhibere defensionis aequae nobilem et gravem, quem ultra progredi non oportet. Scilicet pulcrum est, eos qui catholicum nomen scriptis quotidianis defendunt prae se ferre veritatis amorem constantem, minimeque timidum; sed simul oportet nihil eosdem suscipere, quod bono cuiquam viro iure displiceat, neque ulla ratione temperantiam deserere, quae cunctarum comes debet esse virtutum. In quo nemo sapiens

probaverit aut stilum vehementem plus quam satis est, aut quidquam vel suspiciose dictum, vel quod temere a personarum obsequio indulgentiae discedere videatur.

In primis vero sanctum sit apud catholicos scriptores Episcoporum nomen; quibus in excelso auctoritatis gradu collocatis dignus officio ipsorum et munere habendus est honos. Neque licere sibi homines privati putent in ea, quae sacri Pastores pro potestate decreverint, inquirere; ex quo sane magna perturbatio ordinis consequeretur et non ferenda confusio. Atque istam reverentiam, quam praetermittere licet nemini, maxime in catholicis auctoribus ephemeridum luculentam esse et velut expositam ad exemplum necesse est. Ephemerides enim, ad longe lateque pervagandum natae, in obvii cuiusque manus quotidie veniunt, et in opinionibus moribusque multitudinis non parum possunt.

Ad alterum caput quod attinet, de philosophicis disciplinis iam declaravimus cuius viri vestigiis ingrediendum putemus. Litterae Nostrae Encyclicae die IV. mensis Augusti anno MDCCCLXXIX. ad universos Episcopos datae aperte monent, avere Nos et cupere ut iuventus ad disciplinam sancti Thomae Aquinatis instituatur; quae plurimum ad excolendas sapienter hominum mentes semper valuit, et est maxime accomodata ad pravas refutandas opiniones, quae homines tanto iam numero transversos agunt, cum ingenti et salutis suae discrimine et republicae detrimento. Istud Litterarum Nostrarum propositum poterat omnium animos concordia iunctos facile retinere, excepta interpretationis subtilitate nimia, servataque moderationis ratione in rebus iis, de quibus ob studium investigandi veri, citra fidei caritatisque iacturam, viri docti utrinque disserere consueverunt.

Sed quoniam non sine animi Nostri cura videmus partium studia plus aequo in disputando conflagravisse, publice interest, huic ardori animorum modum aliquem imponi. Quapropter cum in iis quae in dies singulos scribuntur et multa commentatio et pacata iudicii tranquillitas, ut plurimum, desideretur, optandum est ut catholici ephemeridum scriptores ab huiusmodi quaestionibus tractandis absterneant. Interim autem Sedes Apostolica, de gravioribus negotiis praesertim quae doctrinarum sanitatem spectant pro muneris sui ratione sollicita, ad renatas et crudescentes controversias vigilantiam et providentiam suam convertere non praetermittit, ea adhibita consilii prudentia, in qua quemlibet catholicum virum aequum est conquiescere.

Ex qua tamen re nolumus detrimentum capere societatem religionum virorum a *Caritate* nominatam, quae sicut in iuvandis ex instituto proximis hactenus labores suos utiliter insumpsit, ita optandum ut vigeat reliquo tempore, fructusque pergat quotidie uberiores edere.

Interea Vestrum est, Venerabiles Fratres, dare operam ut haec consilia Nostra perficiantur, et nihil omittere quod firmandam concordiam pertineat. Quae sane eo magis est, ut probe intelligitis, necessaria, quo plures et acriores apparent hostes rebus catholicis imminentes: adversus quos exercere vires omnes necesse est, easque non dissipatione attritas, sed coniunctione auctas. Plurimum propterea



prudencia, virtute et auctoritate Vestra confisi, Vobis omnibus, Venerabiles Fratres, et populis vigilantiae Vestrae commissis, auspicem divinorum munerum, et praecipuae benevolentiae Nostrae testem, Apostolicam Benedictionem peramanter in Domino impertimus.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum die XXV. Januarii MDCCCLXXXII., Pontificatus Nostri Anno Quarto.

LEO PP. XIII.

## ENCYCLICAL OF POPE LEO XIII.

TO THE

### BISHOPS OF ITALY.

*Ad Venerabiles Fratres Archiepiscopos et Episcopos aliosque  
Locorum Ordinarios in Regione Italica.*

LEO PP. XIII.

VENERABILES FRATRES, SALUTEM ET APOSTOLICAM BENEDICTIONEM.

ETSI Nos, pro auctoritate atque amplitudine Apostolici muneris, et universam christianam rempublicam et singulas eius partes maxima, qua possumus, vigilantia et caritate complectimur: nunc tamen singulari quadam ratione curas cogitationesque Nostras ad se Italia convertit.—Quibus in cogitationibus et curis altius quiddam rebus humanis divinisque suspicimus: anxii enim et solliciti sumus de salute animarum sempiterna; in qua tanto magis fixa et locata esse omnia studia Nostra oportet, quanto eam maioribus periculis videmus oppositam. — Cuius generis pericula, si magna unquam in Italia fuerunt, maxima profecto sunt hoc tempore, cum ipse rerum publicarum status magnopere sit incolumitati religionis calamitosus. Eamque ob causam Nos movemur vehementius, quod singulares coniunctionis necessitudines Nobis cum Italia intercedunt, in qua Deus domicilium Vicarii sui, magisterium veritatis, et catholicae unitatis centrum collocavit.—Alias quidem multitudinem monuimus, ut sibi caveret, et singuli intelligerent, quae sua sint in tantis offensionum caussis officia. Nihilominus, ingravescentibus malis, volumus in ea Vos, Venerabiles Fratres, mentem diligentius intendere, et, communium rerum inclinatione perspecta, munire vigilantius populorum animos, omnibusque praesidiis firmare, ne thesaurus omnium pretiosissimus, fides catholica diripiatur.

Perniciosissima hominum secta, cuius auctores et principes non celant neque dissimulant quid velint, in Italia iamdiu consedit: denunciatisque Iesu Christo inimiciis, despoliare penitus instituit christianis multitudinem contendit. Quantum audendo processerit, nihil attinet dicere hoc loco, praesertim cum extent Vobis, Venerabiles Fratres, ante oculos vel religioni vel moribus illatae iam labe et ruinae.—Apud italas gentes, quae in avita religione constanter et fideliter omni tempore permanserunt, imminuta nunc passim Ecclesiae libertas est, atque acrius in dies hoc agitur, ut ex omnibus publice institutis forma illa et veluti character christianus deleatur, quo

semper fuit Italarum non sine caussa nobilitatum genus. Sublata sodalium religiosorum collegia: proscripta Ecclesiae bona: rata citra ritus catholicos connubia; in institutione iuventutis nullae potestati ecclesiasticae partes relictæ.—Neque finis est nec modus ullus acerbi et luctuosi belli cum Apostolica Sede suscepti, cuius caussa incredibiliter Ecclesia laborat, Romanusque Pontifex in summas angustias compulsus est. Is enim civili principatu spoliatus necesse fuit ut in alienam ditionem potestatemque concederet.—Urbs autem Roma, augustissima urbium christianarum, exposita est et patet quibuslibet Ecclesiae hostibus, profanaque rerum novitate polluitur, scholis et templis ritu hæretico passim dedicatis. Quin immo exceptura fertur hoc ipso anno legatos et capita inimicissimæ rerum catholicarum sectæ, huc ad singulare quoddam concilium coetumque profecturos. Quibus quidem huius deligendi loci satis apparet quæ caussa fuerit: videlicet conceptum adversus Ecclesiam odium explere procaci iniuria volunt, Romanoque Pontificatu in ipsa sede sua lacessendo, funestas belli faces proxime admovere. Dubitandum profecto non est, quin impios hominum conatus Ecclesia aliquando victrix effugiat: certum tamen, exploratumque est, his artibus eos hoc assequi velle, una cum Capite totum Ecclesiae corpus afficere et religionem, si fieri possit, extinguere.

Quod sane velle eos, qui se italici nominis amantissimos profitentur, incredibile videretur; nam italicum nomen, intereunte fide catholica, maximarum utilitatum fonte prohiberi necesse esset. Etenim si religio christiana cunctis nationibus optima salutis praesidia peperit, sanctitatem iurium, tutelam iustitiæ; si caecas ac temerarias hominum cupiditates virtute sua ubique edomuit, comes et adiutrix omnium rerum quæ honestæ sunt, quæ laudabiles, quæ magnæ: si varios civitatum ordines, et diversa reipublicæ membra ad perfectam stabilemque concordiam ubique revocavit, horum profecto beneficiorum copiam uberius quam ceteris Italarum generi impertivit.—Est quidem nimis multorum hæc labes et macula, ut obesse et nocere saluti aut incremento reipublicæ Ecclesiam dicant: Romanumque Pontificatum prosperitati et magnitudini italici nominis inimicum putent. Sed istorum querelas absurdasque criminationes aperte superiorum temporum omnia monumenta convincunt. Revera enim Ecclesiae summisque Pontificibus Italia maxime debet, quod gloriam suam apud omnes gentes propagavit, quod iteratis barbarorum impressionibus non succubuit, et immanes Turcarum impetus invicta repulit, et multis in rebus aequam legitimamque libertatem diu conservavit, et pluribus iisdemque immortalibus optimarum artium monumentis civitates suas locupletavit.—Neque postrema Romanorum pontificum hæc laus est, quod provincias italicas ingenio moribusque diversas communi fide et religione unas semper conservaverint, et a discordiis omnium funestissimis liberaverint. Atque in trepidis calamitosisque temporibus non semel erant publicæ res ad extremos casus præcipitaturæ, nisi Pontificatus Romanus ad salutem valuisset.—Neque futurum est, ut minus valeat in posterum, modo ne voluntas hominum obsistens virtutem eius intercipiat, neu libertatem impediât. Etenim vis illa benefica, quæ in institutis catholicis inest quoniam ab ipsa eorum

natura sponte proficiscitur, immutabilis est et perpetua. Quemadmodum pro salute animarum omnia religio catholica et locorum et temporum intervalla complectitur, ita etiam in rebus civilibus ubique et semper sese ad hominum utilitates porrigit atque explicat.

Tot vero ereptis tantisque bonis, summa mala succedunt; quoniam qui sapientiam christianam oderunt, iidem, quidquid contra fieri a se dicant, ad perniciem devocant civitatem. Istorum enim doctrinis nihil est magis idoneum ad inflammandos violenter animos, concitantandasque perniciosissimas cupiditates. Sane in iis quae cognitione scientiaeque continentur, caeleste fidei lumen repudiant: quo extincto, mens humana in errores saepissime rapitur, nec vera cernit atque illuc facile evadit, ut in humilem foedumque *materialismum* abiiciatur. Spernunt in genere morum aeternam immutabilemque rationem, et supremum legum latorem ac vindicem Deum despiciunt: quibus sublatis fundamentis, consequens est, ut, nulla satis idonea legum sanctione, omnis vivendi norma ab hominum voluntate arbitrioque sumatur. In civitate vero ex immodica libertate, quam praedicant et volunt, licentia gignitur: licentiam sequitur perturbatio ordinis, quae est maxima et funestissima pestis reipublicae. Revera nulla fuit aut deformior species, aut miserior conditio civitatis, quam illa in qua tales et doctrinae et homines valere aliquandiu potuerunt. Ac nisi recentia exempla suppeterent, id fidem excedere videretur, potuisse homines scelere audaciaque urentes in tanta excidia ruere, et retento ad ludibrium libertatis nomine, in caede et incendiis debacchari.— Quod si tantos nondum sensit Italia terrores, primo quidem singulari Dei beneficio tribuere, deinde id quoque causae fuisse statuere debemus, quod, cum itali homines numero longe maximo in religione catholica studiose perseverarint, idcirco flagitiosarum opinionum, quas diximus, dominari libido non potuit. Verum si haec, quae religio praebet, munimenta perrumpantur, continuo Italia in eos casus ipsos delaberetur, qui maximas et florentissimas nationes aliquando perculerunt. Etenim necesse est, ut similitudinem doctrinarum exitus similes consequantur: et quoniam in eodem vitio sunt semina, fieri non potest, quin fructus plane eosdem effundant. Immo vero maiores fortasse poenas violatae religionis gens italica lueret, quia perfidiam et impietatem culpa ingrati animi cumlaret. Non enim casu aliquo, aut levi hominum voluntate datum est Italiae, ut partae per Iesum Christum salutis vel a principio esset particeps, et Beati Petri Sedem in sinu gremioque suo collocatam possideret, et longo aetatum cursu iis, quae a religione catholica sponte fluunt, maximis et divinis beneficiis perfrueretur. Quapropter metuendum sibi magnopere esset quod ingratum populis Paullus Apostolus minaciter nuntiavit: *Terra saepe venientem super se bibens imbrem, et generans herbam opportunam illis a quibus colitur, accipit benedictionem a Deo: proferens autem spinas et tribulos, reprobata est et maledicto proxima, cuius consummatio in combustionem.*\*

Prohibeat Deus hanc tantam formidinem; atque omnes pericula serio considerent, quae partim iam adsunt, partim impendent ab iis,

\* Hebr. vi. 7, 8.

qui non communi utilitati, sed *sectarum* commodis servientes, capitales cum Ecclesia inimicitias exercent. Qui certe, si saperent, si vera caritate patriae tenerentur, nec de Ecclesia diffiderent, nec de nativa eius libertate detrahere, iniuriis suspicionibus adducti, conarentur: immo vero consilia ab ea oppugnanda ad tuendam adiuvandamque verterent: idque in primis providerent, ut Pontifex Romanus sua iura reciperet.—Etenim suscepta cum Apostolica Sede contentio quanto plus Ecclesiae nocet, tanto minus est incolumitati rerum italicarum profutura. De qua re alio loco mentem Nostram declaravimus: “Dicite, publicas Italiae res neque prosperitate florere, neque diuturna tranquillitate posse consistere, nisi Romanae Sedis dignitati et summi Pontificis libertati, prout omnia iura postulant, fuerit consultum.”

Quapropter, cum nihil magnis velimus, quam ut res christiana salva sit, cumque praesenti italicarum gentium discrimine commoveamur, Vos vehementius quam unquam alias, Venerabiles Fratres, hortamur, ut studium caritatemque Vestram ad comparanda tot malorum remedia Nobiscum confederatis.—Et primum quidem edocete summa cum cura populos, quanti sit fidem catholicam possidere, et quam magna eiusdem tuendae necessitas.—Quoniam vero hostes et oppugnatores catholici nominis, quo facilius male cautos decipiant, multis in rebus aliud agunt, aliud simulant, valde interest occulta eorum consilia patefieri in lucemque proferri, ut scilicet, comperto quid reapse velint et qua caussa contendant, excitetur in catholicis hominibus ardor animi, et Ecclesiam, Romanum Pontificem, hoc est salutem suam viriliter aperteque defendant.

Multorum ad hanc diem virtus, quæ plurimum potuisset, visa est aliquantum in agendo lenta et in labore remissa, sive quod insueti rerum essent animi, sive quod periculorum non satis fuerit magnitudo perspecta. Nunc vero, cognitis experiendo temporibus, nihil esset perniciosius, quam perferre oscitanter longinquam improborum malitiam, expeditumque ipsis locum relinquere rei christianae ad libidinem suam diutius vexandae. Ii quidem prudentiores quam filii lucis multa iam ausi: inferiores numero, callidate et opibus validiores, haud longo tempore magna apud nos malorum incendia excitaverunt. Intelligent igitur quicumque amant catholicum nomen, tempus iam esse conari aliquid, et nullo pacto languori desidiaque se dedere, cum nemo celerius opprimatur, quam qui vecordi securitate quiescunt. Videant quam nihil reformidarit veterum illorum nobilis et operosa virtus: quorum et laboribus et sanguine fides catholica adolevit. Vos autem, Venerabiles Fratres, excitate cessantes, cunctantes impellite: exemplo et auctoritate Vestra universos confirmate ad exercenda constanter et fortiter officia, quibus actio vitae christianae continetur.—Ad hanc alendam augendamque expectatam virtutem, curare ac providere opus est, ut numero, consensu, efficiendis rebus, floreat lateque amplificentur *societates*, quibus maxime propositum sit fidei christianae virtutumque ceterarum retinere et incitare studia. Tales sunt consociationes iuvenum, opificum; quaeque constitutae sunt aut coetibus catholicorum hominum in tempora certa agendis, aut inopiae miserorum levandae, et tuendae dierum festorum religioni, et pueris ex infima plebe erudiendis: aliaeque ex eodem genere complures.—Et cum rei

christianae quam maxime intersit Pontificem Romanum in gubernanda Ecclesia et esse et videre ab omni periculo, molestia, difficultate liberum, quantum lege possunt agendo, rogandos contendendo, tantum, Pontificis caussa, enitantur et efficiant; neque ante quiescant, quam sit Nobis, reapse non specie, libertas restituta, quacum non modo Ecclesiae bonum, sed et secundus rerum italicarum cursus, et christianarum gentium tranquillitas necessario quodam vinculo coniungitur.

Deinde vero permagni refert publicari et longe lateque fluere salubriter scripta.—Qui capitali odio ab Ecclesia dissident, scriptis editis decertare, iisque tamquam aptissimis ad nocendum armis uti consueverunt. Hinc teterrima librorum colluvies, hinc turbulentae et iniquae ephemerides, quarum vesanos impetus nec leges frenant, nec verecundia continet. Quidquid est proximis his annis per seditionem et turbas gestum, iure gestum esse defendunt: dissimulant aut adulterant verum: Ecclesiam et Pontificem maximum quotidianis maledictis falsisque criminationibus hostiliter petunt: nec ullae sunt tam absurdae pestiferaeque opiniones, quas non disseminare passim aggrediantur. Huius igitur tanti mali, quod serpit quotidie latius, sedulo prohibenda vis est: nimirum oportet severe et graviter adducere multitudinem, ut intento animo sibi caveat, et prudentem in legendo delectum religiosissime servare velit. Praeterea scripta scriptis opponenda, ut ars quae potest plurimum ad perniciem eadem ad hominum salutem et beneficium transferatur, atque inde remedia suppetant, unde mala venena quaeruntur.—Quam ad rem optabile est, ut saltem in singulis provinciis ratio aliqua instituat demonstrandi publice, quae et quanta sint singulorum christianorum in Ecclesiam officia, vulgatis ad id scriptionibus crebris, et, quoad fieri potest, quotidianis. In primis autem sint in conspectu posita religionis catholicae in omnes gentes praeclara merita: explicetur oratione virtus eius privatis publicisque rebus maxime prospera et salutaris: statuatur quanti sit, celeriter Ecclesiam ad illum dignitatis locum in civitate revocari, quem et divina eius magnitudo, et publica gentium utilitas vehementer postulat.—Harum rerum caussa necesse est, ut qui animum ad scribendum appulerint, plura teneant: videlicet idem omnes in scribendo spectent: quod maxime expedit, id constituent iudicio certo et efficiant: nihil ex iis rebus praetermittant, quarum utilis atque expetenda cognitio videatur: gravitate et moderatione dicendi retenta, errores et vitia reprehendant, sic tamen ut careat acerbitate reprehensio, personisque parcatur: deinde orationem adhibeant planam atque evidentem, quam facile queat multitudo percipere.—Reliqui autem omnes, qui vere et ex animo cupiunt, florere res et sacras et civiles ingenio hominum litterisque defensas, hos litterarum ingenii fructus tueri liberalitate sua studeant; et ut quisque ditior est, ita potissimum re fortunaque sustineat. Iis enim, qui scribendo dant operam, omnino afferenda sunt huius generis adiumenta: sine quibus aut nullos ipsorum industria habitura est exitus, aut incertos et perexiguos.—In quibus rebus omnibus si quid nostris hominibus incommodi impendat, si qua est dimicatio subeunda, audeant tamen sese obvios ferre, cum homini christiano nulla sit adeundi vel incommoda vel labores caussa iustior, quam ne lacerari ab improbis religionem patiatur. Neque enim hac

filios lege Ecclesia aut genuit aut educavit, ut, cum tempus et necessitas cogeret, nullam ab iis opem expectaret, sed ut singuli eorum otio privatisque utilitatibus salutem animarum et incolumitatem rei christianae anteponerent.

Praecipuae autem curae cogitationesque Vestrae, Venerabiles Fratres, in eo evigilare debent, ut ministros Dei idoneos rite instituatis. Quod si Episcoporum est, plurimum operae et studii in fingenda probe omni iuventute ponere, longe plus ipsos elaborare in clericis verum est, qui in Ecclesiae spem adollescunt, et participes adiutoresque munerum sanctissimorum sunt aliquando futuri.—Causae profecto graves et omnium aetatum communes decora virtutum multa et magna in sacerdotibus postulant: verumtamen nostra haec aetas plura quoque et maiora admodum flagitat. Revera fidei catholicae defensio, in qua laborare maxime sacerdotum debet industria, et quae est tantopere his temporibus necessaria, doctrinam desiderat non vulgaram neque mediocrem, sed exquisitam et variam; quae non modo sacras, sed etiam philosophicas disciplinas complectatur, et physicorum sit atque historicorum tractatione locuples. Eripiendus est enim error hominum multiplex, singula christianae sapientiae fundamenta convellentium: luctandumque persaepe cum adversariis apparatusissimis, in disputando pertinacibus, qui subsidia sibi ex omni scientiarum genere astute conquirunt.—Similiter cum hodie magna sit et ad plures diffusa corruptela morum, singularem prorsus oportet in sacerdotibus esse virtutis constantiaeque praestantiam. Fugere quippe consuetudinem hominum minime possunt: immo applicare se propius ad multitudinem ipsis officii sui muneribus iubentur: idque in mediis civitatibus, ubi nulla iam fere libido est, quin permissam habeat et solutam licentiam. Ex quo intelligitur, virtutem in Clero tantum habere virium hoc tempore debere, ut possit se ipsa tueri firmiter, et omnia cum blandimenta cupiditatum vincere, tum exemplorum pericula sopes superare.—Praeterea conditas in Ecclesiae perniciem leges consecuta passim clericorum paucitas est: ita plane, ut eos, qui in sacros ordines Dei munere leguntur, duplicare operam suam necesse sit, et excellenti sedulitate, studio, devotione exigua copiam compensare. Quod quidem utiliter facere non possunt, nisi animum gerant tenacem propositi, abstinenter, incorruptum, caritate flagrantem, in laboribus pro salute hominum sempiterna suscipiendis promptum semper atque alacrem. Atqui ad huiusmodi munera est adhibenda praeparatio diuturna et diligens: non enim tantis rebus facile et celeriter assuescit. Atque illi sane in sacerdotio integre sancteque versabuntur, qui sese in hoc genere ab adolescentia excoluerint, et tantum disciplina profecerint, ut ad eas virtutes, quae commemoratae sunt, non tam instituti quam nati videantur.

His de causis, Venerabiles Fratres, iure Seminaria clericorum sibi vindicant plurimas et maximas animi, consilii, vigilantiae Vestrae partes. Quod ad virtutem et mores, minime fugit sapientiam Vestram, quibus abundare praeceptis et institutis adolescentem clericorum aetatem oporteat.—In gravioribus autem disciplinis, Litterae Nostrae Encyclicae—*Aeterni Patris*—viam rationemque studiorum optimam indicaverunt. Sed quoniam in tanto ingeniorum cursu plura sunt

sapienter et utiliter inventa, quae minus decet non habere perspecta, praesertim cum homines impii quidquid incrementi affert dies in hoc genere, tamquam nova tela in veritates divinitus traditas intorquere consueverint, date operam, Venerabiles Fratres, quantum potestis, ut alumna sacrorum iuventus non modo sit ab investigatione naturae instructor, sed etiam iis artibus apprime erudita, quae cum sacrarum Litterarum vel interpretatione vel auctoritate cognationem habeant.— Illud certe non ignoramus, ad elegantiam studiorum optimorum multas res esse necessarias: quorum tamen sacris Seminariis italicis adimunt aut minuunt importunae leges facultatem.—Sed hac etiam in re tempus postulat, ut largitate et munificentia bene de religione catholica promereri nostrates studeant. Voluntas maiorum pia et benefica egregie eiusmodi necessitatibus providerat; atque illud Ecclesia assequi prudentia et parsimonia potuerat, ut tutelam et conservationem rerum sacrarum nequaquam haberet necesse caritati filiorum suorum commendare. Sed patrimonium eius legitimum aequae ac sacrosanctum, cui superiorum aetatum iniuria pepercerat nostrorum temporum procella dissipavit: quare caussa renascitur, cur qui diligunt catholicum nomen, animum inducant maiorum liberalitatem renovare. Profecto Gallorum, Belgarum aliorumque in caussa haud multum dissimili illustria sunt munificentiae documenta, non modo aequalium, sed etiam posterorum admiratione dignissima. Neque dubitamus, quin italica gens communium rerum consideratione permota, id pro viribus actura sit, ut et se patribus suis dignam impertiat, et ex fraternis exemplis capiat quod imitetur.

In his rebus, quas diximus, certe haud minimam habemus spem solatii incolumitatisque repositam.—Verum cum in omnibus consiliis, tum maxime in iis, quae salutis publicae caussa suscipiuntur, omnino ad humana praesidia accedere necesse est opem omnipotentis DEI, cuius in potestate sunt non minus singulorum hominum voluntates, quam cursus et fortuna imperiorum. Quapropter invocandus summis precibus Deus, orandusque, ut tot eius beneficiis ornatam atque auctam respiciat Italiam; in eaque fidem catholicam, quod est maximum bonum, cunctis periculorum suspicionibus depulsis, perpetuo tueatur. Hanc ipsam ob causam imploranda suppliciter est Immaculata Virgo MARIA, magna Dei parens, faulrix et adiulrix consiliorum optimorum una cum sanctissimo Sponso eius Iosepho, custode et patrono gentium christianarum. Ac pari studio obsecrare opus est Petrum et Paullum, magnos Apostolos, ut in italicis gentibus fructum laborum suorum incolumem custodiant, nomenque catholicum quod maioribus nostris suo ipsi sanguine pepererunt, apud seros posteros sanctum inviolatumque conservent.

Horum omnium caelesti patrocínio freti, auspícem divínorum munerum, et praecipuae benevolentiae Nostrae testem, Apostolicam benedictionem Vobis universis, Venerabiles Fratres, et populis fidei Vestrae commissis peramanter in Domino impertimus.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum die XV. Februarii an. MDCCCLXXXII. Pontificatus Nostri anno quarto.

LEO PP. XIII.

## Science Notices.

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**Electricity.**—It is scarcely an exaggeration to describe the scientific world as “on tiptoe” for forthcoming revelations in electricity. Within the last few years such progress has been made in applying electric current to mechanical effect, that we have every reason to expect that the immediate future has some important revelations in store. In what direction, then, may we look for future development in electrical appliances?

In the original form of electro-magnetic machines driven by steam, or as they are now termed, dynamo-electric machines, every increase in the intensity of the current depended directly on the increase of speed in the engine. By a very ingenious contrivance, Messrs. Siemens have so arranged the revolving coils as to obtain a much greater power of electric current from every increase of velocity in the engine. Thus, for example, in the Siemens engine, when we double the velocity of the revolutions we obtain four times greater strength of current; the velocity increased threefold will give nine times stronger current, and so on until the limit of saturation of the machine has been reached. To put the matter in a more precise form, we may say that in the Siemens machine the increase of electric force is in direct proportion to the square of the speed of the engine. Now this discovery would have produced the most startling results in electrical science, had not certain drawbacks appeared which must exercise the ingenuity of scientific men in the future.

In the first place, the most casual observer cannot fail to notice that the iron core and its coils of wire have grown to enormous bulk and weight, whose friction and inertia alone make considerable demands upon the engine. But this is not a very serious matter. It is, however, more perplexing that a portion of the energy of the current is lost in overcoming the resistance of the conducting wire; for the best of conductors offers resistance to the passage of the current. This obstruction on the part of the wire causes the energy of the current to change its form, and to appear as heat which passes off from the surface of the wire and is lost in space. Again, our methods of insulating conductors are by no means perfect, and the electric current will run to waste and leak out at every weak spot in the circuit. As long as this imperfection of insulation remains unremedied, we cannot hope to be able to tap the electric cable and subdivide the current, without serious loss. Electric science, then, must immediately bend itself to solve the problem of perfect insulation, before we can hope to realize the words of a sanguine scientist: “To have wires laid along every street, tapped into every house, while the current will be passed through little electric machines, to drive machinery, to produce ventilation, to replace fires and stoves, to work apple-parers, mangles and barbers’ brushes, amongst other things, as well as to give light.”

When the time comes for realizing these hopeful projects, we may



safely rely upon our engines for being equal to the task of moving the most massive of electro-magnets. The great obstacle, therefore, in the way of the further development of this most wonderful agent, the one problem before the scientific worker, is cheaper and more perfect insulation.

**The Faure Accumulator.**—Sir William Thompson's enthusiastic reception of the Faure Accumulator is still fresh in the minds of all, but his predictions of the revolution it was about to work in the world have not yet been realized. Professor Sylvanus Thompson calls attention to the fact, that the press and the public have been a little too hasty in awarding the lion's share of the discovery to M. Camille Faure. So far back as 1860, M. Planté constructed a secondary battery for the storage of electricity. His researches were carried on for a period of twenty years. The final shape of his battery does not equal in simplicity of construction that of M. Faure, but it is strange that the scientific world has been so slow in according him his proper share in the discovery.

The construction of the Faure Accumulator is very simple. Plates of lead, thickly coated with red-lead, are connected together. Against these plates pieces of felt, also thickly coated with red-lead, are firmly pressed. The red-lead, therefore, plays a very prominent part in the battery, there being about 23lbs. of red-lead to 17lbs. of metallic lead. Surely this weight, about 50lbs., must prove a formidable obstacle to the use of the battery, when powerful currents are needed.

The cells are charged by means of a current from a dynamo-electric machine; the current being sent through the plates for a week without intermission. The red-lead then gradually changes into the metallic state, and during this operation the energy of the transmitted current is stored up. It appears, however, that the cells take some weeks before arriving at their "fast" condition.

**Lightning Conductors.**—An important conference of delegates from certain scientific societies has lately taken up the vexed question of lightning conductors. Their report, which has been recently published, consists of two sections, in the first of which the main principles on which these conductors should be erected are dealt with; while the second section contains a statement of those features in the construction of lightning conductors, respecting which there is a difference of opinion. The two great objects in view in all conductor construction, seem to be—1st. To facilitate the discharge of electricity to the earth. 2nd. To prevent disruptive discharge. The following paragraphs sum up very concisely the views of the conference on these two points :—

To effect the first object a lightning conductor should offer a line of discharge more nearly perfect, and more accessible, than any other offered by the materials or contents of the building we wish to protect. To effect the second object the conductor should be surmounted by a point or points. Fine points and flames have the property of slowly and silently dissipating the electrical charges; they, in fact, act as safety-valves.

If all these conditions be fulfilled; if the points be high enough to be the most salient features of the building no matter from what direction the storm-cloud may come, be of ample dimensions and in thoroughly perfect electrical connection with the earth, the edifice, with all that it contains, will be safe, and the conductor might even be surrounded by gunpowder in the heaviest storm without risk or danger.

All accidents may be said to be due to a neglect of these simple elementary principles. The most frequent sources of failure are conductors deficient either in number, height, or conductivity, bad joints, or bad earth connections. There is no authentic case on record where a properly constructed conductor failed to do its duty.

**Dr. Darwin on Earthworms.**—Dr. Darwin's latest work on earthworms has received a very warm welcome in the scientific world. That a veteran worker at seventy-two years of age could devote himself to such patient and continued investigations is a fact of which science may well be proud. The work is by no means such strong reading as some of his early books, and will be found full of curious and interesting facts. It is pleasant to find that the perpetual references to his theories on evolution, which are so constant and obtrusive in his other works, are dropped in this volume. This *brochure*, we anticipate, will give scientists some hard nuts to crack. Dr. Darwin, in one place, refers to a curious habit of worms lying for hours almost motionless beneath the mouths of their burrows. "This habit," he says, "leads to their destruction to an immense extent. Every morning, during certain seasons of the year, the thrushes and blackbirds, on all the lawns throughout the country, draw out of their holes an astonishing number of worms." Now, supposing the evolutionist principle of "the struggle for existence" to obtain throughout the animal world, we may well ask why this principle has not led to the development of a race of worms that do not lie near the surface?

Among the results of Dr. Darwin's researches, surely the most startling are those that go to show what a considerable part worms have played in the concealment and burial of objects lying on the surface. As a summary of several experiments of the kind, Dr. Darwin mentions that the thickness of the mould, covering objects that had been left on the surface for ten years, was in one case 1.9 inch; in another, 2.2 inches; in another, where the soil had been for some years in a condition unfavourable to worms, .83 inch. Now, no one has forgotten the celebrated researches in the Nile mud, carried out in 1854 by Mr. Horner, by which the high antiquity of man was propounded. An elaborate series of shafts and borings were started in the great valley of the Nile, with the result that pieces of pottery were found at a depth of from 60 to 70 feet below the surface. At the same time, careful measurements were undertaken that determined the average increase of Nile mud to be at the rate of 6 inches a century. Allowing that the burnt brick had been gradually buried by successive deposits of Nile mud, this work of the potter must have been executed no less than 12,000 years ago, and, consequently, man's existence on this planet must be dated still farther back than this. By the light, however, of Dr. Darwin's researches, we must convict these venerable bricks of an outrageous assumption of antiquity. The Nile mud is

exceedingly favourable for the development and work of the earth-worm. Assuming, then, a very moderate rate of accumulation of mould—say 1·5 inch in every ten years—we find that the earth-worm alone, without any assistance from the Nile deposit, could bury these bricks in about 5,000 years. Without contending that the earthworm pursues its labours, at the same uniform rate, to so great a depth as 60 feet, it is enough for our purpose to point out that these little animals are very busy in burying objects nearer the surface, in order to vitiate the whole argument for the high antiquity of man, founded on elaborate measurements of the rate of Nile deposits. This is one only of the many lessons so constantly impressed on scientists of the unreliable nature of the negative argument from geology.

**The Chemical Elements.**—Mr. Norman Lockyer, since 1873, has been accumulating evidence to establish his hypothesis that many of the so-called elements are in reality of a composite nature. The evidence is entirely derived from spectrum analysis. It is well known that each of the elements in a luminous state throws characteristic lines adown the solar or electric spectrum. It is not quite so well known, however, that the great objects of spectroscopic study—the solar prominences, the solar spots, and the ordinary solar ray—betray curious little differences with regard to these same dark lines. Take the element iron, for instance; the characteristic lines of this element are not found in their entirety in any one of these great spectra; each spectrum has, so to speak, certain favourites among the group of the iron lines, which are brought forward to the neglect of the rest. Again, it was found that a large proportion of the lines in the chromosphere and of the sun-spots are lines that are generally assigned as common to two or more elements. On these grounds Mr. Lockyer made out a very good case for his hypothesis. Professor Young, of Princetown, U.S., one of the first authorities on the “Sun,” has written to the new periodical *Knowledge*, to point out that Mr. Lockyer’s theory will require serious correction by the light of the results obtained from the new American spectroscopes. The new instruments give an available dispersion four times greater than any instrument in present use, and we are promised still more perfect spectroscopes in the immediate future. But already with the new instruments hundreds of lines hitherto shown as single turn out to be double, triple, or multiple; and the vacant spaces of the spectrum are filled with crowds of fine lines and details of shading hitherto undreamed of. These results will not improbably have the effect of seriously modifying Mr. Lockyer’s hypothesis. Next spring, Professor Young informs us, he hopes to be able to mount the new equatorial of 23 inches aperture. When the new spectroscopes are attached to this wonderful instrument we may, without rashness, expect some startling discoveries in Spectroscopy.

## Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals.

### FRENCH PERIODICALS.

*Revue des Questions Historiques.* Janvier, 1882. Paris.

*L'Archéologie Préhistorique et l'Anthropologie dans leurs Rapports avec l'Histoire.*

THIS article, by the Vicomte L. Rioult de Neuville, although written in a charming style, and with great ability in the grouping of theories and incidents, contains little in its main arguments that would be new to English readers. We propose, however, to quote some words of the author apropos of that chronology of the world demanded by scientific and historical discoveries, and that found in the Bible. It may, he says, doubtless be argued that even if we suppose the inexactitude of some of the historical data of the Bible, that would say nothing against its Divine inspiration, which all Christians recognize. "For in truth, such inspiration, having for its end only the revelation of religious and moral truths, and not the teaching of human science, need not busy itself with the rectification of every erroneous notion in chronology or science that was current among the Hebrews." Such reasoning, he replies, although it may remove the difficulty from a theological point of view, does not, it must be acknowledged, fully satisfy the purely historical side of the question. If the Pentateuch be the work of Moses, how, we may ask, could such a superior man, versed in all the science of ancient Egypt, have taught chronological notions that cannot be made to agree with the history of Egypt as attested in his day by countless monuments? True, neither the chronology of Genesis nor that of Egypt have fixed dates as *points de départ*; but even so, the Egyptian dynasties certainly cannot be squared with the chronology of Genesis. Those dynasties demand, as the greater number of Egyptologists hold, some fifty centuries before the Christian era, or, admitting all the deductions made from this computation by some others, at the very least 3550 years before Christ, as the date of the accession of the first of their kings. How make this agree with Genesis, which, apparently allows only some twenty-three, or at most thirty-six, centuries between the Flood and our Christian era? "Remark, however, that this Biblical chronology is exclusively drawn from the two patriarchal genealogies in chapters v. and xi. of Genesis; and that these passages present, in the three principal versions that have come down to us of the sacred text (Septuagint, Hebrew text, and Samaritan text) the most sensible diversity and visible proof of change of figures made by ancient copyists, under the influence of systems (*de calculs*) and personal conjectures; and finally, that none of those three versions, all of which are posterior in date to the

Babylonian captivity, can be considered to be free from these traces of having been tampered with (*traces de remaniement*).” Resting on this well-known dissimilarity of numerical statement in the versions, the author concludes that one may legitimately suppose that, as far as mere dates are concerned, the Mosaic writings have reached us in too altered a condition to retain their primitive chronological value. The author now proceeds, in a long note, to suggest one of the many possible emendations of the text which he seems to think a probable one. It is a purging of that text from the interpolations of copyists; and by it—whether the actual numbers of the Hebrew or the Septuagint be retained—a sufficiently long period is secured for historical man. This hypothesis supposes the introduction into the sacred text, by some copyist, “*de très bonne foi*,” of a marginal gloss that would fix the sense of the text in quite another direction from that intended by the sacred writer. “By this means, the figures would lose their primitive *application*; those that represented the whole life of the patriarchs would become the indication of their age when sons were born to them; and their descendants indiscriminately would be turned into their own proper children. This can only be rendered intelligent by an example.” The example used is from the fifth chapter of Genesis, verses 9 to 12. These verses stand as follows in the Vulgate:—

9. Vixit vero Enos nonaginta annis (190 according to the Septuagint), et genuit Caïnan.

10. Post ejus ortum vixit octingentis quindecim annis (715 according to the Septuagint), et genuit filios et filias.

11. Factique sunt omnes dies Enos nongenti quinque anni, et mortuus est.

12. Vixit quoque Caïnan, &c.

Now, according to this hypothesis, the primitive text would be: “Vixit vero Enos centum et nonaginta annis et genuit filios et filias. Factique sunt omnes dies Enos nongenti quinque anni, et mortuus erat.”

As to the tense change in the last verb; in the Hebrew either the preterite or pluperfect would have the same form. The word *dies* would here have originally referred, not to the life of the patriarch, but to the epoch which followed his death [bore his name], and was occupied by his descendants, no other name being mentioned till the following patriarch and his epoch. A commentator is now brought forward, understanding the text in the sense afterwards attributed to it, and placing the gloss after the word *annis*, “et genuit Caïnan. Post ejus ortum vixit 715 annis,” taking the next patriarch to be the son of the preceding one, and seeing no other meaning for the first figure except his father’s age at the time of his birth. Nothing more likely than the later introduction of this by a copyist into the text. As to why Moses mentions only ten names out of so many generations, the writer remarks that the Babylonian traditions also name ten antediluvian kings, each of whom founded one of the chief towns of Chaldea, called after his name. With this hypothesis, the following calculation is made:—

Life of Adam . . . . .	230 years
Epoch of Adam. . . . .	930 "
Life of Seth . . . . .	205 "
Epoch of Seth . . . . .	912 "
Life of Enos . . . . .	190 "
Epoch of Enos . . . . .	905 "
Life of Caïnan . . . . .	170 "
Epoch of Caïnan . . . . .	910 "
Life of Malaleel . . . . .	165 "
Epoch of Malaleel . . . . .	895 "
Life of Jared . . . . .	162 "
Epoch of Jared. . . . .	962 "
Life of Henoch. . . . .	165 "
Epoch of Henoch . . . . .	365 "
Life of Mathusala . . . . .	167 "
Epoch of Mathusala . . . . .	969 "
Life of Lamech. . . . .	188 "
Epoch of Lamech . . . . .	753 "
Life of Noe before the Deluge . . . . .	600 "

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Total . . . 9,843 years.

The figures used by the author are those of the Septuagint, a text, he says, that apparently has been much less altered than the Hebrew or Samaritan. That text has been generally rejected, because, according to the common interpretation of it, the life of Mathusala would have extended fourteen years beyond the Deluge. He gives reasons for deducting 500 from the 600 years of Noe before the Deluge; and then applies the same hypothesis to the ages and epochs of the patriarchs from the flood to the call of Abraham, in the eleventh chapter of Genesis. Here the textual variations are greater than they were in the antediluvian chronology. In verse 13, for example, the Septuagint has omitted part of the final phrase, "et fuerunt omnes dies Arphaxad 438 anni;" and the Hebrew has not the later words: "et mortuus est." Between the Deluge and the call of Abraham, the author secures a total of 4,306 years; or, by this hypothesis, dealing with only the record in two chapters, and leaving the remaining chronology untouched, "the human race already counts a total existence on the earth of about eighteen thousand years."

We have given thus far the mere enunciation of the author's idea: as to comment on it—if indeed gratuitous conjecture calls for comment—his own words may be quoted. The hypothesis, he acknowledges, "n'est point à l'épreuve de sérieuses objections." He does not himself mention any of these objections: we may not stop to suggest them; for the enumeration of all we fancy ourselves to see would be long. M de Neuville, we think, shows in the body of his article enough appreciation of the character of much of our present prehistoric archæology to have made him less anxious about prolonging the earth's historical past: as to Egyptian chronology in particular, with due respect to his judgment, we think the fifth and eleventh chapters of

Genesis (as they stand) as good chronology as much of that of ancient Egypt, as now held—which is acknowledged by many to be very far from certain. We mean, that it would be a less *inutile* study to reduce the Egyptian dynasties to conformity with Genesis, than *vice versâ*. At the same time, he claims for his hypothesis that it is within the limits of strict orthodoxy. We readily grant he is very far from treating the sacred text as it has recently been treated in the *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*, wherein M. Lenormant—claiming also to be on the side of “l’orthodoxie la plus scrupuleuse”—says that the genealogical table in chapter x. of Genesis is “un document purement humain dans son origine et son caractère.” From a reply to M. Lenormant which has reached us at the last moment, in *La Controverse* for March, by Professor Lamy—an excellent reply, that deserves to be read—we are interested to learn that Professor Lamy is preparing for press a Commentary on Genesis.

*The Hethites of the Bible, their History and Remains, according to recent discoveries.*—It is superfluous to remark that this article from the erudite M. Vigouroux, is an interesting and exhaustive treatise, full of authorities and argument. The author’s aim is to show that the Hethites, a people whose existence is referred to in various places of the Bible, are shown by recent discoveries to have been a great people: that there was in fact “a Hethite Empire, just as there were an Egyptian and an Assyrian Empire.” Their history has not yet been recovered in its entirety; “but fragmentary though it be, it merits to be known, because of the light it throws on our Sacred Scriptures, and because it shows us an empire that waged war against that of the Pharaohs of Egypt, and against the great kings of Nineveh.” There are four sources of Hethite history: the Bible; the monuments of the Pharaohs in Egypt; Assyrian cuneiform documents; and, lastly, figured remains and inscriptions of the Hethites themselves—the three last known to us only of late years, and the last of all (in number daily increasing) as yet undeciphered. The Egyptian hieroglyphics furnish numerous details of the Hethites during the most ancient period of their empire; where the Egyptians cease the kings of Nineveh continue the history to its end: these two nations were enemies to the Hethites. The various Hethites of the Bible were of the one race. M. Vigouroux’s treatment of the Bible evidence is very full and interesting. See, for example, his elucidation of 2 Kings xxiv. 5–7, a text, he says, that has evidently been altered by copyists in the Hebrew, and thus rendered unintelligible. “In terram inferiorem Hods” of the Vulgate he shows to be the land of the Hethites of the north. 4 Kings vii. 6 is also shown to refer to the Hethites in the days of their power—a text that was to a recent period (as far as it referred to the Hethite) so much an enigma as to have been suspected by some historians.

It is now known that the Hethites were a bellicose people; courageous, well disciplined, and well commanded soldiers. The northerners spread their arms and empire as far east as the Euphrates, where they conquered Charcamis; and westward to the valley of the Orontes, being at one time masters of Damascus. At some unfixed epoch their power extended to the north and north-east; they reigned as masters in Asia

Minor. Their chief city in the south was Cades, which plays a conspicuous rôle in their wars against the Egyptians. This is neither Cades Barne, nor Cades of Judea, nor, again, Cades of Nephthali; and its identification from the passage before referred to from the Second Book of Kings and various monuments is extremely interesting. The wars of the Hethites with the Egyptians are illustrated by several quotations from the Annals of the Kings. The author next proceeds to describe, first, Charcamis [Carchemish] their great city (not, as was supposed till lately, the classical Circesium, but occupying the site of Mabog, or Hierapolis—a place consecrated to Astarte); and next their wars with the Assyrians. “The blow given by Sargon (king of Nineveh) to the Hethite empire was mortal; it never recovered. Pisiris was the last king of the race of Heth. Henceforth Charcamis was only an Assyrian prefecture, governed by a Ninevite prefect. The fall of that opulent city produced throughout the East a profound impression, of which we find an echo in the Holy Scripture. Isaias, who lived then, exclaiming in one of his prophecies against Assyria: ‘Numquid non est Charcamis, sic Calano?’” (Is. x. 9). The remaining portion of the article, on the Hethite remains, and the inscriptions that have been discovered up to the present time, goes far to confirm the previous assertions of their once wide-spread power. Modern knowledge from various sources, contributed in different nations, is here brought systematically together by the learned author.

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## GERMAN PERIODICALS.

### 1. *Katholik*.

THE January and February numbers contain two very able dissertations on the *Milan Liturgy*. The purpose of the author is to reconstruct that liturgy from the writings of S. Ambrose, a task not easy of accomplishment, as the Milan liturgy in the course of time has been largely influenced by the Roman rite. Besides, it must be noted that S. Ambrose keeps silence on the mysteries of the Church; is, indeed, faithful in observing the *disciplina arcani*. A question of not a little importance arises as to the authorship of the six books “De Sacramentis”; were they composed by the great Bishop himself, or can their authorship be claimed by some priest or layman of his time? was this important work published during S. Ambrose’s life, or does it belong to a later date? Our author strongly opposes the opinion of not a few writers, who ascribe the work “De Sacramentis” to the eighth century. That work is largely made up of sermons delivered before catechumens during Easter week. It is, however, now clear and established by unmistakable authorities that those mystagogical catechisms for neophytes in Low week ceased to be delivered towards the end of the fourth century. Another argument against ascribing that work to the eighth century is the rite for adult baptism. From the period which witnessed the heresy of Pelagius, adult baptism was gradually superseded; but the book “De Sacramentis” frequently mentions this institution as known and still in



use. Hence the conclusion seems to be fully established that the book on the Sacraments belongs to the end of the fourth, or, at latest, to the beginning of the fifth century. Another question raised concerns the place from which the book proceeded. Whoever, even superficially, peruses the book, cannot fail to perceive that its author not only is in keeping with S. Ambrose, but closely follows him, and is totally dependent on him. Hence the conclusion that its author belonged either to the city, or to the diocese, of Milan. In his catechetical instructions to neophytes, the author of the "De Sacramentis" is occupied in explaining usages peculiar to the Milanese Church. Any description or reconstruction, therefore, of the Milanese liturgy is necessarily beholden to that book. Pressing the question of its authorship more closely, the writer concludes that it is by either a disciple or a contemporary of S. Ambrose. It is also beyond doubt that its author was a bishop. He explains the "mysteries" to neophytes; an office which, in Milan, was especially that of the Bishop himself. Again, the author of this book is well acquainted with the works of Origen, whilst we know from S. Ambrose's genuine works that the writings of Basil and Origen were very familiar to him. We pass over other striking features common to the works of S. Ambrose and the book on the sacraments. Both are apparently the work of the same author. There is one point of difference that sufficiently explains the peculiarities of the book "De Sacramentis." The latter contains S. Ambrose's homilies as they were taken down by a stenographer. No one acquainted with heathen or Christian antiquity will take exception to this opinion, for stenography is not a recent invention. We know it was very largely employed in the Roman empire under the name of "Tironian Notes." And thus it was that amongst the first Christians sermons or homilies of the doctors of the Church were not seldom written by stenographers during delivery. Hence it may be that the book on the sacraments is made up of sermons preached by S. Ambrose, and written by a member of his congregation.

The Catholic Church of the Middle Ages is frequently taunted with having neglected the education of the lower classes. Dr. Falk, a parish priest of the diocese of Mainz, to whom we are indebted for many valuable inquiries into the efforts of the mediæval Church for educating and refining all classes of society, contributes to the *Katholik* an instructive paper on the elementary schools in the provinces of the Rhine before 1520. Many thousands of documents, letters, books, and pamphlets have been examined, and the result of this study is that before the time of Luther nearly every village in that country possessed an elementary school. It is, therefore, as far as Germany, and especially that part of Germany, is concerned, not to the ignorance of the people, the want of teachers in the schools or of preachers in the pulpit, that the great religious revolution must be traced: all recent studies in Germany point to the overwhelming power of secular princes, who, in the hope of sharing in the plunder of Church lands, favoured the Reformers. Another article in the February number traces the notices of Christian Rome during the Middle Ages preserved by the Arabian philosophers in and outside Spain.

2. *Historisch-politische Blätter*.—The second number contains a long critique of a recent work, "Duns Scotus," by Professor Werner, of Vienna University. The Professor ranks among the most learned Catholic divines of Germany. He won general admiration by his able works on S. Thomas (3 vols.) and Suarez (2 vols.). He next published a series of books on the most prominent philosophers of the Middle Ages preceding S. Thomas. Those on Venerable Bede, Alcuin, William de Conches testify to the author's deep learning. Dr. Werner's latest work describes Duns Scotus, his life, his studies, and especially his doctrine. It is an original work, and merits diligent study. The author considers it important to bring into due prominence the connection between Duns Scotus and Roger Bacon. The influence, he says, of the Oxford school is shown in Duns Scotus's works by his familiarity with mathematical studies that, according to Bacon, were at this time greatly studied in England, and chiefly at Oxford. Bacon complains, too, that these studies had sunk into insignificance at Paris. We may observe in passing that if Dr. Werner somewhat favoured, at one time in the past, the doctrines of Günther, all his works are pervaded by deep and extensive learning, and breathe a spirit of filial and unreserved attachment to the Church. Two other contributions deal with the recently published life of "Dorothea Schlegel, and her sons John and Philip Veit." She was the wife of the rich Berlin banker Veit, and afterwards married the celebrated Frederick von Schlegel. As early as 1808 she returned to the Catholic Church, and her sons, in connection with Overbeck, Cornelius, Fuhrich, and other artists, are known as the founders of the new German school of Christian painters. Dorothea von Schlegel ranks amongst the remarkable women of our time, for her splendid gifts of mind and that most virtuous life by which she atoned for the faults of her earlier days.

3. *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*.—Father Rattinger has a solid criticism of Cardinal Bartolini's work on SS. Cyril and Methodius; F. Spillmann contributes a series of articles on the conspiracy of Titus Oates, and the many victims it engulfed; and Father Knabenbauer refutes at great length the latest effort of rationalism to disprove the reality of the Bible facts in the life of Christ, and dissolve the miracles of our Lord into "a mere poetical teaching" (*Lehrpoesie*).

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#### ITALIAN PERIODICALS.

*La Civiltà Cattolica*. 18 Febbraio, 1882.

*The new Electoral Law*.

SELDOM, if ever, observes the writer of this article, "has an organic law of the State, a Reform of the Constitution, been received with greater coldness than has the new Electoral Law in Italy. 'Alas!' exclaimed the *Nazione* of Florence, two days after its promulgation, 'the country, so far as appears, either does not care for the victory, or does not understand it. The Press, which ought to manifest its sentiments, is mute or indifferent. In no part of the penin-

sula have citizens been moved ;' " in short, as it proceeds to observe, any trifling or superficial matter has engrossed more attention than has the extension of the franchise in the journals."

It is not quite true, however, that the Press has been altogether silent or indifferent. While the *Lega della Democrazia* of Rome and the *Ragione* of Milan are full of jubilation, several other journals, if not sharing in their triumph, are certainly not indifferent, as is apparent from their significant commentaries, which betray no slight amount of misgiving, not to say fear. The *Opinione*, for instance, making a virtue of necessity, affects to rejoice that this great measure has at last become law, but adds that upon the experience of its working will depend in a great degree nothing less than the vitality of existing institutions, so that we must not indulge in illusions, that we may not have to suffer bitter disenchantment, since this law " contains the germs of evil as well as of good." The good is subject to many and doubtful conditions, the evil is less dubious and less conditional, so that the law may become an instrument of Radicalism, a machine for manufacturing electors in the interest of the enemies of social order. Again, the *Gazetta d' Italia*, abstaining from the useless assumption of satisfaction, speaks out its apprehensions very plainly, and asks whether this law is indeed a triumph, or rather whether it be not what many are secretly convinced that it is—" a leap in the dark." Indeed the report went the round of the journals, and was telegraphed from Rome, that, when King Umberto affixed his signature to the bill, he said, " It is a great step." Whatever that speech may be interpreted to mean, all agree that it is expressive of dark uncertainty as to the future of present institutions.

The legal call, then, to the electoral urns of two millions of Italians, twenty-two years after the establishment of unity by the means of plebiscites, is universally considered to be " a great step," a " leap in the dark ;" or, to speak out plainly, a serious peril for the monarchy, which is, according to the *Diritto*, the key-stone of the whole edifice of unity with Rome as its capital. Now the writer proceeds to inquire whether this idea is fanciful or reasonable, and he is of opinion that it is much more grounded on reason than on imaginary fears. We give the summary of his argument.

The idea of an Italy politically *one* was never a national or monarchical idea, but sectarian (Masonic) and democratic. It took its rise in the bosom of Carbonarism in the past century, and was nursed and grew in the arms of Mazzini and his republican adherents. It is a patent fact that this patriarch of Italian unity regarded the Subalpine monarchy as a mere instrument—the only available one, since it alone was willing to undertake the enterprise—and never disguised his opinion that when once it had acquired Rome, it would have to yield throne, sceptre, and crown to the democracy, since it would be impossible for any regal power to maintain its footing when that of the Pope, the basis of all civil authority, should have been subverted in the metropolis of Christendom. Time has only served to prove, moreover, that Italian unity has been the work, not of the nation, but of a faction making use of the name and so-called representation

of the people to attain its ends, and these by no means national ones. They have often confessed as much; and the *Diritto* itself allows that the plebiscites themselves were the products of a minority, and that it is an oligarchical minority which has ruled united Italy.

Some curious confessions came out in the Chamber in the course of the discussion of the reform in electoral law. The writer quotes the words of the deputy Sonnino Sidney. "Our Government," he said, "is feeble—and I am not speaking of this or that ministry, but of the Government itself—and thus fulfils its mission badly; it is weak, because our political life has become quite superficial. The overwhelming majority of the population, more than 90 per cent. of it, feels itself a stranger to our institutions; it beholds itself subject to the State, and forced to serve it with blood and with money, but it does not feel that it constitutes a living and organic part of it, and takes no interest in its existence or development." But more still, for this deputy went on to show that the immense majority of the nation was not merely uninterested in existing institutions but averse to them, and commented boldly upon what would be the result of this disaffection in any moment of crisis. From all which it is to be gathered that the present political constitution of Italy rests on a fictitious basis. It professes to be grounded on the sovereign will of the people, but in reality does not possess the national consent.

Considering then what was the ultimate end of the sects when they introduced the monarchy of "united Italy" into Rome after destroying five other Italian monarchies, and the absence of any national concurrence of strength and goodwill to maintain it, it remains to see upon what support it can rely in an hour of peril. It has been the way lately to talk and boast much of conservative elements, but where are they to be sought? Not in the great mass of *real* Italy, which does not concern itself with parties, for all in their turn tread it under foot, drain it of its substance, and make a jest of it to boot. There remains *legal* Italy in which to seek for these elements; and, speaking generally, they can be looked for only amongst the so-called Moderates, who held the reins of government from 1859 to 1876, when they fell from office amidst universal contempt. This party, much thinned now, comprises a little of everything; atheists, apostates, Jews, deluded Catholics, feigned Catholics, not a few of the aristocracy, and a large number of the well-to-do *bourgeoisie*. Doctors, lawyers, hungry authors, speculators on the Bourse, indeed speculators of all sorts, swell its ranks. If not all, almost all the original leaders who yet survive, came out of the school of Mazzini, whose printed works give testimony to the former principles of many of these present champions of monarchy. They conspired against the throne, and then took service under it. Of course there are some exceptions. Others originally served the old *régime*, the "ancient tyrannies," as they are styled, but abandoned or betrayed them. These are time-servers, men of elastic conscience, to whom it is as easy to transfer their allegiance as to change the colour of a cockade.

It would be difficult to define the principles of such a party. It is a question if its members have ever professed anything worthy of the

name, but we can look at their deeds. They have been always ready to sacrifice morality and justice, so as they could only save their *one* Italy from the blows of the democracy. To disarm and pacify it, they have waged war in concert with it on the Church, appropriated and dissipated its property, abolished the religious orders, banished God from the schools and from the army, dragged clerics from their seminaries to consign them to barracks, desecrated Christian marriage, legalized public immorality, conferred the rights of citizenship on every kind of impiety and blasphemy, and violently seized on Rome, to set up there the throne of their own monarchy against the See of S. Peter. Has there been any enormity which democracy has demanded of them which these strange champions of monarchy have not sooner or later granted? Besides all this, the very fundamental principle of their system, that sovereignty resides in the people alone, is logically contradictory of all that is essential to monarchy. According to them, the monarch is inviolable, because irresponsible, and that not juridically only, but *morally*. The deputy Pisanelli, formerly in the ministry, stated as much in so many words. Hence the sovereign, according to his most devoted servants, is a puppet, a moral nullity.

What is the real difference between monarchists of this stamp and radicals? Can it be expected that a party which has capitulated on so many grave questions with the democrats will make a stand when it comes to the point upon a difference which is rather a play on words than a difference of opinion? If such, then, are the notions of the Right, what, it may be concluded, can be those of the Left, who for six years have been in office? All must, surely, agree that the distance which separates representative monarchy from the republic has become daily more infinitesimal.

What has been stated throws much light upon the practical consequences of a law which the Italian people have not sought, and which is not desired by a large portion of the dominant oligarchy, but which is imposed by that secret power to whose commands Masonic Governments are bound to submit. This law is undeniably logical on the principles of the revolution, or, rather, it is not logical enough, for not two millions of Italians ought to be electors according to the Rights of the People, but to all without exception should the franchise be extended.

If it was thought indispensable to appeal to universal suffrage, to a plebiscite in short, for the establishment of the new monarchy, and if the votes of all Italians, however poor and illiterate, were considered necessary to establish a legitimate Government, why not in order to maintain it? Why have so many years been allowed to elapse before so much as a very partial compensation has been made to the sovereign people for this denial of justice to them? As to the object of the secret imposers of this measure on the Government, it will be opportune to remember the figure of the "bridge" which the pure democrats and republicans applied to designate the two ministries which succeeded each other after the 18th March, 1876, a bridge by which legal Italy was to pass over from monarchy to republicanism.

It was to be a process of evolution rather than revolution, as Alberto Murio not only said but expounded in print. Now, the present law is admirably adapted to form the main arch of this allegorical bridge, and to furnish the most rapid method of evolution which could be prepared for democracy and for the occult power which instigates it, and which desires to behold in Rome the peaceful setting, *il placido tramonto*, of the star which was attracted thither from Turin.

Whom then will this law benefit? Not the nation, which does not know what to do with it, and which feels itself a stranger, as Sonnino Sidney said, to the political life of the oligarchy which dishonours it, sucks its blood, and tyrannizes over it. Not the monarcho-constitutional parties, which it terrifies and which deplore it. Not even a large portion of the Left, who did not themselves contrive it, and who betray their suspicions as to its probable consequences.

Whom, then, will it serve? Those alone who have rejoiced at it triumphantly—the radicals, demagogues, republicans, the followers of the evolutionary method, the expectants of the *placido tramonto*, those who posted up placards in front of the Quirinal declaring a king to be “a tyrant and ferocious despot,” and the institution of monarchy to be “more bestial than human.” These are the men whom the law will benefit, and who are virtually the framers of it. *Is fecit cui prodest*. Whatever system of election may be adopted, this new law will in all probability confer a large majority on the democrats, for it favours the more corrupt population of the cities and large towns, relegating to the Helot class, by its pecuniary and educational restrictions, the least contaminated portion of the nation, its peasantry. Half, or nearly half, of the newly enfranchised will, moreover, probably abstain from using their right, either from motives of conscience, or from timidity, or from inertness. The other half will in a great degree be led up to the urns by those who pull the wires of so many popular and Masonic associations existing in every city, great and small; they will follow their leaders like so many sheep. And what sort of a Chamber may be expected from this addition “of the less elevated classes,” disciplined after such a fashion? This is the “leap in the dark” of which it remains to see the end. Victor Emanuel said when he entered the capital of Tuscany in 1860, *Andremo al fondo*. He was then making the first leap in the dark; the second was to Rome: where will the third leap land the monarchy? Might it not possibly be in that very depth, that *fondo*, unwittingly presaged by the King who so gaily made the first two plunges?

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## Notices of Books.

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### BOOKS ON MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

1. *Prælectiones Philosophicæ ad mentem S. Thomæ Aquinatis.* Auctore P. Vallet, P.S.S. Tertia editio. Tomi duo. Parisiis. A. Roger et F. Chernoviz. 1882.
2. *Histoire de la Philosophie.* Par P. Vallet, Prêtre de Saint-Sulpice. Paris: A. Roger et F. Chernoviz. 1881.
3. *De la Connaissance de Soi-même.* Essais de Psychologie analytique. Per Charles Loomans (Univ. de Liège). Bruxelles: Librairie Européenne. 1880.
4. *Institutiones Metaphysicæ Specialis.* Auctore P. Ludovico de San, S.J. (Coll. Lovanien, S.J.). Tomus 1. Lovanii: Carolus Fonteyn. 1881.
5. *The Art of Thinking Well.* By the Rev. James Balmez. Translated from the Spanish, by the Rev. William M'Donald, D.D. Dublin: Gill and Son. 1882.
6. *Text-Book to Kant; with Biographical Sketch.* By James Hutchinson Sterling, LL.D. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1881.

1. **T**HE "*Prælectiones Philosophicæ*" of Père Vallet, a Sulpitian, are in two small volumes of about 480 pages each. It is surely a mistake to begin a philosophical text-book with the treatise on the Criterion of Truth, and to postpone the all-important preliminary of "formal" Logic to page 119. The author's notions about formal reasoning cannot be pronounced sound. Syllogism and "complete" induction are the same form of mental process. They differ only in the "matter" of their premisses. As for "incomplete" induction—the induction made use of by scientific theorists and called by Professor Tyndall the "use of the imagination"—Père Vallet does not mention it at all in its right place, but describes it in the chapter on Criteriology, without a hint that it is really syllogism. Excepting for these shortcomings in Logic, in which so many of the modern scholastics seem defective, the book may be recommended as clear and sufficient. The author is fairly successful, considering his limits, in that most trying task of a text-writer—the setting forth the great philosophical systems of the world in the chapter on the Origin of Ideas.

2. The "*History of Philosophy*," in French, by the same author, is an admirable manual of some 600 pages. If any exception might be taken, it would be to the very large number of names, some of them of but slight account in Mental Science, which appear in Père Vallet's

pages. But the Catholic student will find the work a full, well condensed, and accurate book of reference; and the writer's soundness as a Thomist gives much value to the critical remarks which he everywhere freely makes. We may point to the brief, but excellent account of the philosophical position of Suarez (pp. 349 *sqq.*) as a good specimen of the author's style and method, and as a very clear explanation of those points of knotty metaphysical learning in which Suarez differs from the Angelic Doctor.

3. The Essays in Psychological Analysis, by Professor Loomans, of Liège, contain a great deal of true and valuable matter. The author lays down the principle that the existence of the soul and its operations are primitive facts of consciousness, independent of all external perception, which we have only to analyze in order to find out what the soul really is. His object, and a most praiseworthy one it is, is to cut away the ground from Materialism on the one hand and pure Idealism on the other. The faults we have to find with the work are two: first, that it does not avowedly follow the line of the Catholic philosophy; and, secondly, that it is needlessly confusing by not using recognized terms and phrases. When the author has got well into his work, he seems suddenly to recollect that there is such a person as S. Thomas of Aquin, and hastens to transcribe the admirable passage, Art. 87 of the "Summa," which illumines M. Loomans's tunnelling operations as if the sun of the heavens had broken out of a cloudy sky. But his name is not in the text, and, as far as we can see, this is the only passage, of importance, at all events, in which S. Thomas is even referred to. Then, all Catholic philosophers have acted on the principle that psychological analysis is a most important means of arriving at facts in psychology. But since you can only analyze mental *acts*, and since acts must have some relation to objects, and objects are always connected with the external world through the external and internal senses, the true philosophical method is to begin with logical and ontological considerations, and even to consider carefully the process of sensible perception, before one fixes the attention on matters which require so powerful an abstractive effort as the soul and its spiritual functions. All this the writer, no doubt, admits, but from the solemn air of discovery with which he announces his "method," the student is led to expect something more original than he finds. Moreover, M. Loomans is not free from a suspicion of confusing the intellectual light with God as creator and prime mover of the heart (p. 392). Thomassin and Fénelon are dangerous lights to follow for a man with a theory. Those great writers speak incomparably of the "*sensus arcanus quo Deus tangitur*;" but they do not thereby undertake to explain the origin of ideas.

4. This first volume of what promises to be an extensive textbook by Father de San, of the Jesuit College at Louvain, is chiefly occupied with the constitution of corporeal substance. There is no topic more full of interest at this moment to Catholic metaphysicians; and we may perhaps add that there is no subject which has greater difficulties for many of those who wish loyally to accept the "wisdom" of S. Thomas. Father de San is very full and complete, and, we need



not say, very orthodox. It is interesting to compare him with Father Harper in his treatment of this intricate question, in which the true philosopher is as anxious not to depreciate physical science as to maintain complete Thomist doctrine. The English philosopher has more room, and is perhaps more fair and candid in his recognition of modern theories; but Father de San leaves little to be desired. His book is a very welcome result of the great Encyclical of August 4, 1879.

5. Dr. M'Donald's translation of the "Art of Thinking Well" has an interesting prefatory notice of the author's life. Balmez will always be best known by his admirable comparative review of Protestantism and Catholicism. He was an acute thinker, but suffered from having had no training in the scholastic philosophy. It is true, he is stated to have read the "Summa" assiduously in his youth. But he appreciated its broad ideas more than the systematic connection of its doctrines. His remarks on the syllogism in the book before us (p. 209) sufficiently show how narrow his views can be at times. The work itself is a rather rambling dissertation on the means and rules of forming correct judgments.

6. This formidable book on Kant consists of a translation of the "Kritik" of pure reason, preceded by a "reproduction" of that work, and followed by a commentary. To the limited circle who can appreciate the good and bad points in the philosopher who "smashed" Hume, this brief description is sufficient.

*A Memoir of the Life and Death of the Rev. Father Augustus Henry Law, S.J.* Part I. London: Burns & Oates, 1882.

THIS little volume, containing an account of the early years of the late Father Law, though only an instalment of his complete biography, is published under circumstances of peculiar interest. The death of its subject, on November 25th, 1880, at Umzila's Kraal, in South Africa, while engaged in an arduous journey as a member of the Zambesi Mission, will be still fresh in the minds of our readers; and many of them have doubtless followed with interest the details of his journey, as recorded by his graphic pen and pencil. His father, acting in pursuance of a resolution formed immediately on his son's death, a resolution which he says partook of the character of a vow, set to work to collect and arrange the materials for his life; but as his advanced age and precarious health make it very doubtful if he will live to complete the task of editing them, he determined on the early publication of the present fragment. It principally consists of letters, connected by a slender thread of explanatory narrative, and gives an interesting picture of the career and prospects which the high-spirited young sailor abandoned to embrace the arduous life of a Jesuit.

In some of his early journals indeed, this change is foreshadowed by evidence of more serious thought than is usual in a boy; and a little meditation, written at the age of eleven, shows that his mind turned instinctively to religious ideas. He, was, however, diverted from his original desire of entering the Protestant Church, of which his father was a beneficed clergyman, by the tempting offer of a nomi-

nation to a cadetship in the navy from his uncle Lord Ellenborough, with that nobleman's influence to push him on. This was in 1846, when the boy was in his thirteenth year; and as he gladly accepted the nomination, he was appointed without delay to the *Carysfort*, then fitting out for the Pacific station, and joined her at Portsmouth after passing his examination.

His fresh boyish letters give a graphic picture of the life in the midshipman's berth on board a man-of-war during a cruise, and it seems to have been found thoroughly enjoyable by the young sailor. They are full, too, of the most affectionate remembrance of his little brothers and sisters, and all at home, and convey altogether the idea of a promising lad, full of life and enjoyment of youth. The present volume brings his life down to his second cruise to the East Indies on board H.M.S. *Hastings*, and breaks off in the year 1848, when he had just completed his fifteenth year. We shall await the succeeding volumes with interest.

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ΣΟΦΙΑ ΣΑΛΩΜΩΝ. *The Book of Wisdom*: the Greek Text, the Latin Vulgate, and the Authorised English Version; with an Introduction, Critical Apparatus, and a Commentary. By WILLIAM J. DEANE, M.A. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. 1881.

DR. WESTCOTT, writing nearly twenty years ago in Smith's Bible Dictionary, expressed his regret that there was no good English edition of the Book of Wisdom. Fortunately, this want has been at last supplied by Mr. Deane; for there can be no doubt that the edition before us is the result of much patient labour, and that it bears throughout the stamp of mature scholarship and sound discretion. The Greek text, which is based on that of the Vatican MS., is admirably edited: the variations of the Uncial MSS. are always given, and Mr. Deane has, very wisely we think, adopted the stichometrical arrangement of the Alexandrian MS. We do not see what reason there was for reprinting the "Authorised Version." It is often manifestly incorrect; and though it is noble English, no doubt, Mr. Deane would surely have done better to present it in a revised form.

We are the more inclined to this opinion because of the character of Mr. Deane's commentary. It contains a great deal of matter which merely illustrates the subjects treated in the Book of Wisdom, without helping the reader to understand the exact meaning of the text. Nobody, for instance, will be better able to master the difficulties of construction or of interpretation because he is told that S. Agobardus wrote a sermon against the idolatrous use of images, or that Hooker applied a famous verse to the early death of Edward VI. Not that we object to information of this kind; still the latter half of the book bristles with difficulties of language, which Mr. Deane sometimes dismisses rather summarily. If he had given a close and literal translation, it would have at least served to show his view on the construction of all the hard places, and would have supplied some defects in his commentary. Undoubtedly, however, the commentary

contributes much to the grammatical exegesis; and the notes on the vocabulary of the old Latin version, which Jerome left untouched, and which abounds in provincialisms, are beyond all praise. We would also call attention to a note on the meaning of the word *αἰών*, which strikes us as being nearly perfect in its kind, and which may be fairly given as a sample of much similar information. Philo and Josephus are constantly quoted, and always quoted to the point. This is just the sort of illustrative matter which is really wanted, for these authors represent the ideas current about the time at which the Book of Wisdom was written, and often furnish valuable hints as to its meaning.

We are sorry that Mr. Deane's book came very recently to hand, and that on this account we cannot make our critique as detailed as we should wish it to be. We may say, however, that we very much doubt if Mr. Deane is justified in taking *γενέσεως* in xiv. 26 as if it were *γένους*, and translating it "sex." He gives no instance which bears out this supposed meaning, nor do we believe such an instance can be found, and it is in no way required by the context. Surely, it simply means "changing of generation"—*i.e.*, of paternity—owing to the disorder in the marriage relation. Chap. xv. 18 is a very difficult verse; the text is uncertain, and the only thing we feel confident about regarding it is that Mr. Deane's translation is wrong. After reproaching the heathen with their worship of images, the Book of Wisdom continues: "But they worship even the most hateful beasts," *ἀνοία* (al. *ἄνοια*) γὰρ συγκρινόμενα τῶν ἄλλων ἐστὶ χεῖρονα. The meaning cannot be, as Mr. Deane suggests, "in respect of folly in the worshippers they (beasts) are worse than the others (idols);" for this would require τῶν ἐτέρων: τῶν ἄλλων can only mean "the rest." "Most hateful beasts, I say; for, compared with the rest of beasts, the serpents, crocodiles, &c., which the Egyptians worship, are worse." This, it is true, leaves *ἀνοία* unexplained. Perhaps the sense may be, "if a foolish comparison is to be made in order to see which beasts most deserve worship, then even so the Egyptians have chosen amiss." It is not correct to say that *ἀνωθεν* with *πάλιν* (xix. 6) is tautological. In its temporal signification *ἀνωθεν* means not "again" (a sense it never has either in John iii. 3 or anywhere else); but *ἐξ ἀρχῆς* "from the beginning," so that *πάλιν ἀνωθεν* here and Gal. iv. 9 precisely corresponds to our English "over again," except that the order of words is reversed. Mr. Deane quotes, as a parallel to ii. 11, "Let our own strength be the law of justice," "Sic volo, sic jubeo," &c. Habaccuc i. 7, where it is said of the Babylonian, "From himself his judgment goeth forth"—*i.e.*, he himself determines the law he will impose on others, instead of receiving the law from God (Ps. xvii. 2)—is a better parallel, and the line in the Prometheus 176 παρ' ἑαυτῷ τὸ δίκαιον ἔχων is also to the point. The Greek word *ψαλτήριον*, says Mr. Deane, in Dan. iii. 7, represents Pesanterin. But Pesanterin itself is only the Chaldee form of *ψαλτήριον*, from which, as Gesenius points out, it is obviously taken. The meaning of the word Pharaoh is a point of little moment, so far as the Book of Wisdom is concerned. Still Mr. Deane is too confident in his assertion that it means "the sun." "The king" used to be the meaning commonly assigned to it; then the Duke of Northumberland and General Felix

suggested "the sun," which was for a time generally accepted. But recent Egyptologists believe it means "great house." De Rougé, Brugsch, and others are quoted as authorities for this meaning by Dillmann in his recent commentary on Genesis, p. 237.

We will conclude by touching on three points of more general interest. The first point, or cluster of points, regards the date, authorship, and place of origin; the second, the character of the book; and on these two we can heartily follow Mr. Deane. It is admitted on all hands that it was written in Greek, nor can there, as we believe, be any reasonable doubt that its date must be placed some time after the Seventy had translated Isaias into Greek, and some time before the rise of the Christian religion. Unfortunately, though we know that the Septuagint was begun early in the third century B.C., we cannot tell at what time the translation of the prophets was completed. Anyhow, it is a matter of demonstration that the author of the Book of Wisdom was familiar with the Greek version of Isaias, and we cannot understand how Kaulen, in his Introduction to the Bible now in course of publication, can deny this, and advance the extraordinary theory that the translator of Isaias borrowed phrases from the Book of Wisdom. Again, the manner in which the author dwells on Egyptian history, idolatry, &c., makes it highly probable that he was an Alexandrian Jew. Mr. Deane rightly rejects the theory that this Alexandrian Jew was Philo.

As to the second point, Mr. Deane has done excellent service in showing that, while the language is Greek, while the author was acquainted with the Greek philosophy, he was in heart a true Israelite, Hebrew in religion and in ideas, though Greek in language. It was the fashion, down to our own day, to exaggerate the influence of the Alexandrian philosophy on the ideas of this wonderful book. No doubt we find mention made of the four cardinal virtues, and philosophical phrases (*ἡ ἀρετή, πρόνοια, πνεῦμα νοερόν*) occur here and there. But the doctrine of immortality is not drawn from heathen but from Jewish sources. It is that hope of immortality expressed by the Psalmist and in Job which shines forth more clearly and fully in Wisdom. For there is no philosophical argument to prove that soul is simple and therefore incorruptible. "To know thy strength is the root of immortality" (xv. 3). The book throughout is a commentary on the words of the Psalm xvii. 14\* "(Deliver my soul) from men with thy hand, from men of this world who have their portion in this life: thou fillest their belly with hid treasure; they are satisfied with sons; they leave their abundance to their children. I (*ani* in emphatic contrast) through justice will behold thy face: when I awake, I will be satisfied with thy likeness." Similarly, the teaching on the personal *Λόγος* is but a development of Prov. viii. But of course there is a marked advance on the Hebrew books of the Bible. Not only in theology (notice, besides the instances given, the use of "faith," "hope," and especially of *ἀγάπη*) but in moral teaching we feel that we are on the threshold of the New Testament. The marked separation between duties to brother

\* For the sake of convenience we follow throughout the numeration of the Hebrew text from which we translate.

Israelites and strangers more or less incorporated into the national life on the one hand and to foreigners on the other gives place to a belief in God's mercy and love to all. "Thou sparest all because they are thine, O Lord, thou lover of souls." Here again we find the germ of the teaching of Wisdom in the prophets (see the touching words addressed to Edom, Jer. xlix. 11—"Leave thy orphans, and I will keep them alive; and thy widows, let them hope on me.") But the doctrine of God's care for all is taught in Wisdom far more persistently and emphatically than in the earlier books of the Old Testament. In short, we find in the Book of Wisdom Hebrew religion in its purity; Hebrew religion holding its own against Greek culture; but also Hebrew religion in its latest and most perfect phase, "growing more and more to that perfect day" which was soon to be revealed by Christ. "Here," says Ewald, who with his accustomed insight has seized the characteristic thoughts, and nobly vindicated the lofty merits, of the book, "here, in the nervous gnostic style and in the depth of view, we can already almost feel S. John; in the idea formed of heathenism, we almost feel St. Paul present; just as, often, we feel the first warm breath of spring before spring is really come" (*Geschichte des Volkes Israel*, iv. 454).

We pass on to the third and last point, on which we differ, and must needs differ, from Mr. Deane. We mean the canonicity of Wisdom. A Catholic occupies a position on this matter which is absolutely unassailable. Human reason may of course decide that a book is good and useful, but an infallible authority is required to decide that a book is inspired. Now, this infallible authority is just what the Catholic pleads. He appeals to the Councils of Florence and Trent, where the Canon of Scripture was settled. Let us see what objections may be alleged against this decision.

No doubt human reason may argue that the Book of Wisdom cannot be inspired, because it contains doctrine admitted to be false. This ground, however, Mr. Deane, if we understand him rightly, does not take, or, at all events, does not take confidently. The most plausible thing which can be said against the book is that it teaches in viii. 20 the pre-existence of souls. But even here Mr. Deane very candidly allows that another interpretation is possible, so that we need not dwell on this kind of argument. We may remark, moreover, that a Protestant is bound to weigh fairly the historical and theological difficulties in the books of the Old Testament which he accepts as canonical. If the Book of Wisdom seems at first sight to teach the pre-existence of souls, so do certain passages in the Hebrew Bible seem at first sight to lay it down that death is followed by a state, not indeed of absolute annihilation, but of shadowy existence, without thought, speech, or remembrance of things human or divine. Ps. vi 6, xxx. 10, lxxxviii. 11, cxv. 17 surely should suffice to teach the orthodox Protestant caution in urging a theological difficulty (for there is really only one) against the Book of Wisdom.

There is, however, another kind of argument which may be urged, and is urged by Mr. Deane. It may be said the Council of Florence had no right to invent new doctrines, or to make arbitrary changes in the Canon; nor will any Catholic deny that this principle is just.

Further, we do not dream of contesting the fact that there were doubts in the Church of the fourth century about the canonicity of the deuterо-canonical books of the Old Testament. We are not disposed to explain S. Jerome's words by explaining them away. Nor do we deny that S. Cyril of Jerusalem, S. Athanasius, S. Gregory Nazianzen, Amphilochius, the Council of Laodicea (between 343 and 381), agree in excluding nearly all the deuterо-canonical books of the Old Testament from the canon. But then the authority of seven books in the New Testament, and of Esther in the Old, was also regarded at one time as doubtful within the Catholic Church, and settled at last and finally by conciliar authority. No Protestant then, who, like Mr. Deane, accepts the whole of the New Testament, can logically set Wisdom aside because Fathers and Doctors have doubted its claims to inspiration. In this same fourth century the Council of Hippo (anno 393), Innocent in his letter to Exsuperius of Toulouse, approved the present Catholic Canon. Many great Fathers of that age follow the same line, and it deserves especial notice that just as we go further from the fourth century, and nearer to the time of the Apostles, the testimonies become stronger. Tertullian (*Praescript.* 7, *Scorp.* 8), Clement of Alexandria (*Strom.* iv. 23, &c), Irenaeus (iv. 5. 2, v. 26. 3) quote the deuterо-canonical books as Scriptures. Julius Africanus, so far as we are aware, is the only Ante-Nicene authority on the other side, and he failed to persuade Origen. True, these books are not quoted as Scripture by Christ or His Apostles. But no more are Judges, Canticles, Ecclesiastes, Esdras, or Nehemias. Thus the Tridentine definition is in perfect conformity with the earliest Christian tradition, and with the greater weight of authority in all ages.

But does not the Council of Trent oppose early and authentic Jewish tradition? We answer confidently in the negative. The tradition in the *Pirke Avoth* that Esdras closed the Canon contains details obviously fabulous, and even the main fact rests on no historical basis. Probably the present Hebrew Canon was generally received by the Palestinian Jews in the time of Josephus, who reckons the books of the Bible as twenty-two, while the lists of Melito and Origen nearly answer to that of the Hebrew Bible. But the Hellenistic Jews, whether or not they had another and a definite Canon of their own, at all events did not look on the present Hebrew Canon as perfect and complete. It cannot have been without some reason that they placed Wisdom, &c., in the same volume, viz., the Septuagint, with Job and the Psalms. We cannot do better than give the judgment of Dr. Westcott (*Art. "Canon" in Smith's Dictionary.*) The deuterо-canonical books, he writes, "were reckoned in the sum of their religious literature and placed on an equal footing with the Hagiographa (*i.e.* with Psalms, Proverbs, Job, &c.) in common esteem." It is certain, too, that the number of books in the Canon was not absolutely fixed even among the Jews of Palestine till long after Christ's time. The school of Shammai denied the canonicity of Ecclesiastes, and in a Jewish council held about the year 90 A.D. the canonicity both of Ecclesiastes and Canticles was freely discussed and finally settled in the affirmative (for references,

see Delitzsch on Canticles, p. 14; on Ecclesiastes, p. 196). Surely it is absurd for a Christian divine to dismiss the infallible decision of the Church and virtually attribute infallibility to the Jews, after they had become the bitterest enemies of the Christian name.

We have referred more than once to Dr. Westcott, and we must do so another time before we have done. If Mr. Deane will turn to that great scholar's article on the Vulgate in Smith's Dictionary, he will find that the Vulgate has never been placed by the Church on a level with the original texts, nor are Catholics required to believe that the Vulgate is correct in every jot and tittle. Even were it so, it would be very unworthy of Mr. Deane to seize, as he does, on a difference of opinion between two Catholic scholars as to the true reading of the Vulgate in xv. 14 and ask, "Which is the Word of God for Roman Catholics?" Mr. Deane, like ourselves, believes that the Greek Testament is the Word of God. What would he think of an adversary who pointed to one of the many verses in which it is impossible to be certain about the original reading and exclaimed, "But which is the Word of God for Christians?" The answer which will serve for him will serve for us.

But we are very far from looking on an author who has made such an important contribution to the study of the Bible and of theology as an adversary, and we prefer to close this notice with a sincere expression of gratitude and of respect. We hope that the next edition will have a better index, though persons like ourselves, who spend a good deal of time over German commentaries, will rejoice in the fact that there is any index at all.

W. E. ADDIS.

*Acta et Decreta Sacrorum Conciliorum recentiorum.* Collectio Lacensis Auctoribus Presbyteris S.J. e domo B. M. V. sine labe Conceptæ ad Lacum. Tomus VI. Acta et Decreta s. Conciliorum, quæ ab Episcopis Italiae, Americae Meridionalis et Asiae celebrata sunt. Friburgi: Herder. 1882.

**A**FTER an interval of only three years F. Schneemann, S.J., presents us with the sixth volume of the Collection of recent Provincial Councils, which for accuracy and completeness have earned the praise of Catholic divines everywhere. The present volume is framed on the same principles as the previous ones; and the indices contain the key introducing the student to an easy and full use of the riches here heaped up. But there is one striking difference between the present and the other volumes: the present represents the Church in all parts of the globe. Hence we see the Fathers of the Church convened in councils from New Granada to Spain, from Italy to Russia, from Asia Minor to China. It would be impossible to go over the whole of the synods and their decrees gathered by the learned editor from so many parts of the world, and principally from the Roman archives. Suffice it to name a few points claiming special attention.

Italy is conspicuous by her numerous provincial councils celebrated

since 1850. They owed their existence chiefly to Pius IX., who on his return from exile called on the prelates of Italy to meet in synods, the better to face the dangers threatening the Church from the revolution and the secret societies. In response to this desire a large number of Italian provincial synods were held. The bishops of Lombardy twice met in Milan in 1849 the bishops of Tuscany, Umbria, and others met in Pisa, Loretto, and Spoleto. A prominent place is held by the councils of Ravenna and Urbino. Besides these, our volume contains the Acts of the so-called synods of the Catholic bishops gathered in Rome from all parts of the world round Pius IX. in 1854, 1862, and 1867. The perusal of the speeches and encyclicals of Pius IX. is especially interesting. Not less than three councils of South America appear here. The Fathers of the province of Quito assembled in 1863, and again in 1869. Very instructive indeed is their "*Regula consulta sive statuta a prima Quitensi provinciali Synodo pro cathedralibus ecclesiis Aequatorianis confecta*," as it affords the most exhaustive and accurate collection of rules for performing divine office by cathedral and collegiate chapters. A provincial council of great importance was held July 5, 1858, in New Granada. Its decrees testify to the learning and zeal of the American prelates.

Certain supplements to the preceding volumes of the *Acta* now follow. No less than two synods for the union of the Ruthenians, and seven for the union of the Wallachians, to the Catholic Church, are inserted. Owing to the indefatigable zeal and activity of F. Paul Baranyi, S.J., and the piety and justice of Emperor Leopold I., the Wallachians came back to Catholic unity about the end of the seventeenth century. A very weighty supplement to the second volume is given in the "*Giornale, ossia memorie relative al Concilio nazionale convocato in Parigi colla circolare dell' Imperatore e Rè Napoleone, 25 Aprile, 1811*," by Albert Rossetti, secretary to Bishop Peruzzi, who assisted at the deliberations of the council. Although the author treats too favourably those prelates who sided with the Emperor, the "*Memorie*" may be consulted advantageously, as describing the rash policy of Napoleon, and the reluctance of the prelates to oppose Pius VII. Monsignor Codronchi, whilst reading the imperial message in Italian before the Fathers, began to sigh and to tremble (page 1005). It was that famous message in which Napoleon urged on the council the necessity of providing, within three months, pastors for the vacant sees without the concurrence of the Pope, and of deposing the Vicars Apostolic.

Asia is represented by several councils. Mgr. Spaccapietra, Archbishop of Smyrna, convened the prelates of his province in 1869. Another important diocesan synod was held as early as 1803 by the Vicar Apostolic of Sut-Scheu-Fu, China. It lays down several rules for the missionary priests; treating of mixed marriages, of those heathen customs into which Christians may easily fall back, and of catechists. Another synod (*synodus Pudicheriana*), held in 1844, is concerned with the ecclesiastical affairs at Madura. Let me, lastly, call attention to two important Propaganda documents gathered by F. Schneemann from the archives of that Congregation:—1. "*Litterae Encyclicae Vicariis Apostolicis Indiarum Orientalium missae post*



examen visitationis," and—2. "Instructio. S. C. de Prop. Fide circa modum servandum in informatione, quae occasione novorum episcopatum exhibenda est."

The present volume exhibits in striking lines the wonderful operation of the Catholic Church throughout the world; showing her to be in our century what she has ever been, the champion of freedom, the fosterer of the poor, and the stronghold of Christianity.

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*Introductio in Sacram Scripturam ad usum Scholarum Pont. Seminarii Rom. et Collegii Urbani de Prop. Fide. Auctore, UBALDO UBALDI, Presbytero Romano, SS. Liter. Professore. Vol. III., Introductio Exegetica. Romæ: Ex Typographia Polyglotta S.C. de Propaganda Fide. 1881.*

WE have already expressed the highest opinion of this work, and we have only to congratulate the author on its completion. The third volume is worthy of those which preceded it, and forms the fitting conclusion to a work which is at once most thorough and comprehensive. Such a work is both an evidence of the great learning of the Professor and a testimony to the high standard of Scriptural study which is maintained in Rome. We wish that Dr. Wordsworth and others, who speak of the neglect of Scriptural studies in the Catholic Church, could see this work by a Roman Professor, and be forced to acknowledge that in Protestant seminaries they have no text-book to equal it. One great advantage of the present work lies in its being recent. Whilst the learned author preserves all that is most valuable in older treatises, he avails himself of the latest information and the newest discoveries. He thus brings his book up to date; and in this age of study and exploration this is no easy matter. A glance at the notes of the present volume will convince any one of the wide range of the author's reading. No book bearing on Scriptural science seems to have been unread, no successful exploration unrecorded. He tells his readers about the Revision of the Authorised Version, and quotes the publications of the American Committee. He seeks to initiate his scholars into the mysteries of Egyptian hieroglyphics and the Assyrian cuneiform inscription. M. Guérin's finding of Josue's tomb in Khirbet-Tibneh is related; nor is the Marquess of Bute's visit to the Cave of Machpelah, in 1865, left unnoticed. It is surely an immense advantage to Catholic students to have laid before them a mass of information on all Scriptural matters, drawn from the most varied sources, and to have it assimilated, set in order, and attested by a Professor in the College of the Propaganda.

The greater part of the volume before us is taken up with the discussion of the various meanings of the sacred Scripture, and the true method of determining that meaning in each particular case. Nor does the Professor content himself with abstract rules; but, selecting two passages, one out of the Old Testament (Psalm xxi.) and the other out of the New (Cantic of Zachary), he gives an example of the fullest and clearest exegesis. One very satisfactory characteristic of the reverend Professor's treatment, is the honesty with which he faces

difficulties, and the thoroughness with which he goes into every question. As an instance, we might point to his discussion of the question, Whether in Scripture there can be more than one literal sense in the same verse. On the reconciliation of Scripture and science—after quoting from S. Thomas the golden rule of maintaining the truth of Scripture, and yet, as the Scripture may be differently expounded, not upholding an interpretation clearly mistaken, thus bringing Scripture into discredit, and shutting the door of belief—"This rule," he adds, "should, in the present state of natural science and men's minds, never be disregarded by interpreters" (p. 246). In another place, speaking of the danger of allegorizing over-much, he tells the story of S. Jerome's youthful effort on the Prophet Abdias, and his subsequent confusion, when in his old age a youthful admirer brought it again to his recollection. "Something of the same sort," our author adds, "befell S. Augustine in his explanation of the Book of Genesis, which he had at first explained allegorically, alarmed by the difficulties which beset the literal and historical sense, as he himself narrates in his 'Retractations.' " Another instance of S. Augustine's recourse to mystical interpretation, when the literal sense seemed to him to offer a natural or moral difficulty, is pointed out by Trench, in reference to our Lord's anointing at Bethany. "No sober person," S. Augustine said, "can believe that our Lord really had His feet anointed by a woman with precious ointment, as luxurious and wicked men are wont to do at feasts,—the like of which we detest."\* Our Professor gives an explanation of this peculiarity by saying, "That in Scriptural studies S. Augustine had to dispense with many helps, the use and necessity of which he himself often confessed; for he did not know Hebrew, Greek he knew but slightly, and of Hebrew antiquities he had no great store of knowledge. Hence it is that he is often at a loss in expounding the literal sense, sometimes indulging in a play upon words, but most frequently having recourse to mystical interpretations" (p. 405).

Another part of this volume contains a compendium, or "adumbratio" as the author modestly calls it, of Biblical archæology. Students will find this most interesting, because it is not merely dry knowledge about places, customs, &c., but it abounds in useful allusions and explanations of countless Scriptural difficulties. Nor must we omit to mention the very useful maps with which this volume is furnished. Though not very beautiful in appearance, they are thoroughly useful, and supply all that a student wants. So great is the excellence of this work that we have examined it somewhat closely, and sought for something to find fault with. The only thing worth mentioning is, perhaps, a question with regard to the authorship of the "Glossa Ordinaria." Our author, following the current opinion, attributes it to Walafrid Strabo, who compiled it, in the ninth century, out of SS. Jerome, Augustine, Gregory, and others. This question, though very unimportant in itself, was made much of in the Porson and Travis controversy, and

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\* Trench, "Sermon on the Mount," p. 55.

it was proved that much of the "Glossa Ordinaria" was added after the ninth century.

In this volume, also, the learned Professor treats of the question of reading the Bible in the vernacular. He proves that the Church has never absolutely or universally forbidden such reading to the faithful; but only, according to circumstances of time and place, imposed restrictions for the good of the faithful themselves. And he shows, too, that whatever restrictions there may have been in the past, there are none in the present discipline of the Catholic Church. As this is a point on which our Protestant critics are somewhat incredulous, it will be well to quote the Roman Professor's own words:—

In regard to the present discipline of the Church, we boldly declare that none of the faithful can be prevented from reading the sacred Scriptures in their own tongue, even without special leave of Bishop or Inquisitor, provided only that certain conditions are observed—viz., that the version is the work of a Catholic author, that it is approved by the Holy See or the Ordinary, and that orthodox notes are appended thereto (p. 485).

We may add that the volume which contains this sentence has the approbation of the Theological Censor and the imprimatur of Pontifical authority. After this we hope that we shall hear no more of the old Protestant tradition about Catholics being forbidden to read the Bible.

*The Granville History Readers. No. 2. History of England, from the Roman Period to the Wars of the Roses.* Edited by THOMAS T. LIVESEY. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

*The Granville Series. Reading Book.* Second Standard. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

**H**ISTORY Readers are being issued now by many firms to meet the wants of Government schools. We are glad that Messrs. Burns & Oates are bringing out a series, of which the above is adapted to Standard IV., that can safely be used in Catholic schools, and we confidently recommend them to the attention of school-managers. This volume comes nearer to our idea of what a child's history ought to be than many books of the kind. It contains, indeed, some lists of kings, genealogical tables, and a chronological one at the end, and so may be kept by the child as a useful reading book in after years; but the body of the book is made up of interesting and picturesque "pieces," each dealing with an event or period, and each forming a complete reading lesson. The style is interesting, and the lesson confined, very judiciously, to that view of the subject which boys and girls can appreciate. If the Granville Readers keep up to the excellence of this one, they will do much towards making the study of history in schools what it ought to be—a pleasant and easy task. Both editor and publishers deserve the thanks alike of teacher and pupil. Of course, Catholic schools may use them with the double happy result of satisfying examinational requirements and of giving into their children's hands a text free from anything in bad form apropos of their Faith and its

practices. The book is well illustrated—the frequent pictures being of excellent execution, and such as children will enjoy and remember. Finally, we may note among the good qualities here apparent, that the editor has had the happy thought to intersperse the prose lessons with an occasional historical ballad or poem of a kind sure to stamp itself on the young imagination. Thus, *e.g.*, what boy would not find positive pleasure in learning such pieces of verse as “The Burial of William the Conqueror,” or the still more graphic and touching lines on “The Death of Richard I.”—and having once learned them, would ever forget either the words or the lesson they convey?

Very good taste has also presided over the selection of pieces in the “Reading Book” for Standard II. in the same series. The little poems are here also a very good feature, and the printing, illustrations, and general get up are excellent.

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*Out in the Cold World.* By M. F. S. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.

**M**R. WASHBOURNE has here given another very welcome addition to his long list of good light literature. It is a very simple story, without any sensationalism—or what is nearly as bad, sentimentalism—but with enough of incident and *contretemps* to keep its hold on us from the very first. We can warmly commend it to those who are on the look-out for an interesting Catholic tale for the young. It will be specially acceptable to girls; being the story of two young girls, quite unlike in character and training, who are thrown “out in the cold world,” to do for themselves. There is nothing in the book that even approaches to being objectionable for the youngest and most delicate-minded girl; there is not even a lover—but yet the tale excites healthy interest in its *personæ* and their fortunes. The lesson their lives teach is excellent; at the same time there is no preaching up of the moral, no sermonizing of any kind; it is a lively, well-told tale, and the moral is acted, as it is in real life, most frequently and effectually. The contrast between the two heroines—if we may so call them—Ada Hilton and Carrie Crosbie, the stability of the one, the impulsiveness and shallower heart of the other, the deep earnest religion of the convert girl, the neglect of sacraments and prayer by the Catholic daughter of a saintly mother, are well brought out, and there is *vraisemblance* to reality most striking in the unlooked-for final life-settlement of the two. How they lived, how they suffered, what they succeeded in doing for themselves, what is the moral of their struggle with the world—all this we may not tell, thereby spoiling the relish of a pleasant little book that we hope will be widely read of both the young and the old. For the special benefit of the latter there is good-doing, kind old Mrs. Lisle, who pours balm on both the troubled young hearts in turn, and one of those cruel, self-seeking, inhuman fathers who startle us from time to time in police reports. The latter is the best-drawn character in the book, and if not sketched from reality, is excellently conceived and worked out.

*The Rose of Venice.* By S. CHRISTOPHER. London: R. Washbourne. 1881.

WE are unintentionally late in noticing this stirring tale, which is totally different in style and character from the little story just before spoken of. This is tragical; the plot is complex and well elaborated, and love—the deep soul-stirring passion of romantic Italians of the sixteenth century—is its theme. It is a more ambitious book also—in fact, we have read many romances that less deserved the name—and though unobjectionable, is entertainment best suited to older readers. The story, moreover, is well-told and fascinating, and there is a high lesson strongly and clearly suggested in its progress—viz., that revenge is bitter to the soul that seeks it, and that no sin, even when it is the indulgence of pleasure, can bring happiness to the sinner.

Style is not the author's strong point; but the writing is simple, and the sense never obscure: he excels in delineation of character and artistic grouping. Indeed, his dramatic power is great, and gives promise of even higher work than this. The story depends for its main incident and deepest interest on the despotic cruelty of the Council of Ten in Venice, but we are not most interested in Foscari, the victim of that despotism and cruelty. We think the author has achieved his greatest successes in the drawing of Marco Centofoglia, the man to whom riches with broken vows brought only trial and misery; and still more in picturing the career of Rosalia Leoni, the beautiful, passionate woman, who could not see the evil of disobeying a father whom she loved, and who was led by this her fault into a life of deepest crime and misery. Rosalia, a Jewess of that southern clime, capable of sweetness, capable of hardest hate; in whom—to use the author's motto from the "Bride of Abydos"—

— the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle  
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime,

seeking revenge by means that only the most reckless woman could dare to use, and in the supreme moment of attaining that revenge, experiencing a burning regret that only death could obliterate, is not, we need scarcely say, "The Rose of Venice," but she is the most powerfully drawn and the most artistic figure in the well-told story bearing that name. We are not surprised that this book has been favourably noticed by the Protestant press; it is a novel that may well interest all classes of readers.

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*La Doctrine sur la Vierge Marie, ou Marialogie de Saint Thomas d'Aquin d'après Le Chanoine FR. MARGOTT, publiée en Français avec autorisation, &c. Par Mgr. L. C. BOURGUARD. Paris: Vivès. 1881.*

WE called the attention of the clergy to the original German edition of this work of Canon Margott in our issue of January, 1880 (p. 263). We need add nothing of praise in now making known the excellent French edition of Mgr. Bourguard. We point it out as the "Mois de Marie" for such priests as wish for a sound book, tersely and

soberly written, full of solid doctrine on which they may meditate and feed devotion to our glorious Queen,—thereafter from their own abundance to speak sound and touching words in praise of her to their flocks. Remembering that our “Mariology”—in other words, our devotion to the mother of Jesus, our praises, hymns, eulogy—is simply the natural outgrowth with the ages of the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation, and that of all the theologians who have treated of the Incarnation, none have gone deeper or spoken more soundly than the saint of whom “bene scripsisti de me, Thoma,” was deserved praise, we may give a prominent place to a volume in which the various testimonies of that saint concerning the mother of the Incarnate Word are brought together, harmonized and explained. Canon Margott’s text has lost nothing by its change into French,—but Mgr. Bourguard’s name would alone be a sufficient guarantee for this.

Although abounding in Latin extracts from “the Master”—extracts of great use to the theological student—the French text reads on consecutively, and contains in itself, should others than clerics use it, the whole substance of both the author and his extracts. And we may remark that, for those who read French, and are intellectual enough to enjoy some solid reading, even on a spiritual topic, no better book could be recommended for their month of May than this. This is not the slightest disparagement of more “popular” and devotional manuals that have their peculiar value and place; but here the intelligent reader will be delighted to find clearly set forth and argued the solid basis of revealed truth, out of which all the devotion and tenderness of the Catholic heart to Mary spontaneously grows, and by which alone it can be either approved in itself or justified to the inquirer. It is but a truism to say that numbers would love her if they knew her; few but would love her more, if they knew her better. It is an advantage, too, of this French edition, that the language of its pious author is throughout eminently devout, filial, loving: hence, happily, a book of strict theological reasoning, based on the typical representative of the scholastic method, is at the same time so far attractive and comparatively easy that in an educated person only frivolity could cast it off as dull or hard.

We shall not enter here on the oft-repeated discussion as to S. Thomas’s teaching on the Immaculate Conception: the reader will find as full and satisfactory an account of it in these pages as need be desired. The plan of the work follows the essential reasoning of S. Thomas: Mary is the mother of God—*θεοτόκος*, as they loved to call her long before Ephesus—this is the central point of doctrine concerning her and a centre from which naturally radiates all our praise of her. Who calls her *theotokos*, says S. John Damascene, “totum incarnationis mysterium astruit.” This point, therefore, is first fully developed and established by Canon Margott: from her divine maternity, rightly understood, flows her “dignity”—the second chapter of his book; her “grace”—a wonderful chapter of knowledge enlightened by sanctity; and her “privileges”—exemption from sin, from original sin, and her perpetual virginity. A final chapter on the Assumption completes this brilliant sketch of Marian theology.

*The Revisers' English.* By G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L.  
London: Hatchards. 1882.

THIS book is a collection of letters addressed to the editor of *Public Opinion* shortly after the appearance of the Revised New Testament. The author is so well known to fame as a scholar of English literature, that his criticisms have a permanent value. His judgment upon the Revisers' English is extremely severe, but it is quite justified by the specimens which he gives. The Preface to the Revised Version was a provocation to hostile criticisms, whilst the version itself afforded but too many opportunities. And of these Mr. Washington Moon has not failed to avail himself. To quote one instance out of many. The Revisers in their Preface say that they have been "particularly careful about their pronouns." Mr. Moon examines their version in detail, and shows that the poor pronouns have been sadly mixed up, and sometimes with most disastrous results, as in 1 Cor. vii. 36, where St. Paul is made to ordain that a man is to marry his own daughter! On the other hand, it may be thought that Mr. Washington Moon expects too much from the Revisers' English, and that he judges it by too high a standard. He says in his Preface that in the Bible he looks for "perfection of language." Elsewhere (p. 100) he says that "probably there is not one in ten thousand educated Englishmen who thoroughly knows his own language." Much allowance must be made for the Revisers from the fact that they set themselves to a most difficult task—to reproduce in English as exactly as possible the Greek original. It was hardly possible for them to combine minute fidelity to Greek particles with the simplicity of idiomatic English. The fact is, they have been over-literal, and have sacrificed English idiom to Greek scholarship. They have done just the opposite of what King James's translators did, who took liberties with the original for the bettering of their own English. It may be urged in reply to critics like Mr. Moon that, as the stream does not rise above its source, so the translation cannot be better than the original. Why should he demand a perfection of language in translators which is not found in the Greek of the New Testament? But what the Revisers may most complain of in Mr. Moon's book is that he has adorned it with their photographs. He has not only exposed their violation of the laws of the language, but he has set forth the criminals themselves, and marked them out as Murderers of the Queen's English.

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*The History of the Religious House of Pluscardyn.* By Rev. S. R. MACPHAIL, A.M. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, Ferrier. 1881.

THE author of this work is very anxious to disclaim any serious pretension to the name of an antiquarian, but he has produced a very readable and interesting book. In a volume of 285 pages he has reproduced some beautifully written charters, seals, ground plans, and lithographic sketches of the old monastery and its neighbourhood. The book is a little unequal in the material chosen and in the topics discussed. The latter half of the work, dealing with the history of

Pluscardyn from the date of the dissolution of the Priory until our own times, has rather a suspicious air of padding about it, local history and gossip being largely laid under contribution. A work of this kind, hailing from the north of the Tweed, will, as a matter of course, contain an occasional gird at the Catholic Church; but we are bound to say that such remarks are tempered with a considerateness to which we are hardly accustomed in such a quarter.

In his opening chapters the writer has attempted, rather boldly, to treat of the practices of mediæval monasticism, and it is inevitable that he should fall into some rather laughable mistakes. In one place he speaks of the scapular as the "sleeveless tunic which sat close to the skin." In describing the monks about to enter choir: "All their hands," he says, "*are by their sides*, and slowly and with dignity they march forward, chanting loudly but with much precision."

But it is not our intention to deal flippantly with a book which has cost its author years of patient study and research. It is, on the contrary, delightful to note the devotion and love which he has devoted to every little detail of his history, and that, too, on a subject which we could scarcely expect to prove so attractive to one outside the pale of the Catholic Church.

*Commentarius in Evangelium S. Joannis, quem in usum prælectionum scripsit P. JOSEPHUS CORLUI, S.J. Editio altera. Gandavi: Poelman.*

FATHER CORLUI having been induced to publish the lessons he gave on S. John's Gospel as Professor of Sacred Scriptures in the Society's College at Louvain, the first edition of his work was exhausted in a year. This fact alone tells of its supplying a need. And we can confidently recommend this new and enlarged edition, not only to students, for whose special behoof it was written, but also to the clergy, and particularly to hard-worked priests who want a brief but sufficient commentary for pulpit purposes. There can be no doubt that any one possessing this small treatise on S. John, and such another similar volume, for example, Prof. Van Steenkiste's excellent Preacher's Commentary on S. Matthew, would absolutely *need* no other exegetical help for sound treatment of the Sunday Gospels throughout the year. Both the works, too, are recent, and give prominence to the questions and difficulties of present interest; the opinions of recent writers, whether for or against sound doctrine, are dealt with.

Reverting to Father Corlui's volume, we may remark that although it be not designed, except secondarily, for the preacher's use, yet we prefer for sermon purposes its plan and style of treatment to those of Steenkiste's book. There is, here, method, unbroken order, great clearness of statement, arguments pithily put, conflicting opinions lucidly set forth, and from time to time a most useful "scholion dogmaticum" is inserted, in which the dogmatic value of a preceding chapter or portion is indicated to the student of theology. Every chapter of S. John's Gospel has one chapter of the volume devoted to its elucidation, preceded by an "argument" of its contents, and generally



ending with a "paraphrasis exegetica." Whenever any point of special import or difficulty occurs, a "dissertatio" is devoted to its more lengthened treatment; thus, we have very interesting and useful discussions on "the doctrine of the logos in S. John," on the "Angel at the pool of Bethesda," on the "authenticity of John vii. 53 to viii. 11," on "the three women" of chapter xi., on "the Brethren of our Lord," and on several other important points. Wherever we have tested this volume on any obscure or difficult places of S. John's Gospel the result has been highly satisfactory. It is Father Corluy's rule—and he defends it in his preface—wherever there are questions of opinion merely, to give with all the clearness he possibly can the main arguments depended on by the patrons of each opinion, and then to leave each one to be swayed to whatever side appears to him the soundest: "sunt enim humana ingenia ita attemperata, ut aliis alia argumenta magis vel minus arrideant."

As an example of the dissertations we may take the one "*de fratribus Domini*:" here the first opinion set forth is that of the *fratres germani*—inveighed against by S. Jerome, condemned by the Church. The arguments of Helvidius are stated and replied to, and the "restoration" of this opinion by Renan in his "*Vie de Jésus*" is dealt with. The next opinion discussed is that of Origen, Eusebius, Hilary, &c., that they were the sons of S. Joseph by a former marriage, against the common opinion of Catholics. Two further opinions, that they were *cognati*, being the sons of Cleophas, the brother of S. Joseph, and that they were some other *cognati* merely, are given, with the reasons *pro* and *con*. Then, lastly, is discussed, in a similar manner, but at greater length, the question as to whether the brethren of Jesus, James, Simon, and Judas, were apostles. If we remember that Father Corluy is not only a scholar and theologian, but a Hebraist and a good Oriental scholar, we shall be better understood when we speak of the thoroughness of his textual and exegetical discussions. Nothing can well be more satisfactory than the manner in which the famous words of Jesus, "quid mihi et tibi est mulier?" (Jo. ii. 4) are here discussed: their interpretation and the various opinions as to their significance. When we add that the *prolegomena* of this volume discuss the authenticity of the fourth gospel, its scope, the time and place of its writing, its completeness, &c., we shall have sufficiently intimated what the student may look for in its pages: we feel confident that actual reference to them will not bring disappointment.

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*The Occult World.* By A. P. SINNETT. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

THIS is a curious book. When it first reached us we were inclined to regard it as a somewhat cumbrous practical joke. But we learn, on good authority, that, so far from that, it has been put forward by its author in the utmost seriousness. And the author is a grave personage: a journalist of considerable standing, and the editor of one of the principal Bombay newspapers.

Mr. Sinnett, as it appears, by what he calls "a train of fortunate circumstances," has been brought into intercourse with "adepts of occultism"—persons who inherit from the ancient sages of the East "a science which deals not merely with physics, but with the constitution and capacities of the inner soul and spirit." "Modern science," Mr. Sinnett continues, by way of explanation, "has discovered the circulation of the blood; occult science understands the circulation of the life principle. Modern physiology deals with the body only: occultism with the soul as well—not as the subject of vague religious rhapsodies, but as an actual entity, with properties that can be examined in combination with or apart from those of the body" (p. 5). This leads one to exclaim, with Strepsiades in the play—

ὦ γῆ τῶν φθέγματος, ὡς ἱερὸν καὶ σεμνὸν καὶ τερατῶδες.

But unfortunately these wonders, as further explained by Mr. Sinnett, are as misty and impalpable as the Cloud Divinities whose choral song so impressed the simple Athenian. Our author tells us that it is "one thing to deny mankind generally the key which unlocks the mystery of occult power, and another to withhold the fact that there is a mystery to unlock" (p. 8). Doubtless. But all that Mr. Sinnett tells us, as matter of fact, broadly speaking, comes to this: that adepts in occultism have, in his presence, "reproduced, by force of their own wills, supplemented by a comprehension of the resources of Nature," "some of the most familiar phenomena of spiritualism." We are not concerned to doubt his testimony, for the very simple reason that we have ourselves witnessed in the East phenomena of the kind he mentions, under circumstances where the hypothesis of imposture was quite out of the question. But facts are one thing; theories quite another. And this is the theory that Mr. Sinnett gives us to account for the marvels which he relates:—

The seemingly magic feats which the adepts in occultism have the power to perform are accomplished, I am given to understand, by means of familiarity with a force in Nature which is referred to in Sanscrit writings as *akaz*. Western science has done much in discovering some of the properties and powers of electricity. Occult science, ages before, had done much more in discovering the properties and powers of *akaz*. . . . *Akaz*, be it then understood, is a force for which we have no name, and in reference to which we have no experience to guide us to a conception of its nature. One can only grasp at the idea required by conceiving that it is as much more potent, subtle, and extraordinary an agent than electricity as electricity is superior in subtlety and variegated efficiency to steam. It is through his acquaintance with the properties of the force that the adept can accomplish the physical phenomena which I shall presently be able to show are within his reach, besides others of far greater magnificence (pp. 21-26).

We doubt if Mr. Sinnett will make many converts to a belief in *akaz*.

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*Introduction to the Study of Language: A Critical Survey of the History and Methods of Comparative Philology of the Indo-European Language.* By B. DELBRÜCK. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Trübner. 1882.

IN this scholarly and well-arranged little work Herr Delbrück mainly aims at facilitating the study of the important series of Grammars which Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, of Leipzig, are publishing. Or, as he expresses it, his thought was "to introduce some of his countrymen to the study of the Indo-European languages, and to call their attention to certain points in the history and present condition of this study." He deprecates any comparison of his short unpretentious work with the elaborate volumes of Max Müller, Whitney, and Sayce. But certainly his careful and well-weighed opinions may fitly be taken into consideration by students of those eminent scholars. We may in particular observe that we should like to see Professor Sayce's answer to our author's views of agglutination. Herr Delbrück's book consists of two parts: the first historical, the second theoretical. The first part, perhaps, is the most valuable. Indeed, we agree with the translator—who appears to us, by-the-by, to have done his work extremely well—that we know of no other book which gives so clear and succinct an account of the rise and development of comparative philology in Germany.

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*The Liturgical Poetry of Adam of S. Victor, from the Text of Gautier, with Translations into English in the original metres, and short Explanatory Notes.* By DIGBY S. WRANGHAM, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

ADAM OF S. VICTOR is perhaps on the whole the greatest of mediæval hymnists, and to such as know how great some of those sacred lyrists were this will mean a great deal. In single hymns he may have been surpassed, as in the inimitably pathetic *Stabat Mater* of Jacopone, and the austere sublime *Dies Iræ* of Thomas of Celano. But no one has left us such a body of sacred verse throughout of so high excellence; no one has succeeded to the same extent in combining fulness and exactness of meaning with perfection of form. We do not know who has better summed up his characteristic excellence than Archbishop Trench in the following passage:—

His profound acquaintance with the whole circle of the theology of his time, and eminently with its exposition of Scripture—the abundant and admirable use which he makes of it, delivering as he thus does his poems from the merely *subjective* cast of those, beautiful as they are, of S. Bernard—the exquisite art and variety with which for the most part his verse is managed and his rhymes disposed—their rich melody multiplying and ever deepening at the close—the strength which often he concentrates into a line—his skill in conducting a narration—and most of all the evident nearness of all things which he celebrates to his own heart of hearts—all these, and other excellences render him, as far as my judgment goes, the foremost among the sacred Latin poets of the Middle Ages.

This eulogy is no less discriminating than warm, as indeed might have been expected from so accomplished and sympathetic a critic. By the men of his own generation, we may observe in passing, Adam, like his illustrious victorious brethren, Hugh and Richard, was reckoned, if we may so speak, an uncanonized Saint. Thus does William of S. Lo write of them:—

Hi tres canonici, licet absint canonizati  
Mente pia dici, possunt tamen esse beati.

Such is the “mediæval classic” whom Mr. Wrangham introduces to the English public in these three beautifully printed volumes. The Latin text is taken from M. Gautier’s edition, published in Paris, in 1858-9, and founded chiefly upon the MSS. rescued from destruction when the Abbey of S. Victor was sacked nearly a century ago by the children of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and preserved in what is now known as the National Library of France. In the translation Mr. Wrangham has aimed at being before all things literal. A verse translation, he thinks, should keep to the metre of the original, and, while changing its language, preserve, as far as possible, its meaning. And in another place he expresses thus the principle which has guided him:—

I have looked at the duty of a translator as analogous to that of an engraver, and felt that, the poet being a “word-*painter*,” the translator must be a “word-*engraver* ;” in other words, that to be successful, he must reproduce faithfully, as a whole and in detail, what he sets himself to copy. A so-called translation, which is stripped at the taste of the translator not only of the *form* of the original—viz., its metre, but more or less also of the thoughts and expressions with which that form is clothed, appears to me to fail to be what it professes to be, just in proportion as these defects, if I may venture to call them so, appear in it. It may be a very beautiful piece of poetry in itself—and it very often is so—but a *translation*, i.e., *transferring* of a given original from one language into another it can scarcely be. If I were to take the picture of a beautiful boy, with curling locks and “fair and of a ruddy countenance,” and draw another, as fancy led me, of that same boy in later life, bronzed in the battle of life, of stalwart form and with flowing beard; though I might keep the shapely features of the original face before me constantly, and reproduce their outline carefully, no one could say that I had made a *copy* of the picture I had seen. Those who saw the two portraits together might detect that the child was the father of the man, but that would be all. They would count the two as separate works of art, standing or falling by their own several faults or merits, and never dream that the second was intended to reproduce the first.

And what is true of the copyist would seem to be necessarily still truer of the engraver, who has not the help of colours to aid his efforts, as the former has, and is compelled therefore to follow most closely his original both in outline and detail, if he would have that original recognizable at all in the sombrier hues of his engraving.

In like manner the translator, so far from needing the originality with which some would have him endowed, must be content, I submit, like the engraver, to follow his original painfully, line after line, and not be satisfied with his work till he has succeeded in so reconstructing it, as to leave no doubt upon the mind of the reader of the two works as to their interidentity. In a certain sense, no doubt, an engraver should be an artist—that is to say, he should have a good eye for *proportion*, and be well versed in the rules of drawing generally; and in the same sense a translator should be something of a poet,

with a good ear for rhythm—the *proportion* of poetry—and not ignorant of the rules of poetical composition. But neither engraver nor translator needs to be original, to my mind; for, when his *originality* comes in at the window, his *original* goes out at the door.

These are the considerations which, as Mr. Wrangham considers, ought to govern translators. We confess that for our own part we think that he states them somewhat too broadly. The comparison between engraving and translating is not a comparison which, as the phrase is, runs on all-fours. Mr. Wrangham hardly appears to appreciate sufficiently the fact that every language has its inbred character, so to speak, or to remember that, unless sufficient allowance be made for that by the translator, what was originally very good sense is apt to become “exceeding good senseless.” Cardinal Newman observes with his usual happiness:—“The problem almost starts with the assumption that something must be sacrificed; and the chief question is, what is the least sacrifice? In a balance of difficulties, one translator will aim at being critically correct, and will become obscure, cumbrous, and foreign; another will aim at being English, and will appear deficient in scholarship. While grammatical particles are followed out, the spirit evaporates; and, while an easy flow of language is secured, new ideas are intruded, or the point of the original is lost, or the drift of the context impaired.” Still, although we do not go all Mr. Wrangham’s length in literalness, we think that his error, if it is an error, is one upon the safe side. Half the so-called free translations offered to us almost lead us to exclaim with the Frenchman when he was told that *jour* came from *dies*, “C’est diablement changé en route!” And although here and there Mr. Wrangham has, as we think, failed fully to seize his author’s meaning, and, in some cases, where he has seized it, has somewhat haltingly expressed it, yet on the whole he has acquitted himself successfully—and sometimes with much happiness—in the task which he has undertaken under such rigorous conditions. We give, as a pleasing specimen of his work, his translation of a sequence, which is a beautiful example of the tender devotion to Our Lady that so markedly characterized Adam of S. Victor:—

O Maria, stella maris !  
Pietate singularis,  
Pietate oculo  
Nos digneris intueri,  
Ne cuncteris misereri  
Naufraganti seculo

Blessed Mary, Star of Ocean !  
Peerless in thy love’s devotion !  
T’wards us deign to turn thy gaze ;  
Look on us in loving fashion,  
Nor delay to show compassion  
For a lost and shipwrecked race.

In hac valle lacrymarum  
Nihil dulce, nihil carum,  
Suspecta sunt omnia ;  
Quid hic nobis erit tutum  
Cum nec ipsa vel virtutum  
Tuta sit victoria.

In this vale of tears unceasing  
Nought is loved, and nought is pleasing;  
All is vague and insecure ;  
What assurance can be given  
To us of aught here, when even  
Virtue’s triumph is not sure !

Caro nobis adversatur,  
Mundus carni suffragatur  
In nostram perniciem ;

Here the flesh against us fighteth,  
Here the world with it uniteth  
For our utter overthrow :

Hostis instat, nos infestans,  
Nunc se palam manifestans,  
Nunc occultans rabiem.

Et peccamus et punimur,  
Et diversis irretimur  
Laqueis venantium;  
O Maria, mater Dei,  
Tu post Deum summa spei,  
Tu dulce refugium.

Tot et tantis irretiti  
Non valemus his reniti  
Nec vi, nec industria;  
Consolatrix miserorum,  
Suscitatrix mortuorum,  
Mortis rumpe retia.

Intendentes tue laudi,  
Nos attende, nos exaudi,  
Nos a morte libera;  
Quae post Christum prima sedes,  
Inter Christi cohaeredes  
Christo nos annumera.

Jesu, mitis et benigne,  
Cujus nomen est insigne,  
Dulce, saluterum,  
Munus nobis da salutis  
In defecto constitutis  
Plenitudo munerum.

Pater, Fili, Consolator,  
Unus Deus, unus dator  
Septiformis gratiae,  
Solo nutu pietatis  
Fac nos simplae Trinitatis  
Post spem frui specie! Amen.

Here the foe is, souls molesting,  
Now his fierce wrath manifesting  
Openly, in secret now.

We both sin, and we are chastened,  
And around us there are fastened  
Divers toils of hunters here:  
Mary! thou, God's mother holy,  
After God our hope art solely,  
And our refuge sweet and dear!

In such meshes and so many  
Snared, we fail to loosen any  
With our utmost power and pains:  
Do thou, who to mourners givest  
Comfort and the dead revivest,  
Break through death's entangling chains.

As to praise thee we endeavour,  
Hearing, listening to us ever,  
From death's power set us free:  
Thou, whose throne to Christ's is highest  
'Mongst Christ's co-heirs in the highest  
Let us be enrolled by thee!

Jesu, gracious, and most tender! [dour,  
Thou, Whose name is bright with splen-  
Sweet, and rich in saving-health!  
Grant to us Thy free salvation,  
And, since marred is Thy creation,  
Thy good gifts in boundless wealth.

Father, Son, and Soul-reviver!  
The one God, and the one Giver  
Of the sevenfold gifts of grace!  
Triune God! in love be willing,  
That we all past hopes fulfilling,  
May enjoy Thee face to face! Amen.

*The Three Trappers: a Story of Travel and Adventure in the Wilds of Canada.* By ACHILLES DAUNT. London: T. Nelson & Sons. 1882.

THE boy-readers of this story of adventure are forewarned, in the preface, that modern civilization has in the last few years advanced beyond the possibility of many of the adventures and perils encountered by the young heroes in their journey from a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, by flood, forest, and prairie, towards the Rocky Mountains and the Bull Pound River. There is no longer danger from Blackfeet at the branches of the Saskatchewan. The hunter of the present day can be accommodated with a place in a comfortable waggon, provided by the guide who undertakes to cater for all his wants. Forewarning is also given that the rushing march

of a herd of thousands of buffaloes, interminably sweeping over the hill and choking the river, is by this time an incident of the past.

Ceaseless senseless slaughter has at last reduced the once innumerable herds of buffaloes to a straggling handful. It is a question if more than one herd now exists in the United States. As regards the other game-animals mentioned in the story, their numbers are not yet sensibly diminished; and probably for many years to come they will tempt the sportsman to follow them amid the grim solitudes of plain and mountain. Such characters as Jake are, like the beaver and buffalo, becoming scarce, but occasionally an original of the type turns up.

There are some excellent bits of description of the Canadian forests by the Saskatchewan and of the mountain country farther west. Old Jake will interest boys more than the younger travellers. His capacity for what he calls doing a right-down tall night's work, and for putting himself outside of roast buffalo; and, from life-long habit, his inability to sleep without feeling right-down lonesome unless there is "danger o' some kind about;" his ingenious modes of slaying a grizzly, shooting a big-horn, or escaping from an ambush of Indians, make him a character whose acquaintance boys will remember. His young Canadian comrades have some difficulty in persuading him that, though he may shoot elk in wanton waste if he will, the shooting of an Indian is murder. The element of religious thought comes naturally into this discussion on morality and justice between white man and red man; and it is rightly not forgotten at the death of one of the trappers. But though the old hunter is persuaded out of his murderous frame of mind, exclaiming with rough-spoken feeling, "Wal, this beats all! the Lord has done all this for *me*, an' I find it hard to gev up my evil ways for *him*!" he persists in failing to see the evil of "liftin the ha'r" of his dead enemy to prove his claim to a wager of 'bacca—"Wal, mister, I don't altogether hold wi' ye thur; *he* don't want his scalp whur he's a-gwine to!" We should have liked to have come upon some glimpse of the red man as a friend and not as a treacherous enemy; and, if the Three Trappers are, as it is hinted, going to be the subject of another story during their return journey, we hope to see something of the other side of the question with regard to these human tribes that are being exterminated almost as pitilessly as the buffaloes. In some respects the English system of colonization has hardly been a Christian system; at least the interests of Christianity, the thought of human brotherhood, and the cause of civilization have not ruled our relations with the aborigines of North America. Baron Hübner and others have written strongly upon this subject, and one cannot even take up even a boys' book of this kind without seeing it painfully illustrated. The incident of the burning of the Indians in the "fire-water" of which they had drunk to excess, is typical of much of their present history; and some suggestion of this would perfect in an instructive sense stories of travel such as the present one. The book is well got up, and its fiction may teach during holiday hours many facts regarding natural history and North American forest and prairie scenery.

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*La Terre Sainte. Son histoire, ses souvenirs, ses sites, ses monuments.*  
 Par VICTOR GUÉRIN, Chargé de Missions en Orient, &c. Paris:  
 E. Plon et Cie. 1882.

THIS is an elegantly printed and illustrated quarto volume, especially suited for some such purpose as a gift or prize book, or as an ornament to the drawing-room; but worthy also of taking its place permanently on the library shelves. Of the admirable illustrations, of which there is a total of more than 300, nearly every alternate page being adorned with one, we will only say that they are of first-rate execution. As to their fidelity little doubt can be entertained; they are the work of artists sent out for the purpose to the East. They form a panorama of the Holy Land and afford the next best treat to a journey and actual view of the scenes they depict. But too frequently highly artistic illustrated books are a mere collection of pictures held together by a careless or inferior text—here, on the contrary, literary and artistic excellence go hand in hand.

The name alone of M. Victor Guérin, the author of "*La Terre Sainte*," would in France be a quite sufficient guarantee of accuracy and excellence. He is an old and experienced Orientalist of highest repute. The publication by the Imprimerie Nationale of his great work "*Description géographique, historique et archéologique de la Palestine*," extending over some eleven years, and resulting in seven large volumes, has placed him among the classical authorities. That work, though not M. Guérin's only one, is doubtless his "*monumentum ære perennius*," but it is too large and technical for popular use. In the volume under notice we are happily put in possession of a briefer and a very readable narrative, written in an easy style, yet solid and learned, and founded on the results of the writer's long experience and labours. What gives it a claim to notice here and to its recommendation to English readers, who can find an abundance of books on the Holy Land in their own language, is that it is written in a tone of piety and reverence for the Holy Places. M. Guérin is as good and fervent a Christian as he is an able archæologist, and his book can be safely put into the hands of the young and read by all with not less pleasure than profit. There is here none of the cheap scoffing or flippant criticism of places, things, or traditions held sacred by us that, in varying degree, infects so many of our English books. At the same time the volume is what it professes to be, a history and even a critical history, and the author's learning and research and his actual experiences are everywhere apparent; he is a teacher from his own stores and not merely a compiler of what others have seen and described. And, without any effort to moralize or drag in piety, the narrative is naturally reverent and religious, and at almost every step light is thrown on some passage or incident of the Old or New Testament books and new interest given to familiar scenes.

The first portion of the volume is devoted to the past history and present state of Jerusalem—the Holy City and the object of the author's most enthusiastic study. The references to the Jerusalem of to-day are much helped by the very excellent folio plan of the city drawn the author and embodying the measurements, &c., of Gélis and by



Wilson. Everywhere M. Guérin checks his own opinions by those of the most recent explorers French and English. The sites of the holy places in Jerusalem, it is well known, have of late years been the subject of hot discussion—their genuineness being alternately impugned and defended. M. Guérin is too scientific to put away indiscriminatingly or lightly either the discoveries or the theories of other explorers like himself. But the general tone of his mind leads naturally to his standing by long established traditions until they are opposed by sound argument and certain discovery—doubt merely, or conjecture, or even improbability are not enough excuse with him for rejecting an identification which cannot be traced back to its beginning even in the obscurity of early history. With regard to the authenticity of the present Holy Sepulchre and of Golgotha, he maintains it unhesitatingly. He shows that the position of the so-called “second wall,” so far from being an argument against the tradition, is for it; that wall, as fragments discovered some years ago attest, having excluded the whole of the present quarter occupied by the Holy Sepulchre. He ridicules Mr. Fergusson’s opinion that the present Mosque of Omar is the Church erected over the true site of Our Lord’s tomb.

Jerusalem “à l’époque actuelle” having been exhausted by both writer and artist, a second division is devoted to Northern Judea, and takes us in succession to Bethphage and Bethlehem, to the monastery of Saint Saba, to the Dead Sea, Jericho, &c. Next Samaria is described, then Lower and Higher Galilee. Finally, there are divisions on Damascus, Palmyra, and Baalbec, in the portraiture of which the artists seem to surpass themselves. The very interesting description of Saint Saba, built sheer on the steep mountain side, and of the caverns or monks’ grottoes on the hill sides along the Cedron are rendered doubly interesting by reference to the engravings.

The reverent and Catholic spirit in which M. Guérin treats these traditions, with which Judea especially is teeming, may well be studied by comparing his description of Bethlehem, for instance, with that in Dr. Thomson’s “The Land and the Book.” If the comparison be thought strange, we can only say that the perusal of “*La Terre Sainte*,” especially for the luminous attraction its author constantly throws into Scripture texts and scenes, has reminded us of no other book so much as this popular one, to which, however, in respect of scholarship, no less than tone, “*La Terre Sainte*” is incomparably superior. Let us say, as we have mentioned “*The Land and the Book*,” that we should very much like to see an edition of “*La Terre Sainte*” similarly brought out with fewer and smaller engravings at a price that would permit it to become a popular book. Although the present artistic volume is issued by Messrs. Plon at a marvellously low price, yet it is dearer than it would be as we suggest, and is too large to be frequently handled by its possessor. What we have already said, however, will suffice to show the favourable opinion we have formed of “*La Terre Sainte*” as it lies before us; we have read it with pleasure and we warmly recommend it to others. That it is written in French notwithstanding, we believe it will find many admiring English readers.

*Studies in the Life of Christ.* By the Rev. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D.  
Second Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1881.

*Lectures in Defence of the Christian Faith.* By Professor F. GODET.  
Translated by W. H. LYTTLETON, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T.  
Clark. 1881.

THESE two volumes have a common purpose of defending the reality of the person and history of Jesus Christ against the attacks of modern rationalism. Dr. Fairbairn's well written volume is sent forth "in the hope that it may help to make the Person it seeks to interpret more real, living, and loveable to the men of to-day." Professor Gode't's is a clear and animated reply to the attacks of Réville and the modern critics. In this respect both books have our sympathies: there is in both much that is thoughtful, reverent, and calculated to gain the results intended by the authors. We need not say that they both fail to come up to the requirements of complete replies: the writers would perhaps be as zealous against the Catholic doctrine and its consequences as they are against rationalism. And they both contain unhappy statements. The views of Dr. Fairbairn about that Person whom he has engaged to portray are painfully indistinct. There is so much consequent looseness of expression that first we fancy him to believe It divine and then we come to sentences that say plainly It is human. In places he speaks of Jesus as the Son of God, but it is difficult to interpret his somewhat rhetorical language in another place (pp. 49, 50) in any other sense than that Jesus was the true son of Joseph. That the Incarnation is a mystery is nowhere hinted: nor that there was any sort of union of two natures. Hence we are not surprised to hear him say that Jesus "was not the only child of Mary." The personality of Jesus was apparently very human indeed; as he grew to manhood he "became as man the *conscious* abode of God." We have italicized the word that renders it uncertain whether Dr. Fairbairn shares in Professor Gode't's opinion. The latter, in his lecture on "The Divinity of Jesus Christ," appears at first to be going bravely on Catholic lines, until midway we come to this:—

The Divine manner of being, I must acknowledge, is not compatible with our present human manner of existence. But that is precisely the reason on account of which Scripture teaches two things: first, that Jesus had to lay down His Divine manner of existence—His "form of God"—in order to become man; second, that in order to regain His Divine condition, a glorious transformation was effected in His humanity by means of the ascension (p. 297).

This passage may indeed be read in two ways, but what the Professor means is quickly seen: Jesus was not omniscient, we are told; miraculous power He had, but not omnipotence; His love in infancy was for those nearest Him, in His youth for His nation, in His maturity His heart opened to all men. Explanatory of this we are told that the consciousness of His divine life, "of His glorious past," was obscured by His incarnation—until at the hour of His baptism "the consciousness of His eternal origination and of the *personal relation* in which He stood to God was given to Him." "Thou art My Son"

“revealed Jesus to Himself.” Catholic dogma, we may reflect, has nothing for us to accept so difficult as this Platonic pre-existence in Our Lord—which, supposing Him personally God; is as bad philosophy as could well be excogitated. For want of that knowledge and guidance which can only come with the Church’s dogmatic teaching on this central mystery of Christianity, we see how the best dispositions and the keenest intellect fail to interpret it. It would require little effort of logical skill to destroy, and small exercise of scepticism to refuse the claims of, the Christ of these two volumes—though they may do good in the circle they were written for, where they will appeal to pre-existing sentiment.

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*A Compendium of Italian History*, from the Fall of the Roman Empire.

Translated from the Italian of GIOVANNI BOSCO, and completed to the present time. By J. D. MORELL, LL.D., late H.M. Inspector of Schools. London: Longman, Green & Co. 1881.

A GOOD compendium of Italian history in English would be a useful book, and an honest translation of Bosco’s history would probably supply the want; but Mr. Morell’s adaptation of it is not a work that we can welcome. He remarks in his preface:—

As the author was a very zealous priest of the Catholic Church, many sentiments and opinions are found scattered throughout his pages which would not be at all in accordance with our English, and especially our Protestant, ideas. These I have felt myself justified either in modifying or omitting, as the case may be, and have in some instances supplied the place of the omission with explanations of my own. Thus, the chapter on the “Necessity of the Temporal Power of the Pope” has been left out as being now virtually an anachronism.

Naturally, the doubt would not suggest itself to Mr. Morell that immediately rises in our minds; “might not ‘our English and Protestant ideas’ more likely be wrong concerning Italian history, than those of the ‘learned Italian priest,’ as Mr. Morell calls him—seeing especially that Italy has never been a Protestant country?” Bosco’s History ends with the peace of Villafranca in 1859. Mr. Morell continues the narrative of events to the deaths of Victor Emmanuel and Pius IX., early in 1878, and concludes:—

King Umberto and Queen Margarita now inhabit the Quirinal, and Leo XIII. occupies the place of Pio Nono in the Vatican. Their public relations to each other are not changed; but time has softened animosities, and Europe is entirely reconciled to the extinction of the *temporal power* of the Papacy.

Bosco’s History has reached to a fifth edition and is in “extensive use as an approved text-book” in the higher schools of Italy: doubtless they don’t know their own history as well as we do: hence perhaps it is that Italy in particular, and Europe in general, is not “entirely reconciled” to the English sentiment in the above extract. Mr. Morell has a perfect right to his opinions, if he got them by honest study and they are not mere prejudice: what is unfair and on which we pass our protest is his taking a Catholic text-book so widely

known as Bosco's and thus disfiguring it with his additions and alterations. Why not have said "adapted from," or "based on," and not "translated from," when no change of type or other indication warns us when we have passed from the unadulterated text to the "English and Protestant ideas"? Is this sentence, for example, in the original—in the chapter on Leo X., and apropos of the sale of Indulgences for the building of St. Peter's: "These indulgences pretended to award a pardon for crimes committed to any one who would pay a sufficient sum into the papal treasury to purchase it?" The next sentence that we quote is from Mr. Morell's own continuation:—"The Pope hurled an excommunication against the authors of the spoliation of his dominions, but, as he did not name who these authors were, the solemn comedy remained without any effect" (p. 154).

The translation is made, as regards style and idiom, with great skill, as one would expect from an English scholar such as Mr. Morell. As a class book of history, it is, for its sequential and picturesque narrative, superior to Mr. Hunt's, the only other history for schools that we know. We have emphasized the exceptions we take to this so-called translation of Bosco, from regret that we cannot say a word of recommendation of it—must, indeed, say a word of warning. And if what we object to should seem to some to be sentiment rather than dry fact—though we cannot admit the suggestion—we may remark that to us as Catholics that aspect of the history of Italy is to its whole as the part of Hamlet is to the play.

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*Matabele Land and the Victoria Falls.* From the Letters and Journals of the late FRANK OATES, F.R.G.S. Edited by C. G. OATES, B.A. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

THERE is a pathetic interest attaching to this valuable record from the fact of the early death of its subject. Frank Oates was an enthusiastic naturalist and an ardent hunter—and there is in this volume abundant promise that had he lived he might have been a second Waterton. The fragmentary extract from his diary and letters show a quick and observant eye, good descriptive powers, and they are pervaded by the affection he felt for flower, bird, and beast. After his death in Matabele, the boxes of specimens, bottles of reptiles, cases of eggs, butterflies, &c., that were brought to England and are here chronicled and in many instances beautifully pictured, show what excellent work he was capable of. Nearly one third of the volume under notice is an appendix in which his contributions to natural history are tabulated and described—the ethnology by Professor Rolleston, ornithology by Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, herpetology by Dr. Albert Günther, and entomology and botany respectively by Professors Westwood and Oliver. The story of Mr. Oates's wanderings in his effort to reach the Zambesi are full of deep interest for the naturalist and hunter; the mere pictures of the graceful antelopes, strangely woven and shaped birds'-nests, new varieties of birds—odd in shape or dazzling in graceful flow of brilliant plumage—inspire a desire to see the fairy land of nature whence they came.

The editor has been happy in his compilation of a narrative—no easy task under the painful circumstances. We cannot follow the story in detail: much of it, too, is ground that other travellers have gone over of late. It is interesting to note that Mr. Oates contrasts the scenery in Natal and the High Veldt of the Transvaal with that of Central America. There is here, he says, nothing to be compared with America. "I never expect to admire any country so much as I do the western world. Perhaps one reason that the North American Indians were for savages a superior race was their fine scenery." He still writes in the same tone when in Matabele and among the blue windings of the Limpopo. After many unsuccessful efforts and repeated starts and disappointments, Frank Oates at last reached the goal of his enthusiastic longing: on the last day of 1874 he sighted the Victorian falls of the great Zambesi. We have a chromo-lithograph from his own water-colour sketch of the falls and their characteristic double rainbow; but he left few or no notes towards the end of his journey. A few days on his return route for Natal and home he fell a victim to African fever, and died at thirty-four years of age. Several of his companions were ill of the fever at the same time, but one of them, Dr. Bradshaw, buried him in a disused game-trap, a short distance from the waggon-road—and there left him in the deep repose of a silent almost uninhabited land; the lover of Nature laid to rest in the midst of her wilds.

At Tati, as he works his way northwards to the Zambesi, young Oates describes the cheerfulness of the place from the number of English waggons, among others, "the waggon of Mr. Thomson, on his way, with his wife and children, to a missionary meeting at Kuruman." Mr. Oates counted the missionaries whom he met—this Mr. Thomson, Mr. Mackenzie, and Mr. Hepburn—among his friends, and evidently admires them for their efforts and self-devotion. We may therefore take the following expression as a sincere conviction—not a prejudiced or hasty judgment. He writes from Bamangwato beyond the Limpopo, the station of his great friend Mr. Mackenzie:—

It seems next to impossible to convert the natives here to Christianity, though a good many of them profess it. The worst of it is that when they get so far converted as to wear "continuations" they become incorrigible thieves and drunkards. I always infinitely prefer the raw unconverted heathen for my own use, and every one else that I know does the same. I like extremely the three missionaries that I know, and believe them to be most excellent conscientious men. They believe the chief result of their labours is yet to come, and I hope they may be right (p. 156).

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*The Coptic Morning Service for the Lord's Day.* Translated into English by JOHN MARQUESS of BUTE, K.T. With the Coptic original of those parts said aloud. London: Masters. 1882.

**L**ORD BUTE, pursuing his liturgical labours, here presents us with a small book which is intended to enable English travellers in Egypt to follow intelligently the Mass and the rest of the Sunday morning service of the native Christians. But there is no doubt that

the work will be interesting to numbers who never hope to visit Egypt. It is enriched with an introduction, with plans of Egyptian churches, and with various notes by the translator. It may be added that no other work at present existing gives the Liturgy of the Coptic Church as actually used now. Readers of Renaudot, Neale, Hammond, or Malan will look in their pages in vain for what they find here—a transcript, made on the spot, of the living “use” of a body of Christians who (in their orthodox as in their heretical portion) may be said to have handed down the Alexandrian tradition on the Sacrifice of the Eucharist; that tradition being identical, it need not be added, with the doctrine and practice of the Church of Rome.

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*Mary Aikenhead: her Life, her Work, and her Friends.* Giving the History of the Foundation of the Congregation of the Irish Sisters of Charity. By S. A. Second edition revised. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. 1882.

WE were obliged to content ourselves with a mere word of welcome to the first edition of this work on its appearance three years ago. The fact that it has so soon reached a second edition sufficiently suggests that it is a work of merit. We shall be much surprised if we do not hear of still further editions; for we have read of late few biographies that have charmed us as much, or that have so thoroughly inspired and sustained deep interest. The task of writing the life of Mary Aikenhead has fallen into good hands; the authoress has an attractive style, is fluent—perhaps a trifle too fluent—can be lively, solemn, pathetic in turn, as there is need, and knows how to bring in a well told story with great effect. Putting aside its primary historical purpose, her book is very interesting and not seldom very entertaining. There is in it, indeed, all the elements of a popular book—to become this it only needs excision of matters external to its main purpose, albeit interesting in themselves.

Mary Aikenhead was born in Cork in 1787, and died a septuagenarian in Dublin in 1858. She was of Scotch descent on her father's side; her paternal grandfather, David Aikenhead, having resigned his commission in the 26th Cameronians to settle in the south of Ireland, where he married a Limerick lady. Her own father, also a David, was also a Protestant. He was a successful practitioner in Cork, and was deeply imbued with the opinion then prevalent among the upper classes that to be “Protestant” meant to be “respectable.” However, he was not proof against the charms of one “dangerous Papist”—compromising, however, even in marriage, with his feelings, by stipulating that *all* their children should be brought up Protestants. Little Mary, therefore, was baptized in church, and so brought up until, when she was fifteen years old, at her own desire she became a Catholic. This was very soon after the death of her father, who on his deathbed had asked for a priest, and been received into the Church. The young child was removed to the cottage of a poor couple on Eason's Hill, a healthy suburb. Here she was nursed by honest Mary Rorke, and grew up deeply attached to Mary and to her dear foster-

father, Daddy John, as she called him. Some years later, on her removal home, and after a few weeks of constrained attendance at church—chapel, our readers will know, is the designation of the Catholic places in Ireland—her childish preference for the Rosary and the chapel seemed to have given place to a completely changed sentiment. The following may be quoted, as it indicates amusingly enough the state of parties in Cork at the close of last century:—

Later when she left (the Rorkes) she was obliged to go to Protestant Church, and being a quick child she soon saw that Catholics were nobodies, spiritually wrong and socially without claim to respectability or consideration. One day her grandmother, Mrs. Stackpole, offered her a pretty little rosary, remarking that it would help to adorn the doll's house, in which she took such pleasure. But Mary, after a moment's consideration, replied with the most dignified air imaginable, "No, thank you, grandmamma, all my dolls go to church except the kitchen-maid, and it is much too good for her."

In 1812 Mary Aikenhead bid adieu to Cork and her people, and went to York, there to make her preparatory novitiate with the nuns of Micklegate Bar Convent. In due course she returned to Ireland, and in her first house in North William Street, Dublin, she received from Rome the authorization of her effort to establish the Order of "Irish Sisters of Charity." Some years before, Archbishop Murray had formed the resolution of trying to establish such an order, and first secured Miss Aikenhead as a coadjutor, and then, conquering her humility, named her the first superioress and foundress: her journey to York was the consequence of her earnest request that she might learn the practices of religious life before teaching them to others. Her idea and that of the Archbishop was to establish a Sisterhood who should, like the French sisters, be free from enclosure and at liberty to go amongst the poor and into schools and hospitals. At one time the project was entertained of affiliating the sisterhood with the children of St. Vincent de Paul, but there were difficulties neither few nor light, and eventually even the idea of adapting the rules of the *Sœurs de Charité* was abandoned; the new rule being written by a Jesuit Father, and based on the Constitutions of St. Ignatius. The times are so far changed since then that now the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, with the *cornette* that it was once feared could never enter these kingdoms in safety, are in numbers among us, and in Ireland work side by side with Mrs. Aikenhead's children.

One characteristic of this biography will please not a few readers who are accustomed to complain of many saints' lives, as leaving aside traces of our common nature and presenting only the supernatural development. Here the natural side of a holy woman is chiefly dwelt on. From youth, when she is lovingly portrayed as a dark-eyed child, full of animal spirits and graceful ways, to the closing years of her religious life when she was broken down by sickness, all is still human, though lit up and consecrated by grace. In the gay Cork of her early womanhood, she went about with a very natural enjoyment of life and strength—to parties and balls, neglecting nothing during the day following them of her bookkeeping and housekeeping duties

for her mother, or of her prayers and meditations, or of her most loved visits to the sick and stricken in their poor homes. As the great and much-looked-up-to Mrs. Aikenhead of her latter days, she was still the woman with a fine sense and enjoyment of humour, the first to laugh—no eye so bright as hers—fond of Sir Walter Scott and an odd novel, as the writer is not afraid to tell us. But so charitable and zealous, and yet sensible, clear-headed, and shrewd, that one of her admirers fitly said of her, “She has a heart as big as the Rotunda and a head to match.”

Fourteen years after her departure from Cork, where she had been so widely and well known—she returned to it with the reputation gone before her of Foundress and General Superior of a great Order. Many longed to see her face again, but one, old John Rorke, in whose cottage her cradle had been rocked, determined to get the first greeting, and waited for her arrival at the Bishop’s hall door.

When the carriage drew up, and the hall door opened, the first thing she saw on alighting was the face of her childhood’s friend. Time and place and the Rev. Motherhood were all forgotten in a moment. “O Daddy John!” she cried; and throwing her arms round his neck she kissed her dear old foster-father; while the Bishop’s servant, who stood by, with his best manners on, and wholly unprepared for this scene, lifted up his hands in amazement to see the greeting which took place between Daddy John and the great “Mother Abbess” from Dublin (p. 210).

For the last twenty-seven years of her life this holy woman was a constant sufferer, “struggling against an accumulation of infirmities,” and for many years confined to her bed, but ever and always with an active mind, and working with her pen when she could no longer move about. Her letters are full of very excellent advice, and breathe a fine mixture of good sense and high spirituality. Indeed, all through her religious life her broad, good practical sense, shrewdness and unconventionality form a charming characteristic. To a friend who visited her one day, and remarked playfully that at the convent door she had met a well filled market basket being carried in—“My dear,” said Miss A., “an empty sack cannot stand, *we* have to work.” She did not like young religious who from mistaken notions of asceticism did foolish and stupid things with the idea that that was piety: she called them “holy pokers,” and wanted none of them.

We must content ourselves with this brief notice of a very interesting book. In another edition we would recommend careful reading, as this is painfully full of typographical errors. We cannot resist the pleasure of one quotation: this is Sister Monica, a lay sister who, in the later years of Miss Aikenhead’s illness, was set aside to attend on her.

Monica was an original character. She had not got much education, and, though interested in whatever was going on, was not always able to follow the conversation which she heard when Rev. Mother’s visitors touched on topics of the day, or entered into questions of vital importance to Church and State. When the Peel Ministry went out of office, Sister Monica heard the subject discussed, and judging from the surprise and interest excited by the news that something of the highest importance had occurred, ran off to one of the Sisters, exclaiming: “Sure Peel is out!”



"Out of what?" inquired the Sister. "'Aith I don't know," returned Monica—"out of prison, I suppose." Sister Monica, however, had very decided opinions on some subjects, and not only held to them firmly, but expressed them in strong language on occasions. At one time she was portress at Harold's Cross, and often had leisure moments when her child, as she called the hall-door bell, was not crying. To fill up these moments since she could not always be praying, Rev. Mother gave her Miss Strickland's "*Lives of the Queens of England*." Monica began the interesting study; but after a time, coming on something not very edifying in the lives of certain of those royal ladies, she brought back the book. "*Queens indeed!*" she said, "I'd call them blackguards! I'll have nothing to do with them" (p. 416).

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*Discourses on Moral and Religious Subjects.* Selected from the published Sermons of Antonio Rosmini, Founder of the Institute of Charity. Translated from the Italian by a member of the Institute. London and Dublin: Duffy & Sons. 1882.

THE translator of these discourses of Antonio Rosmini has accomplished a difficult task fairly well. The difficulty of representing Rosmini in any language except his own is great. His style is very fine, yet its qualities are not easily reproduced. It is a flowing, periodic and idiomatic Italian, without those "movements" which make sermons striking, but with a subtle and varied picturesqueness of phrase and word. People often wonder why Demosthenes reads so tamely in English. The reason is that the enormous strength of the original lies chiefly in idiom and in a singular vividness of nouns and verbs; and to produce the same effect in English one has to do more than translate; one has to find analogous idiom and equally striking words. Let any one compare the passage in p. 46, beginning "O Word of the Lord! Divine Word!" with the original, and he will understand what is wanting. Yet the passage reads well enough in its English version. These Discourses will repay perusal, though they hardly, as a whole, give a fair idea of Rosmini's genius.

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*Résurrection de Julien l'Apostat.* Par le Père RAGEY.

Paris: Jules Gervais. 1881.

THE title of Père Ragey's volume is startling enough. The resurrection, however, as one anticipates, is only of the spirit of the Apostate; it is the spirit also of the present persecution of Christ's Church. That points of similarity neither few nor small do exist can be learned from these pages, should any one not have previously thought of it. Of course, the salient and most thorough resemblance in the persecution of the nineteenth century to that of the fourth is the effort to prevent Christian education, and this by the specious assumption of fair means and fair play and appeal to principles of equity and good sense. We do not quite see with Père Ragey the importance of working out a detailed resemblance of this with any previous persecution. But we can well believe that his well-written and thoughtful volume will be of immense benefit if English people will read it; for it will help (and the help is much needed) to bring clearly home to their

convictions that the Church is living in the midst of present persecution. That this is a thing to be easily marked of the senses, is truer perhaps, in France and Italy than in England or America; let the reader ponder over this testimony of a well-read and well-informed French priest. His book is not large, and it is written in a style that will tax nobody's patience; on the contrary, the style is both clear and pleasant.

One half of the volume contains a sketch of the persecution of Julian the Apostate—its plan, noteworthy hypocrisy, methods, and final failure. In the second are traced briefly the principal causes that have led to a revival of that special form and method of persecution in this century. The author traces it through the preparatory revival of a spirit of paganism in the Renaissance: hence grew European rationalism, Protestantism, the Encyclopedists, the Revolution. At bottom they are all the same in spirit—free criticism, free thought, paganism—shaped differently by their environment and in different stages of growth, but under every variety of name and development the same and essentially at one in their opposition to the Church of Christ and to authority.

The chapter on Protestantism is a very thoughtful and outspoken study—not written with any acerbity or unkindly feeling towards those who profess it; indeed, Père Ragey's mission is one of charitable feeling towards them—but so truly philosophical that it well deserves to be read. Catholics are by no means the only writers to point out in unmistakable words that there are only two terms possible to the intellectual movement of our time—the Catholic Church and infidelity. The writer points out that the latter is the natural outcome of the Protestant principle, which is common to the Renaissance also—viz., contempt of Christian tradition. “Il ne faut pas s'étonner,” he says, “de cette tendance de la réforme à nous ramener au paganisme: le protestantisme n'est, à le bien prendre, qu'un pont jeté entre le catholicisme et l'infidélité.” Although there may not be much that is new in this little book, yet it is calculated to do good by placing very important truths in simple language and form, and so attracting the attention to its subject matter of many who would avoid larger or more difficult volumes.

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#### BOOKS OF DEVOTION AND SPIRITUAL READING.

1. *Instructions for Particular States and Conditions of Life.* By the Rev. JOHN GOTHER. Edited by the Rev. M. Comerford. Dublin Gill and Son. 1882.
2. *Maidens of Hallowed Names.* College of the Sacred Heart (Jesuit House of Studies) Woodstock, Md. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.
3. *Chats about the Commandments.* A Book for Girls. A Sequel to “Chats about the Rosary.” London: R. Washbourne. 1880.
4. *The Girl's Book of Piety at School and at Home.* By the Author of “Golden Grains.” Translated from the 45th French edition. By JOSEPHINE M. BLACK. Dublin: Gill and Son. 1881.

5. *The Children's Pictorial Mass-Book.* By the Rev. JAMES J. GUIRON. London: Burns and Oates. 1881.
6. *Mary's Conferences to her Loving Children* (Our Lady's Library). London: Thomas Richardson and Son. 1881.
7. *Stories of the Christian Schools.* By ELIZABETH M. STEWART. London: Burns and Oates. 1882.
8. *Bernadette (Sister Marie Bernard).* Translated from the French of M. HENRI LASSERRE. By Mrs. F. Raymond Barker. London: Richardson and Son.
9. *An Exhortation to Frequent Communion.* By Father JOHN BAPTIST POLLACCO. Translated from the Italian by the Rev. George Porter, S.J. London: Burns and Oates. 1879.
10. *The Prisoners of the King.* By HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, S.J. A new edition. London: Burns and Oates. 1882.
11. *The Twopenny Mass Book.* London: Burns and Oates. 1881.

1. Most admirable and useful are Gother's "Instructions for Various States." No doubt the writer lies open, in a certain degree, to the charge of dryness; but it is a pleasant and provoking dryness, as of one who knows what he is saying and has deliberately chosen his way of saying it. He writes, as every one knows, tersely yet with a certain amplitude, and plainly yet with old-fashioned eloquence. His remarks on "spiritual dryness," for instance, are St. Francis of Sales in down-right English. He tells those who experience "dryness" that they must first of all "examine all their ways," and "reform whatever can be suspected" of causing the withdrawal of sensible grace. At the same time he is anxious not to discourage them, and he reminds them that under such circumstances they require "the attendance of a careful hand" to prevent depression. We are very glad to welcome and recommend this interesting reprint.

2. A book treating of the lives of the great Virgin Martyrs and Saints, and written for young girls, ought to be an attractive and profitable book. "This little volume," says the author—or perhaps it should be "the authors," for it comes from the Jesuit House of Studies, at Woodstock, in America—"is written almost exclusively for young ladies." Extremely readable accounts are given of the lives and heroism of St. Agnes, St. Rose of Lima, St. Katherine of Siena, St. Cecilia, St. Theresa, and some eight or ten other Holy Virgins. The style will seem, to grown up readers at least, somewhat strained and fanciful. Conversations are given which are pure fancy, and the jerky fashions of a French romance sometimes jar upon the taste. But "young ladies" and other girls will probably like the result. One or two slips occur; we do not remember to have heard of St. Cyprian "of Alexandria;" and the sketch of St. Gertrude the Great shows it was written before the researches of her recent Benedictine editor, or at least independently of them.

3. "Chats about the Commandments" is another book for girls—not precisely, however, for young ladies; a book of sound, excellent instruction, in an attractive form, and excellently written.

4. Yet another contribution towards the saving of the souls of girls! It does not seem just that our pious and devout nuns and priests should never think of the boys. This time, it is a complete manual of pious exercises, a sort of young lady's Breviary, divided into six parts—Ordinary Actions, Devotions, the Girl's Spiritual Calendar, Duties of Religion, Practices of Piety, and Liturgical Prayers. Some little instances of exaggeration and sentimentality apart—such as were sure to be found in a work by the writer of "*Paillettes d'Or*"—the little volume may be heartily recommended.

5. Father Guiron has succeeded in presenting an excellent book for the use of young children during the Holy Sacrifice. The illustrations are clear and striking, and the prayers warm and simple. The book contains, in addition, the manner of serving at Mass, preparation for Confession and for Holy Communion, morning and night prayers, &c. A very critical child might discover that the illustrations are not always strictly rubrical; for instance, the priest does not "bless" with two fingers.

6. The Superior of the Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary at Nottingham has sent us another of her devotional and ascetical publications. These "Conferences," published with the sanction of the Bishop of Nottingham, are simple, practical, and useful. Their special feature is the inculcation of that spiritual union of life with Most Holy Mary, which has for its principal exponent the Venerable Grignon de Montfort. But they are full of admirable practical advice, both for those who live in convents and for others.

7. It is not quite clear that the authoress of these "stories" would consider it right to class her interesting little volume among books of devotion. The tales are straightforward, interesting, and even sensational, and none the less interesting because they culminate in a most unmistakable "moral." The "Christian Schools" here dealt with, it had better be said, are not the schools of Alexandria, nor those of Charlemagne, nor the Mediæval Universities—but modern boys' and girls' schools. The book, indeed, rarely conducts us into any school whatever; but it is dedicated, in a way, to the Venerable Jean de la Salle, and the boys and girls who figure in its pages are in some cases at school, and in others decidedly ought to have been.

8. This little work, for the excellent English rendering of which we have to thank Mrs. Raymond Barker, will be found an interesting sequel to the well known "*Notre Dame de Lourdes*." One half of the present volume is taken altogether from the parent work. The later career of Bernadette in the convent of St. Gildard is a touching and fascinating narrative, and loses nothing in the hands of M. Lasserre.

9. The little treatise translated by Father George Porter is not new or specially striking, but will be found devout and useful, both for preachers and the faithful.

10. We need only announce a new edition of the Rev. Father Coleridge's well-known "*Thoughts on the Catholic Doctrine of Purgatory*."

11. This is the reprint of a part of Father Guiron's "*Children's Pictorial Mass-Book*," with all the illustrations, in a cheap and handy form for distribution.

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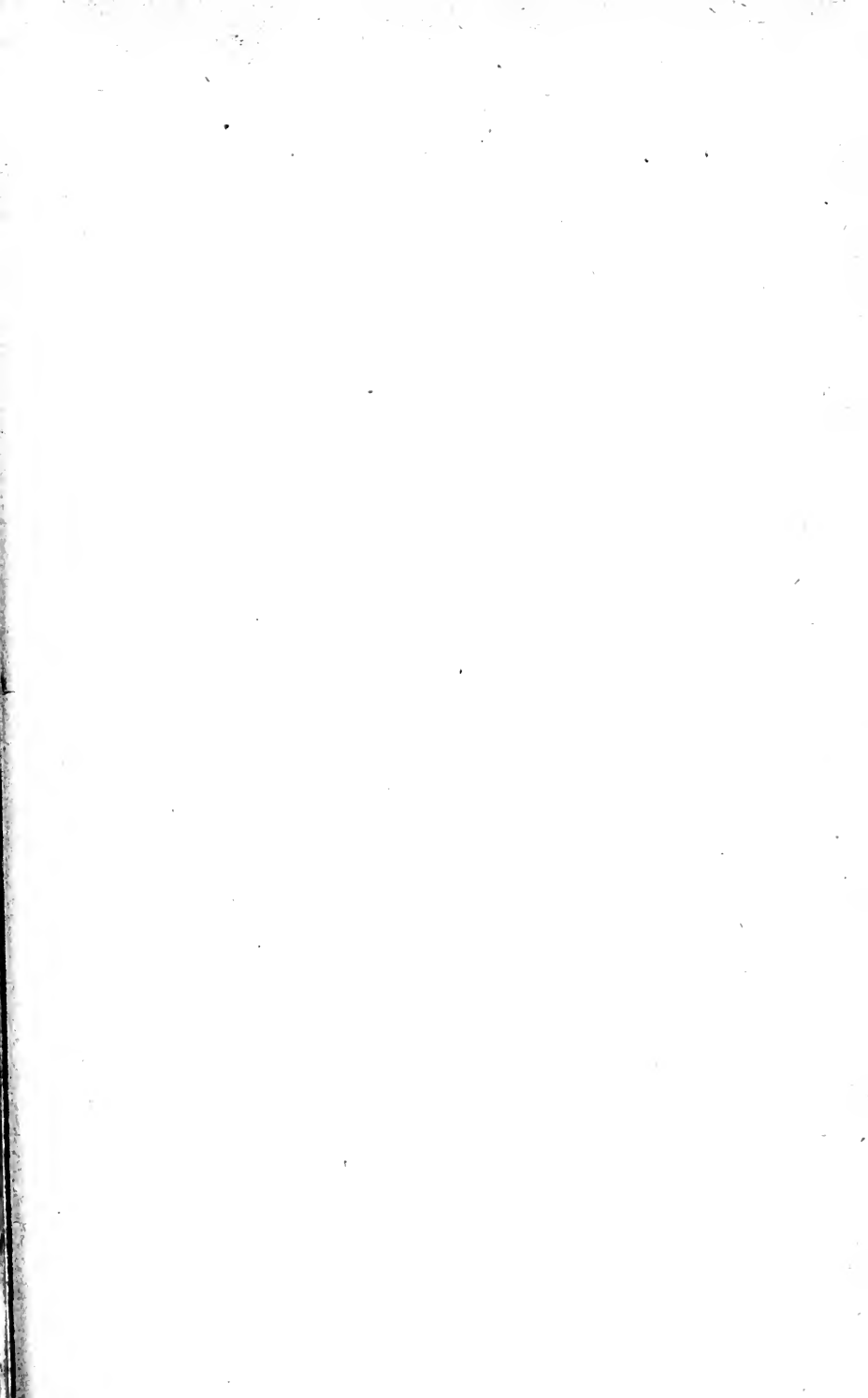
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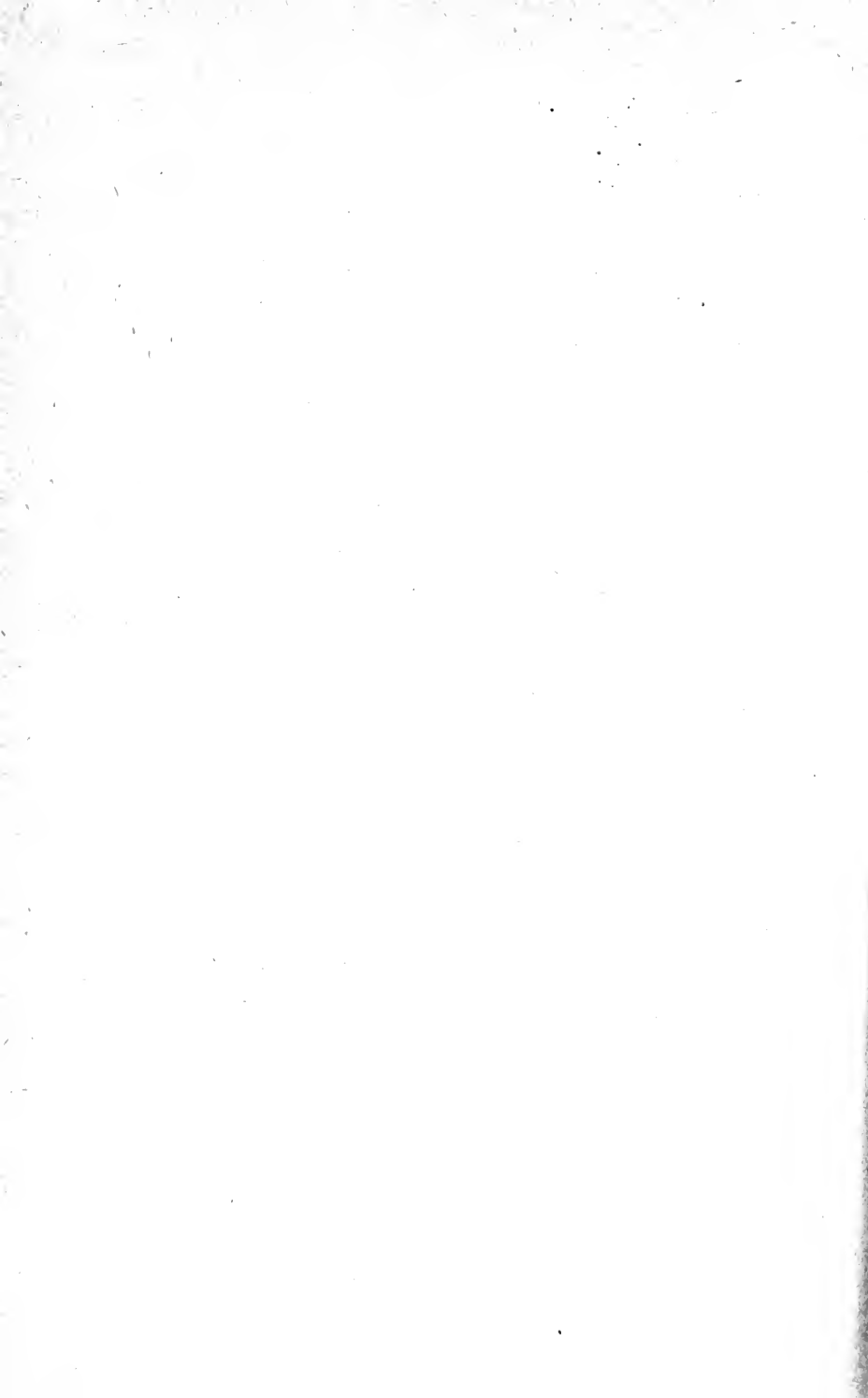
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